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IN order to increase the value and attraction of the Eclectic Magazine, arrangements have been made to develop a part of our plan, which will add greatly to the expense of the work ; but we rely on a generous public, in our effort to make the Eclectic Magazine, as a *Repository of Art*, what it is as a work of *Literature*. We propose, in our monthly circulation, to supply to all parts of the country, the most *beautiful specimens* of Engravings that can be procured.

Friends of the work in the editorial corps and elsewhere, will oblige us by announcing—that *each number* will be embellished with an ENGRAVING ON STEEL, executed expressly for the Eclectic Magazine, in a style of finish *not surpassed in this Country*.

It is intended that this Series of Prints shall embrace the whole range of MODERN EUROPEAN ART, illustrating the different schools, and consist of a careful selection from subjects of a popular and interesting character, from the works of the most distinguished Painters. No pains or expense shall be spared to render this new feature of our periodical entirely satisfactory, and we trust a short time will suffice to establish the opinion that the insertion of a picture in the Eclectic Magazine will be a guarantee of its intrinsic merit. We feel at liberty to speak with great confidence on this subject, as we have engaged the assistance in this part of our editorship, of a gentleman who is abundantly capable of satisfying the expectations which this advertisement will create.

We have now in preparation for 1844, BEAUTIFUL PLATES, from the following *English Painters*: *Lawrence, Danby, Chalon, Hilton, McClise, Wilkie, Eastlake, Turner, Martin, E. Landseer, Bonnington, Mulready*, etc.

☞ The AMERICAN ECLECTIC was in existence two years, and now comprises *four* 8vo volumes, of over 600 pages each. Old or new subscribers for the ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, who would like to have the ECLECTIC from the beginning, will be supplied with the *four* vols., in Nos., at \$5—and handsomely bound at \$6.50. The most valuable articles of the British Quarterlies are contained in them, with a number of translations from German and French Journals, not elsewhere to be found in the English language.

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[illegible]



DESIGNED BY ANTONIO BAYARDI '62

ANDERSON THE SWEEPING OVER THE ASHES OF HECTOR.

THE LITTLE GIRL OF THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD.



THE  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JUNE, 1844.

PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

Forth

Sprang Hector from the mansion, and trod back  
His footsteps through the stately rows of streets.  
Crossing the spacious city, he now reach'd  
The Scæan gates; through them his passage lay  
Forth to the field. But then his high-dower'd wife  
Came running on his steps; Andromache,  
Ætion's daughter; who in woody tracts  
Of Hypoplacian Thebes once stretch'd his sway  
O'er the Cilicians. So his daughter lived,  
The bride of Hector with the brazen helm;  
Who now came running on his steps; while close  
The handmaid follow'd her, and at her breast  
The babe, as yet a tender innocent,  
Darling of Hector, fair as any star,  
Whom Hector nam'd Scamandrius; they of Troy,  
Astyanax; since Hector was alone  
Their city's safeguard. He, on their approach,  
Casting a look upon his infant boy,  
Silently smiled. Andromache, all bathed  
In tears, stood by; and, clinging to his hand,  
Address'd him: "Noble husband! thy great heart  
Will sure destroy thee. Thou no pity hast  
For this thy infant son and wretched me,  
Whom thou wilt leave a widow. For the Greeks  
Will slay thee soon with overpowering charge  
Of numbers. It were better far that I,  
Once reft of thee, should sink within the grave.  
I have no other comfort when thy life  
Has yielded to its destiny; but grief  
Must be my portion. Father have I none,  
Nor mother. \* \* \*

Thou, Hector, art my father! thou to me  
Art mother, brother, all my joy of life,  
My husband! Come, be merciful, remain  
Here in this turret; make not this child  
An orphan, nor a widow of thy wife.  
Command the Trojan army to a halt  
At the wild fig-tree, where the city lies  
Most easy of ascent, and most exposed  
The rampart to assault. Already thrice  
The bravest of their warriors have essay'd  
To force the wall; the famed Idomeneus.  
And either Ajax, and brave Diomed,  
And Atreus' sons: whether some skilful seer  
Have prophesied before them, or their minds  
Have prompted them spontaneous to the act."

At these her words the lofty Hector shook  
His party-color'd horse-hair plume, and spoke:  
"Believe it, oh my wife! these same sad thoughts  
Have touch'd me nearly; but I also fear  
The Trojans and the women fair of Troy,  
If like a dastard I should skulk apart  
From battle. Nor to this my own free mind  
Prompts me; for I was train'd from earliest years  
To a brave spirit; and have learn'd to fight  
Still in the Trojan van, and still maintain  
My country's mighty honor and my own.  
I know too well, and in my heart and soul  
I feel the deep conviction, that a time  
Will come when sacred Troy shall be no more,  
But Priam and his people be destroy'd  
From off the face of earth. The after-woe

Of these my countrymen afflicts me not;  
No, nor the grief of Hecuba's despair,  
Nor kingly Priam's, nor the woeful lot  
Of brethren, brave and many, who shall fall  
Beneath their foes, as thine, Andromache!  
When some stern Grecian with his mail of brass  
Shall lead thee in thy tears away, and snatch  
The light of freedom from thee: when, detain'd  
At Argos, thou shalt weave the color'd web  
Task'd by another, or shalt waters bear  
From fountains of Hyperia, sore averse  
And faint, yet yielding to the hard control  
That lays the burthen on thee. Haply then  
Some passer, looking on thy tears, may cry:  
'This was the wife of Hector, who was once  
Chief warrior of the Trojans when they fought  
With their fam'd horses round the walls of Troy.'  
So will he say: and thou wilt grieve afresh  
At loss of him who might have warded off  
Thy day of slavery. But may earth have heap'd  
The hill upon my corse ere of thy cries  
My ear be conscious, or my soul perceive  
The leading of thy sad captivity."

So spake the noble Hector; and with hands  
Outstretch'd bent forward to embrace his child.  
The babe against the damsel's broad-zoned breast  
Lean'd backward, clinging with a cry, disturb'd  
At his loved father's aspect, and in fear  
Of the keen brass that glared upon his gaze,  
And horse-hair sweeping crest that nodded fierce  
Upon the helmet's cone. The father dear  
And honor'd mother to each other laugh'd;  
Instant the noble Hector from his head  
Lifted the casque, and plac'd it on the ground,  
Far-beaming where it stood; then kiss'd his boy,  
And dandled in his arms; imploring thus  
Jove, and the other Deities of heaven:  
"Hear, Jupiter, and every God on high!  
Grant this may come to pass! that he, my son,  
May shine among the Trojans in renown  
And strength as I myself, and reign o'er Troy  
In valor: that of him it may be said  
By one who sees him coming from the field,  
'Truly the son transcends the father's deeds!'  
Grant him to slay his enemy, and bear  
The bloody trophy back and glad the heart  
Of this his mother!" So he said, and placed  
The babe within his own beloved's arms:  
She softly laid him on her balmy breast,  
Smiling through tears. The husband at that sight  
Melted in pity; with his hand he smooth'd  
Her cheek, and spoke again these gentle words:  
"Noblest of women! do not grieve me thus;  
Against concurring Fate no mortal man  
Can send me to the grave; and this I say,  
That none who once has breath'd the breath of life,  
Coward or brave, can hope to shun his fate;  
But hie thee to thy mansion, that thy works,  
The loom and distaff, may engage thy thoughts.  
Go task thy maidens. War must be the care,  
And mine the chief, of every man of Troy."

The noble Hector said, and raised from earth  
His horse-hair-crested helm. With homeward step  
His dear wife parted from him, and turn'd back  
Her eyes, the fast tears trickling down her cheek.

## PENNY POSTAGE AND THE POST OFFICE.

From the British Foreign Review.

1. *Report from the Select Committee on Postage, together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, Aug. 14th, 1843.
2. *The State and Prospects of Penny Postage, as developed in the Evidence taken before the Postage Committee of 1843, with incidental remarks on the Testimony of the Post-Office Authorities, and an Appendix of Correspondence.* By ROWLAND HILL. London: Charles Knight and Co., 1844.

WHEN the bill on Penny Postage was under discussion in the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington bore testimony to the superior merits of Mr. Rowland Hill's plan over any other. Though opposed to the reduction of postage, as inopportune at that particular time, his Grace advised the passing of that bill on the express ground that it enabled the Government to carry out Mr. Hill's plan. The Treasury, he argued, have already sufficient powers to reduce postage to any extent they please, and they are evidently not very scrupulous about the matter;—they may give up the whole postage revenue without asking their lordships' leave,—they can do this mischief, but they *cannot* give effect to Mr. Hill's plan without new powers; he therefore recommended the passing of the bill, because it conferred those powers. "For," to use the Duke's own words, "I am disposed to admit that the plan called Mr. Rowland Hill's plan is, *if it were adopted exactly as was proposed*, of all the plans that which is most likely to be successful." But the Duke's sound opinion, which is recorded in Hansard of the 5th of August, 1839, does not seem to have had much weight with any member of the administration to which his Grace belongs. It is set at nought by the prime minister, passed over by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, ridiculed by the Postmaster-General, and scorned by every one of his officers, from the secretary to the letter-carrier. All are in league, not only to prevent the adoption of Mr. Hill's plan *exactly as was proposed*, but even half of Mr. Hill's plan. It is hardly necessary to say that they are working to retard its success, and to fulfil their official predictions of its failure.

Bad it is for Mr. Hill, worse for the revenue, still worse for the good and convenience of the public, that the Duke's opinion should have failed to weigh with his fellow-ministers. The dismissal of Mr. Hill is not merely unjust to an individual through whose exertions almost every man, woman, and

child in the kingdom enjoys a practical freedom of correspondence, next in value to the liberty of speech, but the act is attended with the necessary incompleteness of his plan, whereby it can be shown that the public treasury is mulcted of an immense revenue, and the public despoiled of innumerable conveniences.

Reduction of postage, uniformity of charge, prepayment and use of stamps, were doubtless essential features of Mr. Hill's plan, but they were far from being the whole: from first to last Mr. Hill has professed that they formed but a portion of it. Increased speed in the delivery of letters, greater facilities for their despatch, simplification in the operations of the Post-Office, were parts, though less novel and less obvious, no less necessary. "Reduction, increased convenience and economy," as Sir Thomas Wilde observed, "were all to be taken together," and he proceeded to say that the removal of Mr. Hill showed that the plan was intended to be given up. "The dismissal of Mr. Hill was the knell of the plan." Almost with the voice of a prophet, Mr. Matthew Hill foretold three years and a half ago,—before his brother entered the service of the Treasury,—that the very parts of the plan now left untouched were those surrounded with the greatest difficulties of execution. He said,—

"The reduction of postage and the modes of prepayment are no doubt the principal features of your plan; but you lay great stress, and very properly in my opinion, on increasing the facilities for transmitting letters; and this part of the reform will, I apprehend, cause you more labor of detail than that which more strikes the public eye. *In this department you will be left to contend with the Post-Office almost unaided.* It will be very easy to raise plausible objections to your measures, of which *ministers can hardly be supposed to be competent judges*, either in respect of technical information or of leisure for inquiry."

The prediction has been only too well fulfilled.

Four years ago we argued for the adoption of the Penny Postage, and a few months brought about the desired event. We have now to advocate its completion, and with an equal confidence as to the result of our labors, though the advent may not be quite so soon at hand as before.

Before we proceed to describe the portions of the plan remaining incomplete, something should be said of what has been carried into execution and of the results. A Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the motion of Sir Thomas Wilde, was appointed in the last session of parliament, to inquire



"into the measures which have been adopted for the general introduction of a penny rate of postage and for facilitating the conveyance of letters, and the result of such measures, so far as relates to the revenue and expenditure of the Post-Office and the general convenience of the country, and to report their observations thereupon to the House." Nearly seven weeks were occupied by their proceedings. Mr. Hill, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary, and chief functionaries of the Post-Office were examined. The Committee had not only a majority of ministerial supporters, but a secretary of the Treasury for its chairman, yet it did not "report its observations." Indeed a ministerial supporter, Mr. Bramston, specifically proposed that the evidence merely, without observations, should be reported, and the proposition was carried after a division, in which a member of the government, Mr. Emerson Tennant, is to be found in the majority. So bad must have been the Post-Office case, that even its own defenders (for the present administration has unfortunately allied itself with the Post-Office against Mr. Hill) were unable to stand up in its defence. The only report which was made on this important controversy it will be sufficient to print as a note.\* The Committee, however, have issued a stout 'blue book,' filled with details, which will furnish us with valuable materials for the present discussion.

The parts of Mr. Hill's plan already carried out are uniformity of charge, reduction

of the rate, prepayment partially, the use of stamps, and charge by weight, instead of inclosures or sheets of paper. The public has quietly submitted to the alleged tyranny of paying a penny for all distances, both long and short; and Colonel Maberly's logic, that "because objections had been made to different rates for the same distances, they would therefore be made to a uniform rate for different distances has proved fallacious." (Committee of 1838, Evid. 3020, 3029.) His impression that "a uniform rate would not be practicable in this country, consistently with a due regard to public opinion, which a popular government must always entertain," (Evid. 3031,) has also turned out erroneous. Uniformity has even proved useful and convenient to the Post-Office, in spite of official affirmations that it would not. Prepayment too has been adopted almost universally, and the public has not "objected to paying in advance, whatever the rate," as was predicted (Evid. 10,932-3.); at the present time scarcely five per cent. of the letters are unpaid. But the Post-Office blows hot and cold with the same breath: the President of the Inland-office says:—"My impression is, that to resort to the old system of optional payment would make a great deal of labor, and produce very little revenue in proportion to the labor, for I am inclined to think that the Post-Office would be inundated with unpaid circulars, which you would have the trouble of presenting and get nothing for." (Evid. 2513.) But when he is afterwards asked, "Have you found prepayment a great convenience or not?" he says, "No, I cannot say that I have; it has facilitated the delivery of letters, but nothing beyond that." (Evid. 2592.)

With respect to the smuggling of letters, which has been entirely suppressed, Mr. Hill said, "Adopt the Penny Postage and the smuggler will be put down." Not so Colonel Maberly; he said in 1838, "There always must be evasion, inasmuch as the smuggler must always beat the Post-Office, whatever rate of postage is imposed," (Report of 1838, Evid. 2883.) But in 1843, in answer to the question, "Has the introduction of the Penny Post knocked up the illicit conveyance of letters?" he answers, "I do not know; but I have always considered that it would as a matter of course." (Report of 1843, Evid. 1104.)

The use of stamps is still optional, but there appears no necessity for its being so, as every post-office ought to be sufficiently supplied with them; and since every letter passing through the Post-Office must be posted, there could be no hardship in compelling

\* The following is the Committee's Report:—

"The Select Committee appointed to inquire, etc., . . . have, with the view of ascertaining the results of the Penny Postage on the revenue and expenditure of the Post-Office, called for returns of the gross and net revenue of the Post-Office for the three years previous and subsequent to its adoption: these returns will be found in the appendix to this Report.

"Your Committee have examined at great length Mr. Rowland Hill, with regard to several proposals which were brought under their notice by him, for extending the facilities of the correspondence of the country, and for improving the management and reducing the expense of the Post-Office. They have also examined several of the officers of the Post-Office, with regard to the expediency and practicability of adopting these measures.

"Your Committee regret that, on account of the late period of the session to which their inquiries were extended, they find it impracticable to report their opinions on these various matters, involving, as they do, many minute details. They are unable to do more than report the evidence which they have taken; to which they beg leave to refer, as well as to the correspondence which will be found in the appendix, in connection therewith, between the Treasury and the Post-Office; from both of which departments, they entertain no doubt, these propositions will receive the fullest consideration."

the purchase of a stamp previously to the posting of the letter. The mixed mode of collecting the postage partly in money prepaid, partly in stamps, and partly on delivery, is needlessly cumbrous, however expedient it may have been at the beginning of the new system. On this point as on others, the Post-Office authorities either disagree with the facts or differ among themselves.

"Colonel Maberly (in 1838) being asked what effect compulsory prepayment, as a substitute for all other modes of payment, would have in reducing the expenses of the Post-Office, answered, 'Very little:' and on the other hand, being questioned as to what difference in expense would arise from the treble mode of collecting the tax, (the plan now in use,) answered, 'Scarcely any.'

"Mr. Bokenham in 1843: The abolition of money prepayment would be a great convenience to his department. (Report of 1843, Evid. 2511.)

"Recent notice at the Manchester Post-office: 'The public would facilitate the business of this office by using stamps instead of paying money.'"

Upon the social and commercial influences which have resulted from cheap postage it seems superfluous to speak at any length: there is hardly a person in the kingdom that does not benefit by them, whatever be his station in life. The smallest commercial transactions are managed through the post. The advantages to science, literature, and every branch of social development and intellectual culture, are inestimable; large associations have been actually created by the new system. Mr. Hill observes:—

"Mr. Stokes, the honorary secretary to the Parker Society, (a society that contains among its members nearly all the dignitaries of the Church, and many other influential men, among whom is the present Chancellor of the Exchequer,) states that the Society could not have come into existence but for the penny postage. It is for reprinting the works of the early English Reformers. There are 7000 subscribers. It pays yearly from 200*l.* to 300*l.* postage. It also pays duty on 3000 reams of paper."

Professor Henslow gives so interesting a picture of the operation of the Penny Postage that we must find room for it.

"*Hitcham, Hadleigh, Suffolk, 16th April, 1843.*

"Dear Sir,—The observation to which you refer in one of my letters to the farmers of Suffolk, respecting the advantages of the penny postage, relates to a scheme of experimental co-operation for securing the rapid progress of agricultural science, which I have been suggesting to the landed interest. The practicability of such a scheme depends entirely upon the advantages offered by the penny postage. I have

no other positive fact to produce, beyond my having attempted the partial working of such a scheme in the case of a single experiment, for which I invited (through the local journals) the co-operation of not less than fifty farmers. I have circulated 100 copies of a printed schedule, and could have circulated more, if I had had them, containing directions how the proposed experiment should be tried. The mere suggestion of this scheme has involved me in a correspondence which I never could have sustained if it had not been for the penny postage. To the importance of the penny postage to those who cultivate science, I can bear most unequivocal testimony, as I am continually receiving and transmitting a variety of specimens, living and dead, by post. Among them you will laugh to hear that I have received three living carnivorous slugs, which arrived safe in a pill-box. This very day I have received from a stranger (by post) a parcel of young wheat-plants attacked by the larvæ of some fly; and these having arrived in a living state, I can as readily hand them over to an entomologist for his inspection and remarks.\* That the penny postage is an important addition to the comforts of the poor laborer, I can also testify. From my residence in a neighborhood where scarcely any laborer can read, much less write, I am often employed by them as an amanuensis, and have frequently heard them express their satisfaction at the facility they enjoy of now corresponding with distant relatives. As the rising generation are learning to write, a most material addition to the circulation of letters may be expected from among this class of the population; indeed, I know that the pens of some of my village-school children are already put into requisition by their parents. A somewhat improved arrangement in the transmission of letters to our villages, and which might easily be accomplished, would greatly accelerate the development of country letter-writers. Of the vast domestic comfort which the penny postage has added to homes like my own, situate in retired villages, I need say nothing.

"I remain, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

"(Signed) J. S. HENSLow.—(24)

"To Rowland Hill, Esq."

The present number of letters appears to be about three-fold the number in 1837. At that time the chargeable letters were estimated at 75,000,000 per annum. In January 1843 (the date of the latest return), the number of letters was at the rate of 221,000,000 per annum. We cannot resist showing what were the expectations of the Post-Office authorities in respect of the increase of the number of letters:—

\* "It is curious," says Mr. Hill, "to notice the feelings with which the officials regard such uses of the Post-office. Had they considered that, except for scientific purposes, no one is likely to pay at the rate of 2*s.* 8*d.* a pound for the conveyance of fish, much needless anger would have been spared." (Evid. 2654-63.)

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"Relative to increase in the number of letters, and the fiscal effects of the change, Colonel Maberly was of opinion that the poor were not disposed to write letters; and Mr. Lawrence, the assistant-secretary, 'thought there were quite as many letters written then as there would be even if postage were reduced.' Again, Colonel Maberly, after stating that he 'considered that every experiment that had been made (in the Post-Office) had shown the fallacy of Mr. Hill's plan, and that it appeared to him a most preposterous plan, utterly unsupported by facts, and resting entirely on assumption,' added, 'If postage were reduced to one penny, I think the revenue would not recover itself for forty or fifty years.' He also gave it as his opinion, that in the first year the number of letters would not double, even if every one were allowed to frank."

The effect of the Penny Postage on the revenue deserves more than a passing notice, for it has been made the subject of great misrepresentation. We shall first state the facts, which the reader will do well to bear in mind. The gross annual revenue in 1842 was 1,578,000*l.* or 67 per cent. (two-thirds) of the revenue for 1837, which was adopted as a standard by the Post Committee. The net revenue in 1842 was 600,000*l.*, whilst in 1837 it was 1,640,000*l.* The cost of management has risen from 757,000*l.* in 1839, to 978,000*l.* in 1842, or 221,000*l.* But the greater part of this increased expenditure has nothing to do with the Penny Postage. Upwards of half of it arises from the substitution of railway for common road conveyance, compensations for loss of fees occasioned chiefly by this change of locomotion, expenses of transit, foreign postage, etc. Making these deductions, the expenses have increased about 15 per cent., whilst the increase of Post-Office business, letters and newspapers combined, has been about 100 per cent., or, counting letters only, nearly 200 per cent. For several years before the Penny Postage was introduced, there was a gradual annual increase in the Post-Office expenditure. Comparing the expenditure of 1839 with that of 1836, three years *before* the reduction, the increase was 27 per cent. Comparing the expenditure of 1842 with that of 1839, three years *after* the reduction, the increase was only 24 per cent. Be the increased expenses as they may, there is still a net revenue from the Post-Office of 600,000*l.* a year. Let us see what were the official anticipations before the reduction of postage? We have already quoted the Secretary's rash prediction, "that if the postage were reduced to one penny, the revenue would not recover itself for forty or fifty years," and "that the letters without any post-

age at all would not be doubled in a year." Then there was a Superintendent of Mails at the time, who estimated that the adoption of a Penny Postage would cause a loss of from 7*d.* to 8*d.* a letter, which upon being calculated proved to be a loss of more than what the Post-Office actually received! Mr. Hill thus sums up the blunders of the late Post-master-General:—

"The hopelessness, too, of obtaining a revenue from a penny rate, is supported by a statement of Lord Lichfield, who had ascertained that each letter costs the Post-Office 'within the smallest fraction of 2½*d.*,' by which calculation, if we could suppose the cost per letter to remain the same, the penny rate must entail an expense twice as great as the amount of its produce. Again, Lord Lichfield stated as follows:—'He (Mr. Hill) anticipates only an increase of five and a quarter fold: it will require twelve-fold on our calculation, and he does not say that he expects any thing to that extent. Therefore, if it comes to that point, which is right, and which is wrong, I maintain that our calculations are more likely to be right than his.' It is now demonstrable that the increase necessary to sustain the gross revenue, the point in debate, is little more than four-fold. On the twelve-fold theory, however, Lord Lichfield said, in his place in Parliament, 'The mails will have to carry twelve times as much in weight (on Mr. Hill's plan), and therefore the charge for transmission, instead of 100,000*l.*, as now, must be twelve times that amount.' So unfavorable, indeed, were the late Postmaster-General's views on the whole subject, that he said, 'Were the plan adopted, instead of a million and a half of money being added to the revenue, after the expenditure of the establishment was provided for, he was quite certain that such a loss would be sustained as would compel them to have recourse to Parliament for money to maintain the establishment.'"—(72, p. 21.)

Let us now see who has turned out to be right and who wrong. Mr. Hill says:—

"I calculated on eventually obtaining the same gross revenue as in 1837, and that to affect this a five-fold increase of letters would suffice. Of course this calculation, which had no reference to immediate consequences, was founded upon the supposition, yet unrealized, that the plan was to be adopted in its integrity. It rested also upon the circumstances of the country remaining in their ordinary state, and neither did nor could anticipate the season of calamity which has ensued. In 1842, however, the gross revenue was fully two-thirds the former amount, and it is steadily increasing. Again, there is now no doubt that little more than a four-fold increase of letters will suffice. That such is the fact will be shown by the following statement:—

"The gross revenue of 1842 was 1,578,000*l.* which must be increased by 48 per cent., in order to raise it to an equality with the gross revenue of 1837, which in the Committee was taken

as a standard. The number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom, in 1842, was about 209,000,000, which increased by 48 percent., becomes 309,000,000, or little more than four times the number of chargeable letters delivered in the United Kingdom before the reduction of the rate.

"In January 1843 (the date of the last return), the number of letters delivered was at the rate of about 221,000,000 per annum, or almost exactly three times the former number.

"Finally, I calculated that in consequence of the simple and economical arrangements proposed, the five-fold increase in the number of letters would involve an addition of not more than 300,000*l.* per annum to the expenses of the Post-Office, consequently that the net revenue would fall from about 1,600,000*l.* to about 1,300,000*l.*; and I gave a table ('Post Office Reform,' 3rd edit., p. 67) showing that the net revenue which might be anticipated from a three-fold increase of letters was 580,000*l.* It appears that from a somewhat less than three-fold increase in 1842, the net revenue was 600,000*l.*, even under the present costly management."—(72, pp. 21, 22.)

Having been disappointed by obtaining so great a net revenue as 600,000*l.* a year, the Post-Office honorably endeavored to annihilate it, in accordance with its wishes and prophecies; accordingly a return was framed for the misguidance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by which it was made to appear that the Post-Office, instead of affording a net revenue of 600,000*l.*, is actually exceeding its receipts by 10,000*l.* a year. This return, which is distinguished throughout the parliamentary report as the "fallacious return," accomplishes this apparent result by the innovation of charging to the Post-Office a sum of 612,850*l.*, being the whole cost of the packets which twenty years ago in great part were transferred to the Admiralty, were wholly disunited from the Post-Office in 1837, and have ever since figured in the Admiralty accounts, until the appearance of this "fallacious return." It is true that these packets carry letters, but it is no less true that the vessels are of a size and character suitable for other far less peaceful objects than the transmission of correspondence; and, though they exist under the name of Post-Office packets, they constitute in fact an armed marine, to be used in times of war, and are liable, by the very terms of their contract, to be so employed. The Post-Office admits this: "When the late Chancellor of the Exchequer made the arrangement, he had in contemplation the creation of a fleet of steamers which might be available for the naval service of the country in case of war, and that that fleet would be kept up at a much less cost to the country than under the Admiralty." (Colonel Maberly, Evid. 1449.)

At least one-half of the cost of these packets has no reference at all to Post-Office objects, and the adoption of steamers to the East and West Indies and to America, in the full knowledge that no conceivable increase of correspondence would cover the expense, cannot be fairly attributed to the Post-Office. The West India packets were established at a cost of 240,000*l.* per annum, while the utmost revenue expected from letters was only 40,000*l.* "It is not fair to charge 240,000*l.* to the Post-Office *quoad* the Post-Office for the conveyance of letters." (Colonel Maberly, Evid. 1437.) The cost of the Irish packets too is needlessly high for any Post-Office purpose, but rendered so to suit the convenience of the government of both countries.

Upon the fairness of charging the whole expenses of the packets to the Post-Office revenue, for the purpose of comparing the net revenue under the Penny Postage with the net revenue before its introduction, official minds disagree. The Postmaster-General thinks the comparison "perfectly just:" (Evid. 2978–2991,) whilst his Secretary "would not have included the cost of the packets, and would not have thought it fair;" (Evid. 1441.) and he thus complacently throws off the responsibility of the deed,—“If I am asked whether the Post-Office would have put in the expense of the packets in the Post-Office returns, unless they had been directed to do so, I should say certainly not.” (Evid. 1424.)

The object of this "fallacious return" was to prove, if possible, that the Penny Postage had ruined the revenue. Lord Lowther, imagining that all revenue was derived from foreign and colonial postage, directed a return to be made which was to prove his foregone conclusion. It was framed by two clerks, who seem to have gone abroad very conveniently. (Evid. 1281, 1625–8.) "I have told the honorable member before, and I repeat it again," says Colonel Maberly, "that the return was prepared under Lord Lowther's orders by a clerk, whom he has since appointed surveyor in Canada, and it was checked by another clerk who was then in the Accountant-general's office, and who has been appointed surveyor at New Brunswick; those clerks therefore are not here." (Evid. 1281.) The return proves with its own figures that 103,000*l.* is the net revenue on inland or penny letters, whilst there is a deficiency of 113,000*l.* on foreign and colonial letters, (App. p. 232); both which statements have been proved to be curiously incorrect. Of course the Committee was inquisitive on the subject; for Mr. Hill, upon the publication of the return, had



avowed his willingness to stake the issue of the contest between the Post-Office and himself on its accuracy. But when the Committee began its scrutiny, no one could be found to guarantee even a single detail. The framers, as we have seen, had been removed to America. The "W. L. Maberly," who had subscribed the return, makes battle for it in a most amusing way. Being asked whether he thinks the estimate of the number of letters accurate, he says, "*I can pledge myself to nothing*," and "*I cannot pledge myself at all to its accuracy*." (Evid. 1261.) As respects the number of government letters in this return, which was to damage the Penny Postage irrevocably, the Secretary must speak to Mr. Bokenham; as regards the dead-letters, he must speak first to Mr. Court. He will abide by the 103,000*l.* as derived from the Penny Postage. (Evid. 1394.) The charge of the whole dead and returned letters on the Inland Postage is "incorrect certainly." (Evid. 1401.) Whether the larger proportion ought to fall on the Foreign Postage or the Inland "he cannot say, and cannot pledge himself to any opinion on the subject." (Evid. 1421-22.) Advancing on to question 1426 we there find Colonel Maberly saying that "the Penny Post produced from five to six hundred thousand net revenue," and admitting, in spite of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's parliamentary declaration, that "the deficiency before mentioned of 10,000*l.* per annum ought not certainly to be visited upon the Penny Postage system." (Evid. 1428.) Then he discovers that Mr. Hill is right, and that the return is incorrect either in the number of letters or the amount of foreign postage, but which he is not prepared to say. (Evid. 1475.) In course of time, however, he again mounts his hobby to tilt at Penny Postage. He is of opinion that the Penny Postage brings very little revenue to the country, and that by far the greater proportion of the revenue is derived, as Lord Lowther thought when he came to the Post-Office, from foreign postage. (Evid. 1650.) "I am firmly of opinion that the greater portion of that revenue is derived from foreign and colonial postage." (Evid. 1661.)

It is difficult to gather from this tissue of contradictions, and the mass of fallacious figures on which they are based, what ought to be the exact apportionment of the 600,000*l.* of net revenue,—for let us never forget that such a net revenue is now admitted on every hand,—how much is actually derivable from foreign and colonial letters, and how much from the inland Penny Post letters. By making some necessary adjust-

ments, Mr. Hill at once proves that 332,000*l.* of the 600,000*l.* are indisputably derived from the Penny Postage,—which is *three times* the amount allowed by the Post-Office; but he proceeds to show that by far the greater part of the 600,000*l.* really arises from the Penny Postage.

"As has been observed above, the practice followed up to the period of the late return has been to make no charge for packet service, nor any allowance for the conveyance of newspapers; and, supposing this to be the correct method, we should add to the amount last given the sum of 32,000*l.* which I have allowed as chargeable for packet service, thus making a total of 364,000*l.* But this mode of balancing the charge for packets with the claim for newspapers, though tolerably fair in viewing the Post-Office revenue as a whole, becomes absurdly unjust when an attempt is made to distinguish between the produce of inland postage on the one hand and of foreign and colonial postage on the other; since it is obvious that, while nearly the whole amount of the real packet service must be taken as a deduction from the profits of foreign and colonial letters, so nearly the whole produce of newspaper stamps must be taken as an addition to the profits of inland postage; and, if following out this, we claim for inland postage only nine-tenths of the newspaper stamps, (a very low estimate,) we have to make an addition of 225,000*l.* to the sum of 332,000*l.* given above, as the profits on inland letters, thus making a total of 557,000*l.*, which, taking the whole subject of inland postage as a general question of profit to the Government, is the least that ought to be set down.

"As regards the expenses of management in the Inland department, as compared with that of the Foreign and Colonial department, I have entered into no investigation, as I have no sufficient materials of calculation, but I believe that the result of a complete examination of the whole subject of Post-Office revenue would show that the Foreign and Colonial department, when placed on its fair footing, about maintains itself; and that the whole profit, probably upwards of 600,000*l.* per annum, is derived from inland postage. For the purpose of comparison, however, of the results of Penny Postage with those of the old rates, the distinction between foreign and inland postage is unnecessary, since in estimating the effect of the change I expressly included both."

Mr. Hill said from the beginning, "Carry out my plan and I assert that letters may be carried for a penny, and that the revenue will be maintained within 300,000*l.*" He gave a series of calculations of the effects on the revenue, even with no increase whatever of letters, and a two-fold, three-fold, and up to a seven-fold increase, developing the results at each stage.\* Yet it is maintained that

\* Mr. Hill submitted an estimate of the revenue which would be derived from the Post-Office un-

Mr. Hill always contemplated an instantaneous improvement of the revenue; and the Post-Office affects a well-acted surprise, that the letters should not have instantly increased five-fold. Instead of quoting Mr. Hill himself, the present prime minister (Sir R. Peel) may be called as a witness in his behalf; he at least understood Mr. Hill rightly. He says, (*Mirror of Parliament*, 1839, p. 3916,) "The author of the plan, Mr. Rowland Hill, whose remarks it is impossible to read without being prepossessed in his favor, admits that the *Post-Office revenue may suffer*."

Whatever may have been Mr. Hill's expectations, they rested upon the complete adoption of his plan; and until the plan has been carried out in its full integrity, no one can justly assert that it has failed. And now we are led to consider what remains to be done, remarking, before we proceed to this part of the subject, that people speak dolefully of the loss of the Post-Office revenue, as a real and substantial one,—just as if some 700,000*l.* or 1,000,000*l.* were annually thrown into the sea as an atonement for sending letters at a penny postage,—a sacrifice by no means too great if indispensable. The fact however is that letters are carried for a penny, while the lost surplus of Post-Office revenue quietly remains in our own pockets.

Mr. Hill thus sums up the measures of improvement not yet effected:—

"The measures are divided under heads, the first of which is 'MEASURES INTENDED TO AFFORD INCREASED FACILITIES FOR POST-OFFICE DISTRIBUTION.—1. An earlier delivery of London General-post letters. 2. An extension of

der a Penny Postage (subject to certain modification as respects the distribution of letters to rural parts which has never been carried out,) assuming, 1. That the number of chargeable letters remained stationary. 2. That it should increase two-fold. 3. That it increase three-fold and so on to seven-fold. It appeared from this calculation that "supposing the chargeable letters to increase six-fold, the benefit to the Exchequer would be practically the same as at present, and that supposing it to increase seven-fold, that benefit would be augmented by 23,000*l.*; while on the most unfavorable supposition,—one indeed which can never be verified, viz., that the enormous reduction in postage should produce no increase whatever in the number of letters,—the Exchequer would sustain scarcely any injury beyond the loss of its present revenue. In other words, while every individual in the country would receive his letters at an almost nominal expense, the whole management of the Post-Office would bring upon the State a charge of only 24,000*l.* per annum, and as this would also cover the gratuitous distribution of franks and newspapers, it may be fairly considered as a mere deduction from the produce of the newspaper stamps."—See *Post-Office Reform*.

the hours and enlargement of the means for posting late letters, and a much more speedy circulation of letters by the London District-post, to be effected by establishing more frequent collections and deliveries, (making them hourly in London itself,) by avoiding the necessity of conveying all letters to and from St. Martin's-le-Grand, by uniting the District-post and General-post letter-carriers in one corps; by improved modes of sorting, and by other means. 3. Improvements, similar in their objects, in other large towns. 4. An increase in the allowance of weight, say to two ounces for a penny, in all district-posts. 5. The extension of rural distribution, first to some place in every registrar's district, and afterwards so as gradually to comprehend within the free official delivery (daily, or less frequently, according to the importance of the place,) every town, village, and hamlet, throughout the kingdom. 6. The completion of the system of London day-mails; more frequent despatches between large towns, by means of the ordinary mid-day railway trains. 7. The next was suggested by recent experience: 'Conveniences for the transmission, at extra charge, of prints, maps, and other similar articles.' 8. The next is of the same description, 'The relaxation of the present restrictions as to weight.' 9. The next also, 'The establishment of a parcel-post at reduced rates, similar in some respects to the Banghy post in the East Indies.' 10. The next also, 'The completion of the arrangements with foreign Powers for mutual reductions of postage.' 11. The next also, 'Increased facilities to foreign nations for the transmission of letters through this country.'

"The next head is, 'MEASURES INTENDED TO AFFORD INCREASED SECURITY TO THE CORRESPONDENCE.'—These are all parts of the original plan, or are proposed to meet changes which have been subsequently made in the Post-Office. 1. A cheap system of registration. 2. Receipts (for a small fee) to be given, if required, on posting a letter. 3. A more rigid and systematic investigation as to the character of applicants for admission into the Post-Office service, and arrangements for making the superior of each department responsible, as far as practicable, for the conduct of the inferiors.

"MEASURES OF ECONOMY. | 1. Simplification of the money-order system. 2. Reduction in the cost of railway conveyance, by establishing a fairer principle of arbitration; by discontinuing useless lines; by substituting, when practicable, cheaper means of conveyance; by reducing within proper limits the space occupied by the mails; and by avoiding as much as possible the use of special trains. [The latter object would be greatly promoted by appointing a later hour, say five or six p. m., for the arrival in London of the day-mails.] 3. Reduction in the cost of ordinary conveyance by discontinuing all useless lines, by invariably resorting to public competition, (avoiding all unnecessary restrictions as to the description of carriage, speed, number of horses, passengers, etc.;) and by invariably adopting the cheapest suitable means. [The reduced traffic on many roads appears to require the substitution of light one or two-horse carriages for the present four-horse mail.

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coaches.] 4. Reduction in the present unnecessarily expensive establishment of mail-guards. 5. Economy in the packet service by the discontinuance of useless lines, and by the substitution, when practicable, of contract for Government-packets; (the communication with Ireland, for instance, may very probably be made more convenient and certainly much less expensive. There is little doubt that the principal mails from most parts of Ireland *via* Dublin, may be brought to London half a day earlier than at present.) 6. Revision of all salaries and allowances on the receipt of the intended annual return of fees, etc. The regulation of the receipt of fees, etc., so as to prevent large and unexpected claims for compensation. 7. The establishment of scales of salaries applicable to all offices, beginning low and advancing with length of service. 8. The extension of the hours of attendance in the metropolitan offices, to a full day's work for all employed, of course with the regulation of the salaries accordingly. The extension where practicable of the system, which is found so convenient and economical in many provincial offices, of employing females in assorting letters. 9. Simplification in the mode of assorting letters and newspapers. 10. The investigation of the more economical management in certain offices, with a view to its extension, where practicable, to others. 11. Improvement and economy in the manufacture and distribution of postage-stamps. 12. The abolition of money-prepayment, and the adoption of the economical arrangements consequent thereon. 13. The adoption of measures to induce the public to facilitate the operations of the Post-Office, by giving complete and legible addresses to letters, by making slits in doors, and by other means.

"MISCELLANEOUS MEASURES; viz.—1. The extension of the money-order system to every place in the United Kingdom where there is a post-office; also, if practicable, to the Colonies. 2. The re-adjustment of the free-delivery boundaries, which at present exclude large portions of many towns. 3. The placarding at each office of the regulations in which the public has an interest, as the hours of opening and closing the letter-boxes, of commencing and completing the deliveries, the authorized fees, etc., as a means of preventing unnecessary inquiries, and assisting in keeping the postmasters to their duties."—(82, pp. 33-35.)

We shall say but a few words upon some of the more important suggestions in the preceding extract.

Improvement in the organization of the metropolitan correspondence has been talked about for several years. Six years ago an hourly delivery of letters in London would have been accomplished but for the *vis inertia* of the Post-Office. "The interchange of letters by the district-post is so slow, that special messengers are employed by the public whenever despatch is important. The time ordinarily required to send a letter and

receive a reply between one part of London and another is about seven or eight hours, and between London and the suburbs ten or eleven hours, even when night does not intervene; but in the latter part of the day, letters for the suburbs are still more unreasonably delayed. A letter for Bayswater, if posted at an ordinary receiving-house after four o'clock, is not delivered till next morning; and as the reply, even if immediate, would not be delivered till about one P. M., the intervening time would, in extreme cases, amount to twenty-one hours." These defects arise from two causes; the infrequency of collection and delivery, and the now absurd practice of carrying almost all letters to St. Martin's-le-Grand before they are delivered. The metropolis already is more populous than sixty-nine of the principal cities and towns of England, including Liverpool and Manchester; even they would leave a balance of 487 on 1,873,676 persons; yet the Post-Office, in spite of all remonstrance, continues to treat the metropolis as but one place. The principle would not be more absurd, if, instead of having nearly 2000 post-towns and sorting-offices throughout England and Wales, the Post-Office should have but one office, say at Birmingham, and bring thither all the letters of the kingdom for distribution, taking thither the letters posted in Cornwall to be delivered in Cornwall, as well as the letters posted in Essex to be delivered in Kent. The metropolis is estimated to increase 3000 houses yearly, but the Post-Office remains obstinate.

Seven years ago this defect was exposed, and a suitable remedy suggested by Mr. Hill, in all fulness of detail: he recommended that London should be divided into several districts,\* each one retaining and distributing its own letters, and that there should be a collection and delivery of letters every hour: upon which plan he calculated that the majority of district-post letters would be delivered within about an hour and a half of the time of their being posted. Colonel Maberly affects that he cannot understand the proposal:—"What we have always wished to ascertain from Mr. Hill, has been the exact plan upon which we should work it out in detail, if we were to attempt to carry it out, and to that we have never been able to fix him yet." (Ev. 1039.) Being pressed, Colonel Maberly retreats from his position and admits that "he is not thoroughly acquainted with the details." (Ev. 1045.) So little indeed did he know of the plan, that he

\* In the suburbs the principle of district-offices is adopted.



misunderstood "hourly delivery" to mean a delivery within an hour, calling it "a bait held out to the public that they would get their letters within an hour," (848) and pronouncing the scheme "a physical impossibility."

There is another practical absurdity connected with the delivery of the London letters; almost every morning, within three miles of St. Martin's-le-Grand, letter-carriers dressed in blue and red carrying one sort of letters, and letter-carriers dressed in red and blue carrying another sort of letters, start at the same minute from the General Post-Office, go over the same route and down the same streets together, knocking even at the same doors together! This process seems somewhat unnecessary, and it might be thought that one man would do the business quite as well as two. The Post-Office threatens that, if it be driven to hourly deliveries and consolidation of letter-carriers, the public shall pay for its intrusiveness to the tune of 26,000*l.* per annum. (Evid. 1988.) But Mr. Hill conclusively proves (Evid. p. 37) that these improvements may be effected without any material addition to the expenditure; he says.—

"On the full efficiency of the means I propose I am willing to stake my reputation. The offer which I made before leaving the Treasury, to continue my general services without any remuneration, I am perfectly willing to renew for this specific object, pledging myself that if the arrangements be left to me I will effect—

"1st. An hourly delivery in London, so arranged as to reduce the time occupied in the interchange of district-post letters by about one half.

"2nd. A delivery of General-post letters throughout London to be completed by nine o'clock in the morning; and

"3rd. Such an extension of time for receiving late letters in the evening as will enable the public, by sending to offices to be established near the railway-stations, to post letters in case of emergency to a very late hour, say a quarter past eight."

When Mr. Hill has failed, it will be time enough to let the Post-Office try an experiment which will cost 26,000*l.* a-year; but it will be wanton profligacy to give that office the first trial in despite of Mr. Hill's offer.

The next material improvement of which the public are deprived by the dismissal of Mr. Hill, is a systematic provision for the distribution of letters, etc., throughout the rural parts of the kingdom. Had Mr. Baring remained in office, it is probable that every part of the kingdom would now enjoy the means of participating in the benefit of the Penny Post. It must be confessed that the reduction of postage is rendered comparatively valueless, if the opportunity of posting

letters be not furnished; and this was a part of Mr. Hill's plan, in which Mr. Baring took an especial interest.

"The establishment of rural post-offices does not appear to have been regulated by any well-defined principle. In some districts, owing apparently to the greater activity of the surveyors, they are exceedingly numerous; in others, of superior relative importance, they are comparatively infrequent. Some places, of 200 or 300 inhabitants, have them; others, with 2000 or 3000, are without.

"Of the 2100 registrars' districts, comprised in England and Wales, about 400, containing a million and a half of inhabitants, have no post-offices whatever. The average extent of these 400 districts is nearly 20 square miles each; the average population about 4000. The average population of the chief place of the district about 1400; and the average distance of such chief place from the nearest post-office between four and five miles. In one instance, the chief place of the district (Saxilby, in Lincolnshire), containing nearly 1000 inhabitants, is as much as 16 miles from the nearest post-office; and in some parts of Wales the distances are even greater than this.

"Again, while we have seen that those districts which are altogether without post-offices contain, in the aggregate, a million and a half of inhabitants, it can scarcely be doubted that even those districts which are removed from this class by having a post-office in some one or other of their towns or villages contain, in their remaining places, a much larger population destitute of such convenience."

"In some places *quasi* post-offices have been established by carriers and others, whose charges add to the cost of a letter in some instances as much as 6*d.* A penny for every mile from the post-office is a customary demand."

The Treasury, after very careful inquiry into the subject, framed a minute in August 1841, for the remedy of this state of things. Its object was to establish a post-office in every registrar's district which did not already possess one. This minute fully detailed the inconveniences sustained.

"In some places a messenger is employed to carry the letters to and from the nearest post-office (a distance occasionally of 10 or 15 miles), who is remunerated either by a subscription raised among the inhabitants, or more frequently by a fee charged on each letter; in other places a pauper performs the service, and thus the extra expense is reduced, if not altogether avoided. Frequently the messenger is employed by the postmaster of the neighboring post-town,—a circumstance which has in many instances led to the fee being erroneously considered by the inhabitants as established by authority, and consequently to its being submitted to even when obviously excessive; and in some cases it is stated that the mail-guard or other person employed in conveying the mail through or near the village, leaves the letters at an appointed place

and obtains a fee, generally a penny for each. But in numerous instances nothing like a systematic arrangement exists.

We doubt not that our country readers will fully sympathize with this statement. The estimated cost of establishing at once four hundred new post-offices was about 8000*l.* per annum, which the Treasury thought would be well expended in effecting "so important an extension of the benefits of cheap, rapid, and secure communication by post."

In addition, Mr. Hill proposed to extend the system to smaller districts, by the following or a similar arrangement:—

"1st. Establish weekly posts to every village and hamlet, increasing the frequency of such posts in proportion to the number of letters.

"2nd. Lay down a general rule, under which places not otherwise entitled to posts may obtain them (or those entitled may have them more frequently), on payment by the inhabitants, in either case, of the additional expense incurred, minus a certain fixed sum per 1000 letters.

"Extend the above arrangements, with such modifications as may be needful, to Ireland and Scotland.

"Large as is the number of post-offices that would be required for carrying out these plans, the expense would be comparatively inconsiderable. First, because many of the places in question are upon the present lines of communication; and, secondly, because every increase in the number of offices necessarily reduces the distance from one to another, thereby diminishing the expense of conveyance. Taking these matters into consideration, it may be safely estimated that an annual outlay of about 70,000*l.* would suffice for the addition of 600 daily posts, and many thousand weekly posts; in short, for the completion of the whole plan of rural distribution, as here indicated. And when it is considered that the arrangement would in all probability add one-third to the population now included within the range of the Post-Office, there can scarcely be a doubt that the increased receipts would far more than cover the additional expenditure."

For a period of nearly two years, the Post-Office set this good intention of the Treasury at defiance. On the 21st of March, 1843, the Secretary says, "No definitive arrangements have been made." Questions being asked in parliament, the Post-Office was "forced" into action in the necessary way, to use the Postmaster-General's own word, and something was done,—not any thing however proposed by Mr. Hill! His plan was given up as too expensive, and with ludicrous inconsistency the Post-Office substituted a plan which will be vastly more expensive,—whose cost indeed it is nearly impossible to calculate. The principle suggested by the Post-Office and adopted by the Treasury, is, that all places whose letters shall exceed one

hundred a week, shall be deemed entitled to the privilege of a receiving-house and a free delivery of letters, and that whenever such places apply for post-offices the same shall be granted. The Postmaster-General then proceeded to prepare the Treasury for an unlimited demand for such offices, and he was "not prepared to say what might be the total cost of carrying out the measure throughout the kingdom." (App. page 147.) Subsequently he estimated the number of offices at about 400, and the expense at 7000*l.* or 8000*l.*, whilst his Secretary said that "it was impossible to give any idea of what the number would be, and that there would be some thousands of such posts." If the Post-Office persist in this ill-digested scheme, and expend thereon, as it very likely may, some hundred thousand pounds, it is but justice to Mr. Hill to show that he is in no way responsible. He says:—

"In the course of my examination before the parliamentary Committee of 1838, I was repeatedly questioned as to the feasibility of extending the penny rate indefinitely, and the following extracts are from my answers to such interrogations:—

"If this Committee has time to go into the investigation, I think there will be no difficulty at all in showing that, if the rate is to be uniform, as respects all houses in the kingdom (for I see no point at which you can stop short of that), if every letter is to be conveyed to every house in the kingdom at an uniform rate, either that rate must be considerably higher than 1*d.*, or the Government must make up its mind not to look to the Post-Office any longer as a source of revenue. If the Government is willing to convey letters without profit, I for one shall be very glad to see such an arrangement made, but I see no reason at present to think this will be done" (733).

"\* \* \* I considered that I had to devise the best plan consistent with the condition of affording the Government a great part of the revenue; if the revenue is abandoned, uniformity of postage, no doubt, may be carried out to an unlimited extent; that would be a better mode of distributing the letters undoubtedly, leaving out of the case the question of revenue" (735).

Suggestions upon the completion of the system of day mails, respecting the rates charged by foreign Powers on British letters, colonial letters, a better general distribution between large towns, the removal of restrictions upon weight, rail-way stations being made official post-offices (private post-offices they already are to a considerable extent, where the clerks are obliging), are all given in detail by Mr. Hill, but we have not space to examine them. The suggestions for a parcel-post, and for the security of correspondence, are however too important to be passed over.



We are glad to record Colonel Maberly's observation that, within considerable limits, the charge ought not to advance at all with the weight of letters (Rep. of 1838, Ev. 3114); the cost of receiving, sorting, and distributing, being scarcely greater on a packet weighing two, three, or four pounds, than on one weighing a quarter of an ounce. Of the truth of this there can be little doubt, and we are satisfied that, if the Government were to carry parcels at a reduced rate, great accommodation would be given to the public and a large revenue gained. Mr. Hill suggests that parcels of a certain weight should be carried at a penny per ounce, the Post-Office having a right, as in the case of parliamentary proceedings, to detain them over a post, if necessary, so as to avoid heavy mails. This measure, by justifying more frequent deliveries in the several districts, would tend greatly to perfect the Post-Office mechanism. The convenience in rural districts would be very great. Such a plan for the carriage of parcels is in operation in the East Indies, under the name of the Banghy Post; when the maximum of weight is said to be 15 lb. and of size 15 in.  $\times$  12 in.  $\times$  21. What can be done, under all disadvantages in the East, by foot-messengers, would be easily managed here by railways and horses.

The importance of security of correspondence cannot be overrated. Yet, vital as it is, it would appear from Colonel Maberly that the Post-Office morals are in a most rotten state. He says "the department has become thoroughly demoralized" (Ev. 1174). "I can state that the plunder is terrific" (Ev. 1176), a letter posted with money in it might as well be thrown down in the street as put into the Post-Office" (Ev. 1178). Of course these statements are much exaggerated. The number of money-letters lost under the new system is doubtless absolutely greater than under the old; but in comparison with the increased number of letters now sent by the post, and considering the withdrawal of the previous gratuitous registration, the losses have not increased; so that, speaking relatively, the number of losses has not increased at all, and the risk to which money-letters are now exposed is no greater than heretofore. Indeed, as Mr. Hill well observes, "this conclusion seems almost necessary to account for what excites Colonel Maberly's special wonder, viz., the obstinate adherence of the public to a practice which, on his showing, must be pronounced to be absolutely insane."

How to remedy the evil, whatever may be its amount, has been the subject of long contest between the Postmaster-General and Mr.

Hill. Lord Lowther's remedy is to prohibit, if possible, by a compulsory fee of 1s., the transmission of money and other valuable letters, not registered. "At present any letter is registered on payment of 1s. by the sender, but not otherwise. The number of registered letters is very small, being only about sixty per day of the General-Post letters posted in London, or less than one in 1500." If the compulsory fee is not found sufficient to reduce the number, then it is proposed to increase its amount. Now the great evil of this proposal is, that it makes the Post-Office the judge whether a packet contains money or jewelry, etc. This folly was practically demonstrated before the Committee, when a quantity of various kinds of letters were laid before Mr. Bokenham, the head of the inland department, some containing coin, others specimens of natural history, etc., and he was asked to distinguish the one from the other; but the wary officer would not venture to touch them, or to say in the presence of the Committee what held coin and what did not. It is easy to see that, if this proposal had been sanctioned, the Post-Office would virtually have had the power of putting a shilling tax on every packet.

Instead of any compulsory payment, to be assessed at the discretion of the office, Mr. Hill suggested that the public should be induced to register their letters by a low fee, beginning with 6d. per letter, and reducing it still lower if possible. The Post-Office objected to this, that registered letters would become so numerous as to render it impossible to carry on the business of the office. "If you cannot do it, allow me," answered Mr. Hill. The feasibility of the plan was fully demonstrated, but still it has been treated only with contempt, upon the allegation that the duties at the great "Forward" offices, such as Birmingham, would be rendered insuperable. Allowing for an increase of eight-fold on the present number of registered letters, they would amount to the alarming number of seventy-two per day, "to be despatched at fifteen periods of the day,"—not five at each despatch!—"No possible increase of force would meet the difficulty!" We will take Mr. Hill's examination of the case of the travelling post-offices.

"If bad begins at the 'forward' offices, worse remains behind in the travelling-office. 'How the duty is to be performed there,' the Postmaster-General declares himself 'altogether at a loss to imagine.' Adding that, 'if the number of registered letters should increase largely, this office must be abolished.'

"The danger of this injury to the public service, it may be here observed, was strikingly set

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forth in a Return subsequently ordered by the Committee, whereby it appears that the number of registered letters to be dealt with in the travelling-office, during its whole journey from London to Preston, averages as high as *six* each trip! It is curious that a Return, fraught with evidence so convincing on a point so important, should have been so little cared for that, though certainly laid on the table of the Committee, it was omitted in the printed Report.

"And such being the facts of the case, Colonel Maberly gravely anticipates an increase of registered letters so enormous and so vast that he 'does not believe that *three* travelling post-offices could do the duty.' Thus assuming an increase of, at the very least, a thousand-fold; which would give a net revenue from this source alone of two millions per annum."

We have an amusing instance of Post-Office fears on this subject:—

"Groundless, however, as the alarm of an overwhelming number of registered letters may seem to the uninitiated, it is by no means without a parallel in Post-Office proceedings. Thus, for instance, while I was at the Treasury, additional allowances to two postmasters (at Swinford and Ballaghaderin in Ireland) were proposed, on the ground that the money-order business had become so heavy that each postmaster was obliged to engage a clerk to attend to that duty alone. The accounts in the Post-Office would of course have supplied a check to this statement; but it came to the treasury vouched, first by the surveyor of the district, second by the Dublin office, and third by the London office. The Treasury, at my suggestion, however, called for information as to the actual number of money-orders paid and issued by each office in a given time; and, after the lapse of a year, the information was supplied, when it appeared that the average number of money-orders paid and issued, when taken together, was in one office only two, and in the other only three, per day. I advised the rejection of the proposed allowances; but this question, with many others of a similar character, remained undecided when my duties were interrupted"—*Evid.*, p. 92.

From what has already been exhibited in this paper, no one can be surprised to find numerous examples exposed to the Committee, manifesting great extravagance in the management of the Post-Office. Thus Mr. Hill recommended certain changes in the conveyance of the Dublin mail, tending to a saving of about 50,000*l.* per annum, whilst they would have accelerated the conveyance between London and Dublin, but he was not listened to. Again, with the packets to the Channel Islands:—in 1841, the cost of two packets carrying the mails was about 7000*l.* per annum, and a third was to be appointed, which would increase the expense to 9000*l.* per annum. Certain persons in Jersey offered to contract for the conveyance of the mail thrice a week, for 3000*l.* per annum, stipulat-

ing that the port of departure should be changed from Weymouth to Southampton: but the Post-Office hesitated to accept the offer, on the ground that the change of port would inflict a serious inconvenience on the foreign correspondence of the kingdom. Mr. Hill was directed to investigate the case, and he distinctly proved, that the change of port would, on the whole, benefit the foreign correspondence rather than otherwise. The mails on land are no less the subject of costly blundering. On the Birmingham and Gloucester line, two special trains are hired at an annual cost of 10,500*l.* per annum, whereas one would suffice, and 5000*l.* a year be saved.

"Another measure, to which I will call the attention of the Committee, was one for regulating the space occupied in railway trains by the Post-Office, for conveyance of the mails and the guards. When I went to the Treasury, the reports from the Post-Office gave no information which could enable the Treasury to form a judgment as to whether this very large item of expense was adjusted with due regard to economy; I therefore prepared a form to be followed on every such occasion, which provided for giving the necessary particulars. Having investigated the returns so framed as they came in, I soon found in a majority of instances that the space in the carriages set apart for the mails was unnecessarily great; in one instance, a day-mail between York and Normanton, though the maximum weight of the mail-bags was only 80 lbs. (about equal to that of a passenger's luggage), the Post-Office occupied the space inside the carriage of sixteen passengers, at a cost of 1*s.* 4*d.* per mile, whereas under proper arrangements the expense would probably have been about 2*d.* a mile, the charge by the ordinary trains being usually in direct proportion to the space occupied. In consequence of this very startling discovery, the Post-Office was directed to report upon the state of all the railway lines in this respect, with a view to preparing some very stringent regulations for putting a stop to the waste of public money which was then going on, and which may be proceeding at this moment for aught I know to the contrary; the report however was not received when my services came to an end. In the absence of the required information, it is impossible to offer more than a rude estimate of the loss resulting from this mismanagement; but, forming the best judgment I can on the facts which came before me, I cannot put it at a less sum than 10,000*l.* a year."\*

We shall conclude this branch of the subject with one instance, which it is peculiarly the business of this Review to notice.

"The next and last case under this head [Economy] is the new postal treaty with France,

\* Large as this amount is, it will scarcely appear excessive, when it is considered that the waste of money thus going on in this single case was at the rate of about 500*l.* per annum.

which, however excellent in its general objects and effects, is, in consequence of important errors in the details, operating very unfavorably on our portion of the revenue derived from the united postage, French and English, on letters between the two countries. Our scale of postage, as the Committee will bear in mind, ascends by half-ounces up to one ounce, and then by ounces. The French scale, on the other hand, ascends by quarter-ounces. Several important results flow from this distinction, as every letter, in regard to a portion of its postage, is under the quarter-ounce scale; the great majority of letters will be just within the quarter-ounce: such letters, therefore, though liable to a French rate of 20*d.* per ounce, and a British rate of only 10*d.* per ounce, would be charged 10*d.* each, viz. 5*d.* British and 5*d.* French, the whole being collected sometimes by the one Post-Office, sometimes by the other. Under the old system each Government would retain its own 5*d.*, and hand over the second 5*d.* to the other Government. The English Post-Office, however, in order to relieve itself of the trouble of accounting for the letters *numeratim*, proposed a clause by which each Government would have accounted to the other for the whole mail at once, according to its weight in bulk. I pointed out to the Treasury how unfairly towards our own Government the proposed stipulation would operate, and the proposal of the Post-Office was consequently rejected. It appears, however, by the treaty, that it was subsequently revived, with a slight modification, which no doubt was thought would obviate the evil, but which only slightly mitigates it. Under the treaty, we are to pay in respect of a mail, the postage of which is collected in England, 20*d.* an ounce to the French for their share of the postage; whereas on a mail, the postage of which is to be collected in France, we are only to receive 12*d.* per ounce. Applying this rule to the great majority, which, as before said, are just under the quarter-ounce, the ultimate effect is, that of our 5*d.*, when the postage is collected in France, the French hand over to us only 3*d.*, retaining 2*d.* of our 5*d.*, in addition to their own 5*d.*; whereas, when we collect the postage, we hand over to the French the whole of their 5*d.*, retaining our own 5*d.* without any addition."

Under the item of salaries, Mr. Hill estimates that there might be an annual saving of 78,000*l.*; and reckoning the total of all these measures of economy, it would add about 200,000*l.* per annum to the net revenue, without requiring any increase of letters whatever.

On the disgraceful dismissal of Mr. Hill from office we feel bound to say a few words. Mr. Hill was at first engaged for two years at the Treasury. At the expiration of the second year, the Whigs were about to leave office, and the engagement was renewed for a year by Mr. Baring, and for this short period only, because he did not desire to deprive his successor of the power of renewing; which that

gentleman declined to exercise. Mr. Hill appealed to Mr. Goulburn, who thus answered:—

"I have given my best attention to all that you have stated, but I still retain the opinion which I have before expressed, that it would not be expedient to retain your services for a longer period than that to which they are at present limited. I can assure you that, in coming to this conclusion, it is very far from my intention to imply that there has been on your part any neglect of the duties confided to you, or any deficiency of zeal or ability in the discharge of them. I readily acknowledge also the honorable motives which originally prompted and which have now induced you to repeat your offer of gratuitous service. But I am influenced solely by the consideration that it is not advisable to give a character of permanence to an appointment which, originally created for a temporary purpose, has now, as it appears to me, fulfilled its object. The penny postage has been above two years established, and the principle of it is now thoroughly understood."

Mr. Hill then tried Sir Robert Peel, who gave a similar answer. The following most unusual statement was made in the Treasury minute containing his dismissal:—The Lords of the Treasury "consider it due to him, on the termination of his engagement with this Government, to express to him the approbation with which they have regarded his *zealous exertions in the execution of the duties which have been intrusted to him, and how materially the efficiency of the Post Office arrangements has been promoted by the care and intelligence evinced by him in the consideration of the various important questions which have been referred to him.*"

Sir Thomas Wilde said:—

"If Mr. Hill had been continued in his appointment, he would have been in precisely the same situation which he had occupied for three years, and no consequences could be anticipated from the retention of his services other than those which had resulted from his previous employment. Ample opportunity had been afforded, during his three years' services, of judging what inconvenience might be expected to result from the continuance of his appointment. It was only proposed that Mr. Hill's services should be retained, until he had an opportunity of bringing into operation those portions of his plan which had not been carried into effect, or, at least, till they should be in such a state of forwardness, that the public might have some security that a trial of their efficiency would ultimately be made. So far from Mr. Hill's appointment having produced any inconvenience to the public service, the Lords of the Treasury were pleased to report, in the minute which he (Sir T. Wilde) had read, that the efficiency of the Post Office arrangements had been materially promoted by the care and intelligence evinced by him in the consideration of



the various important questions which had been referred to him."

Mr. Baring, who made the original agreement with Mr. Hill, said :—

"The right honorable gentleman (Mr. Goulburn) referred to the Treasury minute under which Mr. Hill was appointed, and seemed to rely upon the words 'penny postage,' which he found in that minute. Now it was well known at the time of the adoption of the plan, that it involved not merely the reduction of the rate of postage, but other *most extensive alterations*. *That was only a part of the general plan*, and, after its adoption, it was well known that there still remained considerable additional labor to be got through. He thought the right honorable gentleman placed too much stress on the circumstance that he (Mr. Baring) only engaged Mr. Rowland Hill for a year. In doing this, however, he had never anticipated that that gentleman's services would not be required for more than a year; but as he knew that he was going out of office within a short time, he did not think that it would be courteous to his successor to appoint for a longer period than that. He had, however, been all along of opinion that the *services of Mr. Hill at the Treasury would be required for a much longer period than one year*. He also thought it was only common justice to say, that at the period when it was determined to carry out this plan he had not the slightest personal knowledge of Mr. Rowland Hill. As for the intelligence and industry of that gentleman, of course he had sufficient evidence of this in the evidence which he had repeatedly given before Committees of the House of Commons and by his pamphlet. He must say that, on becoming acquainted with Mr. Hill, he found him to possess other qualities which he did not expect to find in him. He had expected that a person who had been long engaged in the preparation of an extensive system of this kind would not carry out the change with that coolness and judgment that was requisite, and he had expected that he should have great difficulties to contend with in inducing Mr. Hill to adopt any alteration in his plan that might appear requisite. He found *quite the contrary* of this, and that Mr. Hill, with the greatest readiness, adopted any suggestions that were made to him; so that, instead of difficulties, he found *every facility in carrying the plan into effect*."

Such were the opinions expressed in Parliament by men of character and experience. It now only remains to see what are the future prospects of the Penny Postage. That it will ever be completed by the Post-Office, *mero motu*, it were idle to believe.

Lord Lowther spoke truly, before he was Postmaster-General, when he said that there had been no alterations in the Post-Office *except what had actually been forced upon it by the public*. The treatment of Mr. Hill and his plan is the mere repetition of the

conduct of the Post-Office towards Mr. Dockwra and Mr. Palmer. Palmer's plan, which raised the revenue in thirty years from 150,000*l.* per annum to 1,500,000*l.*, was called "visionary and absurd," and was pronounced a total failure within a year or two after its introduction, even as Mr. Hill's has been decreed. Mr. Hill gives us a summary of Post-Office conduct since the restoration, which our readers will do well to bear in mind :—

"It is a curious fact that, from the institution of the Post-Office to the present time, no important improvement has had its origin in that establishment. The establishment of a General-post never seems to have suggested to the office itself the propriety of a Town-post, even in London; that was left to a private individual of the name of Dockwra, who, shortly before the restoration, established a penny-post in London as a speculation of his own. The next improvement was the establishment of the cross-posts by Mr. Allen (the Allworthy of Fielding's "Tom Jones") about the middle of the last century. All persons conversant with the various published collections of letters before that date will know the inconvenience which was sustained for want of cross-posts; yet the suggestion of this important accommodation was left, as before, for a private individual. Then come the improvements of Mr. Palmer; I say improvements in the plural, for it is most unjust to the memory of that distinguished person to limit his merit to the suggestion of substituting mail-coaches for horse and foot-posts. This, no doubt, was the most striking feature of his plan, and it has therefore been mistaken for the plan itself; but he suggested, and was fortunate enough to accomplish, an almost total revolution in Post-Office arrangements. The utter hopelessness of improvements originating in the Post-Office has been practically acknowledged by the different Governments which have been in office for the last fifteen years. For nearly the whole of that time Commissions have been in action, who, after rigid and extensive inquiries, in the course of which a vast mass of facts has been elicited, have from time to time proposed many improvements of great value, some of which their influence, backed by the government, has been able to carry into effect; others, without any satisfactory reason, have met with rejection and neglect. But as Lord Lowther justly stated in 1835, 'He knew from experience that a Commission was inefficient to grapple with so strong a body as the Post-Office department. When he had the honor to belong to a Commission of that nature, the Post-Office *almost set them at defiance*; and it was found by the Commission to be a matter of the *greatest difficulty to extract from the Post-Office any information necessary for the elucidation of the inquiry*.'"

What then is to be done? The Post-Office is as obstinately set against all improvement now as it was before Mr. Hill's plan was begun. But the friends of cheap and efficient postage need not despair,—one more vigor-



ous effort will succeed; but it must be to reform the root of the evil,—to remodel the constitution of the Post-Office, and give effect to the good counsel of Lord Lowther, uttered in the days of his wisdom. Being asked his opinion on this point in 1836, Lord Lowther said,—

"I think the present system has proved that it is not at all adapted to the active circumstances of the times, and I should feel disposed to new-model and re-construct the Post-Office department altogether. I think one sees, in the present state of the Post-Office, that it remains just what it was ever since the improvement it underwent in 1797, and 1798; there has hardly been any alteration since in its details except what has actually been forced upon it by the public."

This remark remains perfectly applicable to the year 1843 :—

"The duties of the Post-Office (the noble Lord continued) are becoming now so great notwithstanding its inconvenient and almost prohibitory arrangements, and so general, and from the present state of the world, and our constant communication with the East and with America, I should look to England as being in a great degree the Post-Office of the world if facilities were offered; and however capable or industrious one man might be, I should conceive he could hardly be qualified to look into the number of details that that office would embrace in all its ramifications. I should think the better way would be to have a Board, as in France (there it is called a Council), with a head and two assistants, one to superintend the home department of the Post-office, and the other the foreign department and colonies; and the head would have a general view over the arrangements of the whole office."

Until, therefore, the present constitution of the Post-Office is changed,—until the real management is enlarged and made directly responsible, and not screened behind a ministerial Postmaster-General,—there will be no chance for the completion of the Penny Postage plan. To accomplish this we would suggest that the London Mercantile Committee on Postage seek interviews from time to time with the Premier, urging the substitution of a Board for the present system of management,—that Mr. Warburton, or Mr. Wallace bring forward a resolution to the same effect, year after year, until the object is effected,—that Mr. Hill himself enter parliament, if possible, and plead his own cause,—and that the favorers of cheap postage aid all these efforts by constant petitions, the prayer of which should be, that the Government should follow the advice of the Duke of Wellington, "*to adopt Mr. Hill's plan, exactly as it was proposed.*"

#### *Postscript to the Article on the "Penny Postage."*

Since our article on this subject was printed, two circumstances have occurred which will tend to realize a reform in the constitution of the Post-Office.

An association of the chief merchants of the city of London, including the Barings, Mastermans, Pattisons, Prescotts, Lyalls, Larpents, Ricardos, etc., has been formed to make a public acknowledgment of Mr. Rowland Hill's merits. At the first mention of the proposal, conservative and whig banded together, and before any public announcement was made more than a thousand pounds were subscribed. Branch associations are in formation throughout the country, and probably such a sum will be raised as will enable Mr. Hill to enter the House of Commons as the people's advocate for accomplishing the entire scheme of Penny Postage. A triumphant atonement would this be to Mr. Hill for his dismissal from office, and a worthy reward to a great public benefactor. Such a demonstration of public gratitude, too, would remind the Government in a salutary way of its neglect of duty in this matter.

Concurrent with this event is the death of the Earl of Lonsdale, which is likely to lead to Lord Lowther's resignation of the office of Postmaster-General. This then is the time for a deputation of merchants to wait on Sir Robert Peel and urge upon him the adoption of a Commission. The difficulties attending such a step will be diminished by Lord Lowther's retirement. Even if it be necessary to appoint a new Postmaster-General, the appointment may be conferred temporarily, subject to its conversion into a board of Commissioners. If this appeal be made to the Premier, he is too wise not to interpret correctly the signs of public feeling, and to take a course which will not only save him from the difficulties his submission to Lord Lowther drew him into, but confer honor and popularity on his administration, whilst it would benefit the revenue and gratify the public.

BRITISH GUIANA.—From a prospectus published at the *Royal Gazette* office, Demarara, and forwarded to us, we learn that a society for the promotion of agriculture and commerce in that ignorant colony is now being formed. Public rooms are to be established in Georgetown, with library, museum, and models; and premiums and grants of money are to be awarded for the advancement of every branch of agriculture, manufactures, and trade. So excellent an institution cannot fail to produce great benefits, and the wealth of the colony will enable its members to carry it on with liberality and spirit.—*Lit. Gaz.*

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MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS.  
GRANT OF LAGGAN.\*

From Tait's Magazine.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Grant of Laggan lived to extreme old age, and has been dead for a few years, her name, we are persuaded, must still be familiar and welcome to Scottish ears. Nor can she be altogether forgotten in England, where her early letters made a lively impression; and certainly not in the United States of America. At all events, her fresh, healthful, and delightful works must be remembered, as they represent something which many of us would not willingly let go; and that because they paint a condition of society, a primitive state of manners, which become the more fascinating in the retrospect, the farther that luxury and pseudo-refinement bears us away from the homely, but pure and heartfelt social enjoyments which they promoted. Distance may, no doubt, interpose its magic veil, softening asperities and external rudenesses; but the substantial plenty, the leisure, and freedom of mind of these bygone times, with their simplicity and ease of manners,—all, in brief, that is comprehended in Wordsworth's emphatic

“Plain living and high thinking,”—

were solid and enduring social blessings. Nor is it wonderful, that, from the barren heights which every class of society, above the lowest, has attained, if not in physical comfort, yet in external accommodation, many a longing, lingering look should be cast back upon the rude and simple times which are vividly and picturesquely reflected in Mrs. Grant's pages. Her “Letters from the Mountains” are the genuine picture of a life spent in seclusion in the very heart of the Highlands; and a life, how full of energy, affection, and healthful enjoyment! Imagination and taste may, in her instance, have imparted a glow to the local coloring; but some measure of these faculties were no mean constituents in the happiness of the common life lived and described—part of her chartered possessions, but also, to some extent, possessed by every Highlander. Mrs. Grant's representation of domestic and social manners in the State of New York, in her own childhood and girlhood, or before the revolutionary war, are equally faithful and delightful as her delineations of the peaceful life of the Highland glens.—The book be-

\* Author of “Letters from the Mountains,” “Memoirs of an American Lady,” &c. &c. Edited by her son, J. P. Grant, Esq. 3 vols. with Portrait. Longmans.

fore us is of a different character; and chiefly, or alone, interesting from what it tells of the farther personal history of the writer of the works of which we have spoken, and of a few distinguished literary persons, and other *notabilities* with whom she came into contact, during her long residence in Edinburgh. There are in it no loyal and pious clansmen, rich in manners, and in ancestral, homely wisdom, though poor in science and learning; no primitive Dutch and English settlers living, on the banks of the Hudson and the Mohawk, the rural life in all its joys and ease, if not what is now called elegance, or cottage-orné refinement. Nearly the whole interest of the new series of letters devolves, therefore, upon the author; the anecdotes she relates of distinguished literary characters; and her opinions on the various topics which she incidentally touches in the course of a private correspondence of above thirty years, and consisting of four hundred selected letters. The great blemish of this correspondence, is that attributable, more or less, to the greater part of all female correspondence that is not between the most intimate and confidential friends—namely, a candied complexion—a honeyed exuberance—a reflected egotism; and that, having often very little to say, far too much is sometimes made of that little merely to fill the sheet. Very many letters of the entire series are either congratulatory, complimentary, or of condolence. There is a consequent want of the ease and spontaneous impulse of the early letters; for it is somehow felt that much is said, not to give utterance to the affectionate feelings and recollections of an overflowing and warm heart, but to perform a duty, and perhaps to make a figure as a letter-writer. And though letters of duty and ceremony must, we suppose, be written, they excite little sympathy in those who do not share in the feeling or obligation which draws them forth. On the other hand, the entire series does infinite credit to the writer's talents, good sound common sense, and admirable tact. Without losing her own identity, and without forfeiting our respect, or condescending to flatter in any glaring way, she adapts herself with exquisite felicity to the varying tastes and circumstances of her correspondents. —The best of the series, or those letters that we like the best, are the few addressed to her eldest son in India, and to her daughters; and those in which she fully commands our sympathies, while we see her struggling to form the virtues and raise the fortunes of her numerous family; or heart-stricken with the successive bereavements with which it pleas-



ed Heaven to afflict her in an unusual degree. The Letters now published extend over a period of about thirty-five years; and in that time, Mrs. Grant had lost six daughters, in the early bloom, or full maturity of graceful or beautiful womanhood; all of them distinguished by talents and virtues. She had also lost her eldest son. These were heavy trials, and fruitful, if painful, themes for a mother's letters to those who had known and loved the endeared and amiable beings she lamented.

The literary gossip of the Modern Athens in its palmy days, or during the thirty years which Mrs. Grant resided in its circles, might promise to be an attractive feature in her correspondence; but we question if it will be so felt. The more remarkable of the persons of whom she speaks, have either forestalled her themselves, or she has been anticipated by their communicative friends. Mrs. Grant is, besides, a cautious writer, never personal, never satirical; and, moreover, her literary history is often inaccurate. It is superfluous to point out what was erroneous at the time, and is now of no consequence whatever. In short, Mrs. Grant must, for a good while, if not always, in her literary intimacies, have belonged to the dowager division of Edinburgh society, and could not have been in secrets—not, perhaps, much worth knowing.

The Memoir and Letters, which are modestly and unobtrusively edited by Mrs. Grant's son, the only survivor of a large family, who all, save himself, predeceased their mother, open with a brief sketch of her early life, from her own pen. It brings her personal history down to the opening of her "Letters from the Mountains;" and this new series terminates it, with a short account of her latter years, by the editor. Her father and mother were both Highlanders. No drop of *Sassenach* blood flowed in the veins of Anne Macvicar, though she chanced to be born in Glasgow. Her father, after her birth, entered the army; and her childhood, up to the age of fourteen, was passed in America, at a Dutch settlement below Albany, in the manner she has so fascinatingly described in the "Memoirs of an American Lady." She may be said to have been, so far as schools and direct instruction are concerned, literally self-educated. Her mother taught her to read; and her intimacy and domestication with the "American Lady," her residence in the rustic court of Madame Schuyler, must have been of incalculable advantage to her. At the age of fifteen she returned to Scotland with her father and mother; and, as she was an only child, should have been an heiress,

had not the extensive grant of land which her father obtained been, after the revolution, included in the new State of Vermont, and confiscated as the property of a British officer. A residence of some years in Glasgow, at this time, must have added much to her stores of knowledge, and was a period of great mental activity and general improvement; though her vivacious and energetic mind had received its tone and impulse in America. Of her Glasgow residence she relates—

With one family of the name of Pagan, to whose son we were known in America, I formed an affectionate intimacy. At their country-house, on the banks of the river Cart, near Glasgow, I spent part of three summers, which I look back upon as a valuable part of mental, perhaps I should rather say moral, education. Minds so pure, piety so mild, so cheerful and influential; manners so simple and artless, without the slightest tincture of hardness or vulgarity; such primitive ways of thinking, so much of the best genuine Scottish character, I have never met with, nor could ever have supposed to exist, had I not witnessed. Here were the reliques of the old Covenanters all around us; and here I enriched my memory with many curious traits of Scottish history and manners, by frequenting the cottages of the peasantry, and perusing what I could find on their smoky book-shelves. Here was education for the heart and mind, well adapted for the future lot which Providence assigned to me. With these friends, then a numerous family, I kept up an intimate connexion, which neither time nor absence interrupted.

It is to the daughters of this family, Mrs. Brown of Glasgow, and Mrs. Smith of Jordan Hill, that many of the "Letters from the Mountains" are addressed. Many of those in the new series are to the same stanch friends. Mrs. Grant's father obtained the appointment of barrack-master at Fort Augustus; and, still an untaught, unaccomplished, but a very clever, largely-informed, and enthusiastic girl, she was transferred to the heart of the mountains. Upon her solid, self-earned Lowland and American acquirements and stores of various knowledge, Highland romance and poesy were now lavishly superinduced by her residence at Fort Augustus—then, though a kind of garrison, a much more solitary spot than it is now—and her subsequent residence in Laggan. In 1779, she married the minister of that parish, and became, in every sense, a true Highland matron; proving not only how much virtue and happiness, but how many beautiful talents, how much of refining imagination and brightening fancy, are compatible with the lowliest duties of a wife and mother, and parish-helper; and with circumstances which

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many of her future correspondents must have regarded as very narrow, indeed, if not miserable poverty. In 1801, she lost her excellent husband; and was left with a family of eight children, and not altogether free from debt. But she had firm faith and high courage, and the talent of attracting and attaching admirable friends, who again interested other friends in her behalf and in that of her family. Nor were her literary talents without their influence. From almost childhood she had scribbled verses; and now her patrons and friends issued proposals for publishing a volume of her poetry. It proved the most successful attempt of the kind ever made, we believe, in Scotland; and was but an earnest of the very remarkable kindness which Mrs. Grant afterwards met with in quarters where she could have no claim, save that conferred by her virtues and talents, and the condition of her family. Through Mr. George Chalmers, the author of "*Caledonia*," she received, in one sum, three hundred pounds, the contribution of three princely London merchants, Messrs. Angerstein, Thomson, & Bonar. A number of ladies in Boston published her *Letters* by subscription; and transmitted her, at different times, considerable sums. Other generous individuals appear to have materially assisted her in her struggles; and her publishers, the house of Longman & Co., acted towards her with a liberality of which she was warmly sensible. They not only gave her the fair share of profits on her "*Letters from the Mountains*," to which she was entitled, but, as a free gift, a considerable part of their own profits. In her latter years she obtained considerable legacies from old pupils and a pension of a hundred a-year; and one of her patrons, Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, left her an annuity to the same amount. This, with her other funds, and annuity as the widow of a Scottish clergyman, with her moderate tastes, rendered her old age easy and independent.—To return: soon after the death of her husband, Mrs. Grant removed, with her large family, to Stirling, in which she resided for some years. Her elder daughters, who had received many more advantages of education than their mother, were now of an age to assist her in any plan of active usefulness; and she received into her family some little boys, of a class that could afford to pay her handsomely, in order to prepare them for school. This scheme was afterwards relinquished for one more suitable to her family circumstances; and, settling in Edinburgh, she received a select number of young ladies of good fortune, who had finished their school, if not

their mental education, but who needed the care and protection of a mother, on their introduction into life, and the affection and society of sisters. For many years, her house was the home of a succession of young ladies of this description; and she appears to have had much satisfaction in the character and affection of these pupils, or inmates, whose presence threw a brilliancy around her family circle. But it is more than time that we allowed Mrs. Grant to speak for herself. As an example of her tact and self-respect, we select the following letter, addressed to Mr. Hatsell, Clerk to the House of Commons. It was written while Mrs. Grant was in London, sending her eldest son to India, having obtained a cadetship for him through the interest of the late Mr. Charles Grant, the East India Director:—

To JOHN HATSELL, ESQ., *House of Commons*  
*London.*

*London, 2d May, 1805.*

SIR,—The purpose of this address is to endeavor to recall to your memory a person of whom you had a very slight knowledge indeed, at Fort Augustus, thirty years ago, then a girl of seventeen, and in whose father's house you resided while there. Since that time I was happily and respectably married to a gentleman of that country, who was minister of an adjoining parish, and chaplain to the 90th regiment. He was a man of much humanity and generosity. We lived in an open and hospitable manner, and had twelve children, of whom eight remain. I hasten to the sad sequel. Three years ago, a sudden death deprived us of the best of husbands and fathers. To his young and helpless family his character and example are a rich inheritance. I do not fear that they will feel absolute want, nor were they left absolutely destitute. My friends, however, urged me to publish a volume of occasional verses, which I had wrote to please them or myself. This volume I have taken the liberty of sending you, not to solicit your name, or derive any advantage in that way; far otherwise. I do not mention my address, to prevent the possibility of having my motive mistaken. But, having come to town to send my eldest son to the East Indies, and conclude some other matters relative to my family, I happened to hear you spoken of as a worthy and benevolent character; thinking you, too, at the time I met with you, the finest gentleman I ever saw, I was very attentive to your conversation, and remarked that you had a taste for literature. These are the circumstances that have induced me thus to commit myself, by placing a confidence in you that may lead you to think oddly of me. I cannot help it. You will never see nor hear of me more: and if you do not attend to my simple request, forget, I beg of you, that ever I made it.

You see, by the subscribers' list, that my own country-people are interested in me, and have treated me with unexampled kindness; yet my circumstances rendering it difficult for me to ed-

ucate so large a family without encroaching on their little capital, I am now about to publish two small volumes, without my name, of juvenile correspondence, genuine and unaltered, under the title of "Letters from the Mountains." Now, I send you my poetical volume, first, in return for two books you gave me at Fort Augustus; and, next, that you may read it; and if you think as kindly of it as many others have done, it will perhaps interest you in the writer, or, what is much better, in a large family of orphans belonging to a worthy man. You will, in that case, use your influence, which I know is extensive, to make the intended publication known. I do not expect you to recommend it, because that is useless, if it wants merit, and needless if it has. Longman and Rees are my publishers; they have some volumes of the work herewith sent on hand: these, too, I wish you to make known. It would gratify me, if you would send a note to Longman and Rees, desiring to have the "Letters from the Mountains" sent you when they are published. If you are a man of delicacy and benevolence, you will do this, to show you take my confidence in good part; if not, be at least a man of honor;—burn this letter, never mention it, and forget the ill-judged presumption of your obedient humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

Many months elapsed; but Mrs. Grant at last heard from this cautious gentleman, and afterwards found in him an active and useful friend. He brought her book, and her personal history, under the notice of the Bishop of London, the venerable Dr. Porteus, who criticised and corrected her Letters for a second edition, keeping out some of the more trivial letters. It might be wished that some one had performed a similar friendly office for the present collection, which a near relative can never be the best qualified to perform. During her residence in London at this time, Mrs. Grant acquired several useful and pleasant friends; and among others Mrs. Hook, one of the daughters of the fortunate Scottish physician, Sir Walter Farquhar. To this lady, the wife of Dr. James Hook, afterwards an archdeacon of the English church, and the mother of Dr. Walter Hook of Leeds, many of her most elaborate letters were subsequently addressed. Her English friends were all High Church, and high Tory: and so was she, as she takes very great pains to assure them, often going out of her way to express contempt and dislike for the politics of the Liberal party and of *The Edinburgh Review*; and for a something—an abstraction, about which nobody seems to have any definite idea—which Cobbett was wont to call Scotch *feelosophy*, and English High Churchmen, with their ladies, and Mrs. Grant, "Scotch metaphysics." In her youth, Mrs. Grant must have been a true-blue Presbyterian Whig, and admirer of the

"glorious and immortal;" but, in the trying era of Pitt, she seems to have become a high-flying Tory, and in old age she was a Legitimist or Carlist who had never been a Jacobite; and sent presents of ptarmigan to Holyrood to the Duchess of Angoulême, and wrote pretty verses to the little Duke of Bourdeaux. Nay, more, she obtained a new light upon the subject of Antichrist, and discovered him to be, not the Pope, as all Reformed Scotland had ever believed, but the French Encyclopedists. The Reform Bill appeared, to her, to threaten the end of the world, or the complete overthrow of religion and social order. But these notions were so far harmless, that they excited no rancorous feeling towards those of her friends who entertained opposite opinions. They are, indeed, by a younger generation, rather to be laughed at than seriously animadverted on. We must now introduce a few of the illustrious personages whom she describes to her friends, and who, indeed, form, with the exception of the few family letters, the best staple of her correspondence. In March 1810, nearly a lifetime since, she writes:—

Walter Scott and the formidable Jeffrey have both called on me, not by any means as a scribbling female, but on account of links formed by mutual friends. You would think, by their appearance, that the body of each was formed to lodge the soul of the other. Having met them both formerly, their appearance was not any thing new to me: but Jeffrey looks the poet all over:—the ardent eye, the nervous agitation, the visibly quick perceptions, keep one's attention constantly awake, in expectation of flashes of the peculiar intelligence of genius: nor is that expectation entirely disappointed: for his conversation is in a high degree fluent and animated. Walter Scott, again, has not a gleam of poetic fire visible in his countenance, which merely suggests the idea of plain good sense; his conceptions do not strike you as by any means so rapid or so brilliant as those of his critic; yet there is much amusement and variety in his good-humored, easy, and unaffected conversation.

Some months later, she remarks of Jeffrey:—

Do you know, notwithstanding my wrath for his manifold literary offences, I think I shall be forced to like the Arch-Critic himself. He is, what, indeed, I knew before, the most affectionate relation possible, and truly good-natured in society, though so petulant on paper. . . . I must tell you how the Arch-Critic, Mr. Jeffrey, and I have behaved to each other. For some time past I met him at parties, and I thought he looked odd and avoided me. Something I knew there was, but was not in the least aware that it was a criticism, having been told formerly that he resolved to let me alone. I was, however, obliged to have, what I much dislike, a small party in summer, on account of some

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strangers whose friends had strong claims on my attention. I boldly sent a note to the critic, saying, that if he had renounced me, he should at once tell me so, like a brave man as he was; if not, to come on Wednesday evening, and meet some people whom *I knew he did like*. He answered, that, so far from renouncing, he had thought of me more than any body else for some days past; and if a little packet he was about to send me to-morrow, did not make me retract my invitation, he should gladly wait on me. I got, next day, the threatened packet, now before the public. Here follows the accompanying note, as far as I recollect it,—“When I review the works of my friends, if I can depend on their magnanimity as much as I think I can on yours, I let them know what I say of them before they are led out to execution. When I take up my reviewing pen, I consider myself as entering the temple of truth, and bound to say what I think.”

Mrs. Grant professed herself satisfied. Seven years after this, we find her writing about a brilliant critique on Byron from Jeffrey's pen, with which the Edinburgh coteries were ringing, and giving him, though on a quite different score, praise, which we conceive very high praise indeed, when the reckless extravagance, folly, and paltry ambition, which shortly afterwards plunged so many of his contemporaries into embarrassment, bankruptcy, and every sort of meanness and misery, are considered. Mrs. Grant tells that she dined at Mr. Jeffrey's—

A comparatively small and select party, where every one could see and hear each other, proved very pleasant. At this house I greatly admire the respectable, yet simple and moderate style of the furniture, entertainment, &c. This, in such persons, is the perfection of good sense: it would be as absurd for people, who, in the most literal sense of the phrase, live by their wits, to enter into rivalry of this kind with the great and wealthy, as it would be for these to try to excel Jeffrey in critical acumen, or Scott in poetry.

In reference to the puerile and ribald attacks made on the “Arch-Critic” by the early contributors to *Blackwood*—by young men trying to write themselves into notice, and not very scrupulous about the means—Mrs. Grant remarks:—

The town is in an uproar about the Chaldee manuscript in *Blackwood's Magazine*. . . . Literary gossip here holds the place of the petty personalities in little country towns, and of the more important concerns of foreign commerce in greater ones. Formerly these were very harmless contests; but people have got such a taste for war and strong sensations, that what they cannot find they will make. Jeffrey is the Buonaparte of literature here; and I think this confederacy of petulant young men seem encouraged to attack him by the fate of his prototype.

Mrs. Grant frequently expatiates upon the good nature, the simplicity of manners, and unpretending ways of Scott. One good anecdote of him is related.

A young lady from England, very ambitious of distinction, and thinking the outrageous admiration of genius was nearly as good as the possession of it, was presented to Walter Scott, and had very nearly gone through the regular forms of swooning sensibility on the occasion. Being afterwards introduced to Mr. Henry Mackenzie, she bore it better, but kissed his hand with admiring veneration. It is worth telling for the sake of Mr. Scott's comment. He said, “Did you ever hear the like of that English lass, to faint at the sight of a cripple clerk of Session, and kiss the dry withered hand of an old tax-gatherer!”

Scott, as every body knows, was a Clerk of Session; and the Man of Feeling held the office of Comptroller of Taxes.

The parish of Laggan lies in the Duke of Gordon's principality; and the Duchess had taken a warm interest in Mrs. Grant and her family, though she had never seen her previous to her widowhood, and, indeed, only once or twice during her whole life. Of that great lady, who then made so brilliant a figure in the highest circles of London, as not only the leader of fashion, but the friend of the minister of the day, Mrs. Grant appears to have formed a true idea. While living in Stirling she writes to Mr. Hatsell:—

I was sitting quietly at the fireside one night lately, when I was summoned, with my eldest daughter, to attend the Duchess of Gordon. We spent the evening with her at her inn; and very amusing and original she certainly is: extraordinary she is determined to be, wherever she is, and whatever she does. She speaks of you in very high terms, which, you know, always happens in the case of those whom the Duchess “delighteth to honor:” as the highest testimonial of your merit that she can give, she says you were one of the greatest favorites Mr. Pitt had; and then she pronounced an eloquent eulogium on that truly great man. Her Grace's present ruling passion is literature,—to be the arbitress of literary taste, and the patroness of genius,—a distinction for which her want of early culture, and the flutter of a life devoted to very different pursuits, has rather disqualified her; yet she has strong flashes of intellect, which are, however, immediately lost in the formless confusion of a mind ever hurried on by contending passions and contradictory objects, of which one can never be attained without the relinquishment of others. She reminds me, at present, of what has been said of the ladies of the old *régime* in France, who, when they could no longer lead up the dance of gaiety and fashion, set up for *beaux esprits*, and decided on the merits of authors.

Having said all this of her Grace, it is but fair to add, that in one point she never varies, which



is active, nay, most industrious benevolence. Silver and gold she has not, but what she has—her interest, her trouble, her exertions—she gives with unequalled perseverance. She was at as much pains to seek out an orphan, the son of a gentleman who died lately in the Highlands, leaving a numerous unprovided family; she was at as much pains to seek out this orphan, who lodged in some obscure corner of Stirling, as if he had been a fit match for her granddaughter who accompanied her.

Mrs. Grant happened to be in Edinburgh on a visit, during the winter of 1809, when the Duchess of Gordon, then somewhat in the wane in London, irradiated the northern metropolis by her presence. She at this time again saw her Grace, and thus describes the interview:—

I called on the Duchess of Gordon yesterday: she and I having a joint interest in an orphan family in the Highlands, which creates a kind of business between us. She had a prodigious levée, and insisted on my sitting to see them out, that we might afterwards have our private discussion. Among other characters at her levée, I saw Lord Lauderdale, who made me start to see him almost a lean slippered pantaloon, who, the last time I saw him, was a fair-haired youth at Glasgow College. He was really like a "memento mori" to me; had I much to leave, I would have gone home and made my will directly. More gratified I was to see Sir Brook Boothby; though he, too, looked so feeble and so dismal, that one would have thought him just come from writing those sorrows sacred to Penelope, which you have certainly seen. Being engaged to dinner, I could stay no longer. The Duchess said that on Sunday she never saw company, nor played cards, nor went out; in England, indeed, she did so, because every one else did the same; but she would not introduce those manners into this country. I stared at these gradations of piety growing warmer as it came northward, but was wise enough to stare silently. She said she had a great many things to tell me; and as I was to set out this morning, I must come that evening, when she would be alone. At nine I went, and found Walter Scott, whom I had never before met in society, though we had exchanged distant civilities; Lady Keith, Johnson's Queeney, and an English lady, witty and fashionable-looking, who came and went with Mr. Scott. No people could be more easy and pleasant, without the visible ambition of shining; yet animated, and seeming to feel at home with each other. I think Mr. Scott's appearance very unpromising, and common-place indeed; yet though no gleam of genius animates his countenance, much of it appears in his conversation, which is rich, various, easy, and animated, without the least of the petulance with which the Faculty, as they call themselves, are not unjustly reproached.

There is, we think, penetration, besides nice female discrimination in Mrs. Grant's estimate of the two Mrs. Baillies.

Mrs. Baillie (for so her elder sister chooses to be distinguished) people like in their hearts better than Mrs. Joanna, though they would not for the world say so, thinking that it would argue great want of taste not to prefer Melpomene. I, for my part, would greatly prefer the Muse to walk in a wood or sit in a bower with; but in that wearisome farce, a large party, Agnes acts her part much better. The seriousness, simplicity, and thoughtfulness of Joanna's manners overawe you from talking common-place to her; and as for pretension or talking fine, you would as soon think of giving yourself airs before an Apostle. She is mild and placid, but makes no effort either to please or to shine; she will neither dazzle nor be dazzled, yet, like others of the higher class of mind, is very indulgent in her opinions; what passes before her seems rather food for thought than mere amusement. In short, she is not merely a woman of talent, but of genius, which is a very different thing, and very unlike any other thing; which is the reason that I have taken so much pains to describe her. Joanna's conversation is rather below her abilities, justifying Lord Gardenstone's maxim, that true genius is ever modest and careless. Agnes unconsciously talks above herself, merely from a wish to please, and a habit of living among her intellectual superiors. I should certainly have liked and respected Joanna, as a person singularly natural and genuine, though she had never written a tragedy. I am not at all sure that this is the case with most others.

These ladies were at this period, June 1820, on a visit in Edinburgh. Proofs of Mrs. Grant's sound common-sense are scattered throughout the whole correspondence; and many of her letters, as those to Mr. Henning the artist, and to Miss Anne Dunbar, along with this display very friendly feelings, and a generous interest in the well-being of her correspondents; though with Mr. Henning she seems a little too "apt to teach." We shall, nearly at random, select a few isolated passages, which tend to establish the soundness of her judgment. It is thus she speaks to a friend of female separatists:—

Your scruples in detaching yourself, in the duties of public worship, from your family, must have been, to your feeling mind, of much weight, and, I am sure, unmixed with any lower motive. But I think you are well aware that I do not extend this indulgence of opinion to all females who choose a separate path; my observation of life having warranted me in the opinion; that a love of distinction and consequence, among a certain set, has more to do with it than the subjects of this censure of mine are at all aware of. Nothing can be further from applying to you, who are diffident to a fault: but you may observe, that most people who separate from their family in this manner, are of the tribe distinguished for self-opinion; and that when once they do set up a standard of purer doctrine and stricter practice, their charity and good-will be-

come very much limited to those who hear the same preacher, and very much alienated from the friends of early life.

You know my dislike to very conspicuous goodness among females, which makes me shrink a little from Female Societies formed with the very best intention; not by any means as doubting the purity of the intention, or, in many instances, the beneficial results; but such societies so often include in their number officious gossiping characters, who derive a certain imagined consequence by overruling and interfering, and are so officious in raising contributions on all their acquaintance, and have so little of the charity of opinion, that I could never feel congenial with many of them, though there are some I hold in reverence. I think if I were wealthy, however, I should gladly "shake the superflux to them," as not doubting of their faithful administration, and intimate knowledge of those on whom they bestow; but having little to give, I bestow that little on the poverty with which I am well acquainted.

Young ladies of ostentatious piety, and consequently of weak understanding, began, at this period, to carry out Bibles in their reticules, on which practice Mrs. Grant remarks:—

To have the Scriptures laid up in the heart, and influencing the heart and conduct, would be just as well as carrying them about: neither Lady Rachel Russell nor Hannah More, nor any other of those illustrious women that did honor to Christianity and their country, ever carried about a Bible as a spell to protect them, or as a Catholic relic. . . . I am grieved to find in some high professors, and in those who are rather boldly termed advanced Christians, such inconsistencies, such a want of candor and charity, as makes me at a loss how to estimate these professions. This produces a painful distrust both of myself and others; I accuse myself of having less reverence for high professors than formerly, and considering some of them as self-righteous and uncharitable; while I find others, who have walked softly under the same fears and doubts as myself, more constant and upright.

Edinburgh, as may be expected, figures at large in Mrs. Grant's correspondence. Nor does she at all underrate the many advantages of "Scotia's darling seat," when she states, what however may be perfectly just, of one of its circle:—

One high preëminence, however, that Edinburgh holds above other towns, and more particularly above London, is the liberal style of conversation. All the persons most distinguished and admired here speak with a degree of respect and kindness of each other—no petty animosities nor invidious diminutions, even though differing much on political or other subjects. Then, there is no scandal, no discussion of people's private affairs or circumstances to be met with in what is accredited as good society.

. . . Now, in England, people in middle life are constantly talking of their superiors, and talking so very much of them, that, as Johnson says of Shakspeare, who "exhausted worlds and then imagined new," they exhaust their follies and vices, and then imagine new ones. This style of conversation is, of all the styles I have met with, the most contemptible.

Speaking of a young Englishman who had been introduced to her family, she remarks:—

He appears to them a young man very correct in his conduct, and of good disposition; but evidently born in the age of calculation; a propensity of which we Scots, in revenge for the obloquy formerly thrown on us by John Bull, are very apt to accuse his calves. There is no doubt but there are among the inhabitants of the Northern Athens many who calculate very nicely; but they leave that to be discovered in their *conduct*, and take care that it does not appear in their conversation. Perhaps there is no place where gossiping discussions respecting the amount of individual incomes, and the prices of articles of luxury, are so seldom heard; yet people here think of these things, and struggle to attain them as much as others. Good taste keeps many things out of sight, which good feeling in a high-toned mind would not suffer to exist.

Apropos to all the evil propensities which high rents and exorbitant wealth have cherished, till, like the cuckoo's progeny, they turn the owners out of their proper abodes; I hear the complaints that resound from every side, with the most philosophic indifference, and reserve my sympathy for great and real evils. As I never thought people essentially the better for the superfluities which the late unnatural state of things enabled them to possess, so I do not think them the worse for wanting them.

Such is this Tory lady's opinion of the consequences of high rents, and "the protection of agriculture."

The structure of Edinburgh society, in relation to Mrs. Grant and others of the frugal-genteel, is amusingly illustrated in the following description of the composition of her respective parties:—

I have this morning the muddiest head you can suppose, having had a party of friends with me on the last two evenings. To understand the cause of all this hospitality, you must know that, being a very methodical and economical family, every cow of ours, as we express it in our rustic Highland dialect, has a calf; that is to say, when we have a party, which in Edinburgh includes a cold collation, we are obliged to provide *quantum sufficit* for our guests, who, being of a description more given to good talking than good eating, are content to admire and be admired, and have little time to attend to vulgar gratifications: of consequence, the more material food, after contributing, like the guests, to embellish the entertainment, remains little diminished. As our wide acquaintance includes



the greatest variety of people imaginable, there are among them a number of good, kind people, that dress finely, laugh heartily, and sing merrily, and have, in some instances, genealogy besides; yet on these good people the lions and lionesses of literature would think their roaring very ill bestowed. These, however, make a greater noise in their own way, and before their superior prowess the substantials soon vanish: they are in every sense less fastidious; happier because less wise, and more benevolent because less witty. An assemblage of these contented beings, who can amply appreciate the value of a custard, a jelly, or a jest on its second appearance, are convenient successors to the refined pretenders to originality, who prefer what is new to what is true, and would not for the world be caught eating blanc-mange while Mr. Jeffrey and Dr. Thomas Brown are brandishing wit and philosophy in each other's faces with electric speed and brilliance. These good fat people, who sing and eat like canary-birds, come with alacrity the day after, and esteem themselves too happy to be admitted so soon to consume mere mortal aliment in the very apartment where the delicacies of intellect were so lately shared among superior intelligences.

The grand first-day entertainment, and those who afterwards thriftily eat up "the funeral baked meats," might be a subject for Dickens.

Theodore Hook, *apropos* to such writers, frequently formed the subject of Mrs. Grant's correspondence with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Hook; and we are struck with the justice of her observations on his position and character, and his pitiable—most pitiable!—career. In one place, she says:—

Talking of genius leads me naturally to congratulate you on the awakened brotherly feelings of that Theodore for whom I know your sisterly concern is restless and extreme. You may believe I rejoice over the capture of this shy bird, for his own sake, as well as yours: I do in my heart love genius in all its forms, and even in its exuberance and eccentricity. You will teach him, for his own good, to make a due distinction between living to please the world at large, and exerting his powers in a given direction for his own benefit, and the satisfaction of his real friends. The uncultured flowers, and even the early fruit of premature intellect, form an admirable decoration for a dessert; but woe to him who would expect to feast on them daily and only. Of a person depending merely on talents and powers of pleasing, what more brilliant example can be given than Sheridan? and who would choose to live his life, and die his death? I talk of his death as if it had already taken place, for what is there worth living for that he has not already outlived? and who, that ever knew the value of a tranquil mind and spotless name, would be that justly admired, and as justly despised individual? And if the chieftain of the clan be such, what must the tribe be "of those that live by crambo-clink," as poor Burns called those hapless sons of the Muses, who,

without an object or an aim, run at random through the world, and are led on by the unfeeling great and gay to acquire a taste for expensive pleasures and elegant society, and then left to languish in forlorn and embittered obscurity, when their health and their spirits and their means ebb together. Raise, then, your voice of truth and affection, and outsing all the syrens that, on the coast of idleness, strive to attract Theodore by the songs of vanity, pleasure, and dissipation; teach him to love those that love him, independent of all that flatters or pleases, for himself; and make auxiliaries of all those kindred among whom you are now placed, to make him know something of more value than empty admiration.

Though you had not the generous and tender motives which actually instigate your endeavors to gain an ascendancy over the volatile though accomplished mind of Theodore Hook, worldly prudence should induce you to woo into the paths of honorable exertion and permanent respectability the brother of your husband and uncle of your children; and mere worldly wisdom would point out to you the other means by which this could be brought about. "Sour advice with scrupulous head" would only produce the effect of driving him for shelter into the enemy's camp; no cords will draw him but that "silken band of love" that poor Burns talks of.

In a subsequent letter, she remarks:—

Among other glad tidings you send me, I am highly pleased with Theodore Hook's intention of entering the Temple. He is not too old for it, and has certainly sense enough to know, and spirit enough to feel, how precarious and disreputable it would be to spend one's whole life in a manner which, however it might amuse the butterfly spirit of youth, made so little provision of any kind for riper years. It would be mortifying to see one that has so many better things than wit and gaiety about him shuffled into the mob of people, whose amusive talents make them first applauded and next endured, when people see that it is all they have. I think that the fate of Monk Lewis may serve as a warning to wits by profession. Spirits will not always flow; and Pope has finely described the "many miserable nights of those who must needs affect them when they have them not." Half the ingenuity that Theodore wastes to amuse people who are not worth his pains would make him eminent in a profession. I always think of him with much kindness, and rejoice not a little to hear of his being likely to cast anchor.

Mrs. Grant often played the critic in her letters, and could not well avoid it, while her friends were continually inquiring her opinion of the new books that appeared, as that of one who sometimes looked in the living face of Mr. Jeffrey,—and who had authority in literature herself. One of her most pointed critiques is this, on Peter's Letters, though it is not perhaps one of the most just:—

You would know what I think of Peter's Letters! I answer in a very low whisper—not

much. The broad personality is coarse, even where it is laudatory; no one very deserving of praise cares to be held up to the public eye like a picture on sale by an auctioneer: it is not the style of our country, and is a bad style in itself. So much for its tendency. Then, if you speak of it as a composition, it has no keeping, no chastity of taste, and is in a high degree florid and verbose. . . . Some depth of thought and acuteness appears now and then like the weights at the tail of a paper kite, but not enough to balance the levity of the whole. With all this, the genius which the writers possess, in no common degree, is obvious through the whole book: but it is genius misapplied, and running riot beyond all the bounds of good taste and sober thinking. We are all amused, and so we should be, if we lived in a street where those slaves of the lamp had the power of rendering the walls so transparent that we could see every thing going on at our neighbor's firesides. But ought we to be so pleased?

In general, however, she is an indulgent critic, protesting against the frequent severity and petulance of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Mr. Jeffrey's denial of the existence of female genius, save in Miss Edgeworth. Though Wordsworth's *Religion and Metaphysics* do not appear to have pleased her, she liked his poetry. We consider the following unstudied praise an offset for whole reams of technical critical condemnation:—

There is something so pure and lofty in his conceptions; he views external nature so entirely with a poet's eye, and has so little of the taint of worldly minds, that I grieve when I find him wandering through the trackless wilds of metaphysics, where I cannot follow him, or in the lower and too obvious paths of childish inanity, where I wish not to accompany him. Yet he is always morally right; and his pictures in the *Excursion* delight me. It is next to profanation to read that book in town, unless at midnight: its purity and simplicity, and occasional elevation of thought, make us all, with our note-writing and everlasting door-bells calling us to talk nothings to mere nobodies, seem like puppets on wires, without a thought beyond our daily trifles, which are worse than his worst; the radiance of the *White Doe* excepted. What a treasure the *Excursion* would have been at Laggan! How often, even amidst the senseless hurry, have I read the account of this eccentric clergyman, who removed his family in panniers to the mountain parsonage. People come in here constantly with new books, that take up one's time: dear Laggan, where we conned over those we had till they grew like old friends!

This series of Letters has a use, and perhaps its highest and most permanent use, in the manner in which it shows how the deepest affliction may be borne by a pious and reasonable mind. On the death of a third or fourth daughter, and soon after hearing of

the death of her eldest son, Mr. Duncan Grant, whose prospects in India were of the most cheering kind, and his conduct and character all that the fondest mother could have wished, we find Mrs. Grant writing to her eldest daughter, then in England, in the true spirit of Christian philosophy. This fondly-loved brother, suddenly snatched away, had been the pride and stay of his sisters.

My Dear Mary,—I have just read your letter, and with every allowance for human frailty, sisterly affection, and the sinking effect of many sorrows, I must affectionately reprove you for indulging, under any circumstances, the feeling or expressing the language of despair. Had we been reduced, by the death of your dear brother, to extreme poverty, and deprived of the daily society of a beloved relative, as has been the case with many other more deserving persons, we would not be entitled to speak of "the extinction of every hope;" because, even then, the gates of a blessed immortality would have been still more visibly open to us for our transient, though severe sufferings. But here we had no right to rest any hopes on him so early taken from us, but those of knowing at a distance that he loved and remembered us. I never meant that we should subsist upon the price of blood, as I think all do who live at ease on what prolongs the exile of their relatives in that fatal Indian climate. We have the same worldly views of subsisting by our own exertions as we had before; and our views of futurity, if we improve and patiently submit to the Divine will, are improved by this severity, from that fatherly hand which chastens in love. You know my reliance on Bishop Taylor, who asserts, from close observation of God's providence, and deep study of his word, that where the vial of wrath is poured out in this world, without any visible cause why the punished should be distinguished by superior inflictions, there is reason to hope that a treasure of divine mercy may be reserved in the next. This is a rich source of comfort. Then, what may not this dispensation have prevented! Riches are a great snare; and he who once sets his mind on making money is apt to forget the just uses of wealth. Great prospects of worldly advantage were opened to the beloved object of our sorrow; but it is impossible to know whether he, or we, should have borne this well: if otherwise, we are best thus.

It is the language of humility and submission, not that of rash despair, that we ought to speak. Much, much remains that we may still be deprived of; you have relatives to lose, whose value would be trebled in your estimation, were you deprived of them; you have my firmness of mind and exertion to lose, which has hitherto been almost miraculously preserved to me, for your general good; and you have the means of subsistence to lose, which fruitless and sinful excess of sorrow may deprive you of. Do not think me harsh: the excuse you will all make to yourselves for a sinful indulgence of sorrow is, that we have suffered so very much. The very contrary inference should be drawn by a



chastened and well-regulated mind. Why did we suffer so much? God has no ill-will towards his creatures; no delight in giving them pain. If He has so often broken, with a strong hand, those ties that bound us to the world, should we not, by this time, be loosed from it, and prepared for all that the vicissitudes of life can bring to those whom sorrow should have sanctified? We are permitted to weep, but we must not lie down in the dust and forsake each other; but rather consider ourselves as a remnant of a once large and promising family, left to soothe and support each other, and do honor, by our patience and submission, to the religion we profess. Comfort, comfort me, my child! and may the God of consolation visit you with light and many blessings. All here are rather mending, and support is given to your affectionate mother,

ANNE GRANT.

Those who have read the "Superstitions of the Highlands," must be aware, that there was a little tinge of something deserving a softer name than superstition, apparent in Mrs. Grant's mind, as there is, perhaps, in every imaginative mind. One proof of it, and nearly the only thing of the sort in the entire correspondence, occurs at the end of one of the above letters, in which she says, that she will not recur again to her daughter's death, feeling the wound too deep to expose it to indifferent eyes.

I only add what I must tell you, that Anne for a few days before her death, when waking confused from unquiet sleep, exclaimed three or four times, "Duncan is in Heaven!" Strange, this gave us no fear or alarm at the time; now it is balm to my sad recollections: he died about ten days before her. Accept poor Isabella's love, and believe me, with affection, your attached friend.

We shall cite but one more proof of the sacrificing strength of this mother's mind, her power to control her own emotions, when receiving the severest chastisement, and to sustain the less disciplined minds of her young daughters. She was on a visit with her eldest daughter, at Rokeby Hall, whence she got a little boy, the heir of that place, as a pupil. She had left one of her daughters at home, in a very delicate and precarious state of health, though immediate danger was not apprehended: and the daughter who accompanied, was also in indifferent health. When she had returned to Glasgow, on her way home, she thus wrote Mrs. Hook:—

Now, my dear friend, after wearing out my very soul and spirits with communicating sad tidings to others, I come to claim your sympathy and gratulation at once; for you will both feel my distress, and duly estimate my consolations. Catherine, my admired and truly admirable Catherine, is at rest! My old attached friend, the Rev. Mr. Hall, who,

with his whole family, were particularly fond of Catherine, had lodgings near her, and some of them saw her daily. I found a letter addressed, by my desire, to Felfoot, in which they told me that she had not at any rate been worse than when I saw her, and that they hoped she would be better by the time I returned. Some days after, I got a letter at Rokeby from Mr. Hall. I opened it, and found the first lines a preparation for some wounding intelligence. I feared it might affect me so powerfully as to force me to distress a house full of strangers, and particularly alarm Mary, whose mind had suffered so much from former distress, that she was ill prepared for a new shock. I put the letter, unread, in my pocket, and feigned indisposition to Mary, to account for the tremors I felt, which shook me every now and then almost to fainting. I sent Mary to bed before me, and when she was asleep, opened the fatal letter. I will not describe my anguish on finding the dear creature had got beyond my cares and tenderness, at the very time I was languishing to clasp her to my breast. Nothing could be more sudden or more quiet than her departure.

My dear friend, I can write no more. When I arrive at Stirling, and settle quietly, I will tell you at large of my Catherine, that you may know how valuable she was. And yet how much fitter her fervid spirit was for the bliss of angels than for the struggles of suffering humanity. Adieu! my grief will in time be tranquil as she who caused it. . . . Shall I complain, whose mind had suffered so much from former distress, while conscious that angels hover round me, and while those that still on earth love me so tenderly are themselves so worthy of love? The fire of heaven has indeed scathed my branches; but while the stem is bound by such tendrils as these, life will still remain in it. How tender, how interesting were those eight days we passed together! The dear souls live in a voluntary seclusion, that they may cherish the precious memory of my beloved children, and indulge those aspirations after a happier state, so natural to the wounded heart. . . I am apt to say, in some moments of "anguish unmingled and agony pure," "O Catherine, Catherine, thou hast split my heart;" and I think I hear her melodious voice reply, "Then live the purer with the other half." Sure I must have told you of Catherine's voice; the day that we parted, she sang the Judgment Hymn to me like a seraph. "Angels hear that angel sing." There is no speaking of that admirable creature without soaring into rapture, or sinking in anguish. "Turn, hopeless thoughts, turn from her!"

We have been beguiled by Mrs. Grant's Letters into exceeding our allotted space, and must abruptly leave off with a passage in a letter to her son in India, which we earnestly commend to the attention of the many British mothers who have sons in that country.

I must now tell you of an additional and very strong motive that I have for keeping your sisters independent of you. I regard with very

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great compassion most men who are destined to spend their lives in India. Far from home and all its sweet and social comforts, and burdened perhaps with relations who keep them back in the paths of independence, they seek a resource in forming temporary connexions with the natives. These, I am told, are often innocent and even amiable creatures, who are not aware of doing any thing reprehensible in thus attaching themselves. In the meantime, the poor woman who has devoted herself to him secures his affection by being the mother of his children: time runs on; the unfortunate mother, whom he must tear from his heart and throw back to misery and oblivion, is daily forming new ties to him. The children, born heirs to shame and sorrow, are for a time fondly cherished, till the wish of their father's heart is fulfilled, and he is enabled to return to his native country, and make the appearance in it to which his ambition has been long directed. Then begin his secret but deep vexations; and the more honorable his mind, and the more affectionate his heart, the deeper are those sorrows which he dare not own, and cannot conquer. This poor rejected one, perhaps faithfully and fondly attached, must be thrown off; the whole habits of his life must be broken; he must pay the debt he owes to his progenitors, and seek to renew the social comforts of the domestic circle by soliciting with little previous acquaintance and no great attachment, some lady glad to give youth and beauty for wealth and consequence. The forsaken children, once the objects of his paternal fondness, must be banished, and have the sins of their fathers sorely visited upon them.

I will spare myself and you the pain of finishing this picture, which you must know to be a likeness, not of an individual only, but of a whole tribe of expatriated Scotchmen, who return home exactly in this manner. This, my dear son, is what I dread in your case, and would fain avoid, that is, prevent it if I could. All that remains for me is, in the first place, not to burden you with encumbrances that may check the freedom of your will; and in the next, to assure you, that if any person, whom it would be decent or proper for you to connect yourself with by honorable ties, should gain your affections, your mother and your sisters will be ready to adopt her to theirs. Difference of nation, or even of religion, would not alienate us from any wife that you would choose. Doubtless, we should much prefer that you were married to one that we knew and esteemed; but we should far rather make room in our hearts for a stranger, who was modest and well principled, than see you in the predicament I have described.

We fear that Mrs. Grant's liberality as to religion might only extend to the Episcopalian form, and of nation, to the English, and, perhaps, the Irish. She showed that strong prejudice against the French which was the feeling of her Anti-Gallican age.

But Mrs. Grant was, on principle, a friend to early marriages; and, in contradistinction to Mrs. Trollope and others, thought the

young married people of America justified in living in boarding-houses for a time, if they could not afford, all at once, "the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious house-keeping." "How much is affection," she says, "curbed in this country, and how much happiness delayed, by the ambition for style!"

TO A MOTHER, ON THE RECOVERY OF HER CHILD  
AFTER A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM,

BY THE LATE POET-LAUREATE, ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

From the Court Journal.

LADY, tho' silent long the bard has lain—  
Tho' long unstruck has hung the voiceless string—  
No disrespect withheld the tribute strain,  
No guilty negligence forbade to sing.

Mute is the night-bird, whilst the driving blast,  
With raging sway tempestuous sweeps along;  
Yet, when the fearful storm is overpast,  
She hails the calm with joy's reviving song.

And oft in fancy's mirror I have seen  
The suffering cherub, worn, and wan, and weak;  
Mark'd the mild patience of her placid mien,  
And seen the parent's silent anguish speak.

For I had known her gentle, good, and mild;  
Known each young virtue of her blameless breast;  
And seen each opening feeling in the child,  
Hereafter doom'd to make the woman blest;

And rightly I read; for, firmly meek,  
She bore the burning pangs of keen disease;  
Whilst glowing anguish flush'd the crimson cheek,  
The languid smile bespoke the mind at ease.

So may she every coming sorrow bear,—  
If heaven shall chasten whom it loves the best,—  
So smile at sorrow and the weight of care,  
In sorrow patient, and in patience blest.  
But, happier hours be hers; be hers to know  
The tranquil joys of each domestic tie;  
Unvex'd by sickness, undisturb'd by woe,  
Whilst life's calm stream unruffled slumbers by.

Be hers her husband, children, friends to bless;  
To soothe with smiles affliction's clouded brow;  
The heart that feels, the hand that aids distress,  
Be Kate hereafter all her mother now.

Balliol College, March 23, 1794.

THE MEETING OF THE ITALIAN SAVANS is fixed to take place on the 12th of September; and General Cæsar Cantu, the historian, has been commissioned by the municipality of Milan, to edit a *Guide-book* to that city and its environs; on which the most distinguished writers, in their different specialities are engaged; amongst them Litta, the author of the 'Illustrious Families of Italy,' Catena, the Orientalist, Labus, the antiquary, Crivelli, the geologist, and Carlini, the astronomer; and which work is to be presented by the town to the members of Congress.—*Ath.*



## RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT.

From the *Athenæum*.

A LETTER has been received by Baron Alexander v. Humboldt from Dr. Lepsius, detailing, at considerable length, his more recent discoveries in Egypt. These partly relate to subjects of interest only to the Greek antiquarian scholar. We shall therefore translate only such portions of his letter as we conceive will interest our readers, merely stating, that Dr. Lepsius has collected from three to four hundred Greek inscriptions of more or less importance, in Egypt and Nubia.

*Korusko, Nov. 20th, 1843.*

On the 21st of August I left Fayoum with the whole expedition, and started on the 23d from Beni Suef in a fine spacious vessel. I was obliged to give up our plan of a land journey, as too troublesome, and attended with comparatively little advantage; and yet on the very first day of our Nile voyage, we discovered a small rock temple of the nineteenth dynasty on the right bank near Surania, which seems not known to Champollion and Wilkinson; it is the most northern temple of the old Pharaohs which Egypt has to show. It was dedicated by Menephtah II. (to use the old terminology) to Hathor; Menephtah III. has added his devices in the interior, and those of Ramses IV., the head of the twentieth dynasty, are to be found outside the rock.

I am surprised that Champollion does not seem to have recognized the monuments of the old kingdom. He only remarked, in his whole journey through central Egypt to Dendera, the rock sepulchres of Benihassan, which he confounds with the "Speos Artemidos," and these seemed to him to be works of the sixteenth or seventeenth dynasty, and therefore of the new kingdom. He also names Saniet el Meiten and Siut, but makes scarcely any remark on them. Others also have either said nothing, or fallen into error respecting these monuments of central Egypt, so that every thing which I found here appeared new to me. Judge then of my surprise, when we discovered, at Saniet, a row of sixteen rock tombs, which gave us the names of their occupants, and belonged to the times of the sixth dynasty, and, therefore, reached almost to the time of the great pyramids. Five of them contained the devices of the long-lived (Makrobiot) Apappus Pepi, who was 106 years old, and reigned 100 years. One dated from old Cheops, and another from the times of Ramses. In Benihassan I had the whole of a rock tomb drawn: it will present a specimen of the magnificent architecture and art of the best times of the old monarchy under the mighty twelfth dynasty. I think it will make some stir among the learned in Egyptian lore, when they see, in connection from the work of Geh. Rath Bunsen, why I have ventured to transfer several well known monuments from the new to the old monarchy. That this was a glorious period for Egypt, is proved by these magnificent sepulchral halls alone. It is interesting, too, in these rich representations on the walls, showing as they do the degrees of the peaceful arts, and the

exquisite luxury of the great of those times, to read the presages of the mishaps connected with the sudden fall of that last dynasty of the old monarchy which brought them for several centuries under the power of their northern foes. In the gladiatorial games, which frequently occupy whole walls, and form a characteristic feature of those ages, pointing us to a far extended custom, which, in later times almost disappeared, we often find among the red and dark-brown faces of Egyptian or other races of the south, men of light complexion, generally with red hair and beards and blue eyes, sometimes singly, and sometimes in small groups. These people appear often in the dress of servants, and are plainly of northern, at any rate of Semitic origin. We find, on the monuments of those times, victories of the kings over Ethiopians and negroes; there would, therefore, be nothing surprising in black slaves or servants. We find nothing, however, of wars against their northern neighbors, but it appears, that the immigrations from the north-east had already commenced, and that many wanderers sought, in luxurious Egypt, a maintenance either as servants or in some other way. In these remarks, I am thinking especially of that very remarkable scene on the grave of Nehera-se-Numhetep, which brings before our eyes, in such lively colors, the entrance of Jacob with his family, and would tempt us to identify it with that event, if chronology would allow us (for Jacob came under the Hyksos), and if we were not compelled to believe that such family immigrations were, by no means, of rare occurrence. These were, however, the forerunners of the Hyksos, and doubtless, in many ways, paved the way for them. \* \* Champollion considered these people to be Greeks, when he was at Benihassan; he did not, however, then know how ancient were the monuments before him. Wilkinson thought them prisoners, but this view is contradicted by their appearing with their wives and families, baggage and asses; I consider them to be an immigrating Hyksos family, begging for admittance into the favored land, and whose arrival probably opened the gates of Egypt to their kindred, the Semitic conquerors. The town to which this stately necropolis of Benihassan belonged, must have been very important, and, doubtless, was situated opposite on the left bank of the Nile, as were nearly all the more important cities of Egypt. It will not seem strange, that Greek and Roman geography knew no more of this city, than of many other towns of the old monarchy, when we remember that the power of the Hyksos, of 500 years' duration, intervened. One seems to read, in the unfinished state of many of the tombs, the lack of inscriptions in still more, and the non-completion of the way up the steep bank of the river to them, the sudden nature of the fall of the monarchy and of this once flourishing city. Nor is Benihassan the only town where we meet with works of the twelfth dynasty. A little south of the vast plain on which the emperor Hadrian erected, in memory of his drowned favorite, the city of Antinoë, with its gorgeous and still partly remaining streets with their hundreds of columns, there descends, towards the east, a narrow dell, in which we found a

whole row of nobly executed tombs of the twelfth dynasty, of which, however, the great part are unhappily defaced. On the tomb of Ki-se-Tuthetep, is represented the transport of the great colossus, already published by Rosellini, though without the accompanying inscriptions, from which we learn, that the colossus was made of limestone (the hieroglyphical expression for which I first became acquainted with here), and that it was about two feet high. In the same valley, on the southern wall of rock, is another row of tombs, with but few inscriptions, but which, to judge by the style of the hieroglyphics, and the titles of the dead, belongs to the sixth dynasty. \* \* In Siut we recognized, from some distance, the magnificent style of the rock sepulchres of the twelfth dynasty. But here, also, ruin has been at work in modern times, it having been found more convenient to break off the walls and columns of these grottoes than to cut building stones out of the massive rock. I learned from Selim Pasha, the governor of Upper Egypt, who received us in a most friendly way at Siut, that, a few months before, quarries of alabaster had been discovered a short distance off in the direction of the eastern mountains, the excavation of which had been committed to him by Mohammed Ali; and I heard from his dragoman, that there was an inscription to be found on them. I accordingly set off, on a hot ride to the place appointed, the next morning, and found there a little colony, in all thirty-one people, in the solitary, desert, burning cave. Behind the tent of the overseer, I discovered the remains of an inscription, recently much longer, but still containing the name and title of the wife, so much honored by the Egyptians, of the first Amasis, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty which drove out the Hyksos, engraved in clear, sharply cut, hieroglyphics. These are the first alabaster quarries whose age can be proved by an inscription: upwards of 300 blocks, the largest eight feet long, two thick, have been cut out during the last four months. The Pasha informed me, by his dragoman, that I might have, on my return, a slab of the best quality, of whatever size I chose to fix on, as a testimony of his joy at our visit. The quarries as yet found lie all between Berseh and Gauâta; one would, therefore, feel inclined to think El Bosra the old Alabastron, if one could reconcile with it the passage in Ptolemy; at any rate Alabastron can have nothing to do with the ruins in the valley of El Amazna, with which the description in Ptolemy as little agrees. \* \* We remained in Thebes twelve days—twelve astounding days—which scarcely sufficed for a glimpse of all the palaces, temples, and tombs, whose gigantic and royal magnificence fills the vast plain. In the gem of all the Egyptian public buildings—the palace of Ramses Sesostri, which this mightiest of the Pharaohs raised, worthily of the god and himself, to the honor of their highest divinity, Ammon Ra, the king of gods, the protector and patron of the royal city of Ammon, on a gently sloping terrace, calculated to command the wide plain, and looking over the majestic river, to the distant Arabian mountain chain, we celebrated the birthday of our beloved king, with firing of guns and wav-

ing of flags, with choral songs and hearty toasts, drunk in a glass of genuine Rhine wine. I need hardly add, that on such an occasion we did not omit to think of you. As night closed in, we lit two cauldrons of pitch, at the entrance of the temple, on both sides of which our banners were planted; we also kindled a large bonfire at the Pronaos, which shed a glorious light on the magnificent proportions of the column-supported hall, which for the first time for centuries we were restoring to its primitive purpose of a festive hall, a "hall of *panegyrics*," and cast a magic gleam on the two mighty, calm, colossal Memnons. \* \* The temple of Edfu is one of the best preserved, was dedicated to Horus at and Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, who was one time entitled here the queen of men and women. Horus as a child is here represented like all Egyptian children—at any rate all infants—naked and with his finger on his mouth. I had some time since made out of the inscription the name of Harpokrates, but here I have found it represented and written *en toutes lettres* as Har-pe-chreti, *i. e.* Horus the child. The Romans misunderstood the Egyptian gesture of the finger, and made out of the infant that cannot speak, the god of silence that will not speak. The most interesting inscription, which has not as yet been noticed or mentioned by any one, is that on the eastern outside wall, built by Ptolemy Alexander I., in which a large historical inscription mentions several dates of kings Darius, Amyrtæus, and Nectanebus, and appears to relate to the building of the city and temple. The day was so overpoweringly hot, that I was obliged to defer a closer investigation and the copying of the inscription till our return, till which time we have delayed all the more laborious work; but even then the selection from the inexhaustible materials, all more or less adapted to our purpose, and this too with reference to what is already published, will be far from easy.

In Assuan we were obliged to change our vessel, on account of the cataracts, and had for the first time for six months one of the pleasures of home, in the shape of abundant rain, and a tremendous storm, which gathered on the other side of the cataract, rolled violently over the granite belt, and then hurried on amid terrific explosions down the valley, to Cairo (as we afterwards heard,) which it flooded in a manner almost unheard of, within the memory of the inhabitants. So we can say with Strabo and Champollion: "In our time it rained in Upper Egypt." Rain is indeed so rare here that our watchmen had never seen such a sight, and our Turkish *Carass*, who knows the country well in all respects, when we had long since carried our baggage into the tents and caused them to be more firmly fastened, did not offer to move his own property, but continued repeating *abaden moie*, "never rain," words which he was obliged to hear often afterwards, as a severe illness compelled him to remain some time patiently at Philæ.

Philæ is as charmingly situated as it is interesting through its monuments. Our residence of eight days on this holy island is one of the most cherished recollections of our journey. We used to assemble after our desultory day's



labor, before we sat down to dinner, on the lofty terrace of the temple which hangs steep over the river, on the eastern coast of the island, and watch the shadows of the sharply cut, well preserved dark blocks of sandstone, of which the temple is built, growing over the river, and blending with the black volcanic masses of rock, piled wildly one upon the other, between which the yellow sand seemed pouring like streams of fire into the valley. This island appears to have acquired its sacred character late, under the Ptolemies. Herodotus, who himself ascended the cataracts under the Persians, does not mention Philæ; indeed it was then held by the Ethiopians, who even possessed half of Elephantine. The oldest buildings on the island are of a date 100 years after Herodotus' visit, erected by the last king of Egyptian descent, Nectanebus, on the southern point of the island. There is no trace of older remains in any state of ruin. Much older inscriptions are to be found on the large neighboring island of Bigeh, whose hieroglyphical name was Senem, and which was adorned during the old monarchy with Egyptian monuments; for we found there a granite statue of King Sesustes III., of the twelfth dynasty. The little rocky island of Konosso, called in hieroglyphics the isle of Kenes, contains some very old inscriptions, and has introduced to me a previously unknown monarch of the age of the Hyksos; but this island is clearly not Abaton, as Letronne has imagined. The hieroglyphical name of Philæ has hitherto been erroneously read Manlak. I have found the word written llak; from this, combined with the article arose Philak, and hence the Greek Philæ; but why in the plural? There appears originally to have been a group of islands; Pliny mentions four, if the text be accurate. The mark which Champollion read "man," I have found interchanged with the *i*, so that the inscription is now clearly llak and Jueb, which last I take to be Abaton. In the court-yard of the great temple of Isis we made a valuable discovery, namely, two decrees (?) of the Egyptian priests, containing a tolerable number of words in two languages, *i. e.* hieroglyphic and common, one of which contains the same text as the decree of the Rosetta stone. At least, I have compared the seven last lines, which not only correspond with the inscription of Rosetta in their contents, but also in the respective length of the lines. The inscription must first be drawn out before I can pronounce farther on it; at any rate it will be no unimportant acquisition to Egyptian philology, if only a part of the broken decree of Rosetta can be completed by it. The whole of the first portion of the inscription of Rosetta, which precedes the decree, is wanting here. Instead of this there is at the side a second decree, relating to the same Ptolemy Epiphanes: in the introduction is mentioned the fortress of Alexander, *i. e.* the city of Alexander, being the first mention of it on any monuments with which we are as yet acquainted. Both decrees close, as does the inscription of Rosetta, with the direction to set up the inscription in the hieroglyphic and common languages, and in Greek. Here the Greek is wanting, unless it was written in red and washed away when

Ptolemy Lathyrus cut his hieroglyphical inscriptions over the earlier ones. The hieroglyphical genealogy of the Ptolemies here begins again with Philadelphus, while in the Greek text of the Rosetta inscription it begins with Soter. Another remarkable fact is, that here Epiphanes is called the son of Ptolemy Philopator and Cleopatra, while according to historical accounts Arsinoë was the only wife of Philopator, and is so called in the inscription of Rosetta and on other monuments. She is certainly called Cleopatra in a passage of Pliny; but this would have passed for an error of the historian or copyist, were not the same change of name confirmed by a hieroglyphical and official document. There is, therefore, no more ground to place the sending of Marcus Attilius and Marcius Acilius by the Roman senate to Egypt, to form a new treaty on account of the Queen Cleopatra, mentioned by Livy, under Ptolemy Epiphanes, as Champollion-Figeac does, instead of Ptolemy Philopator, as other historians inform us. We must rather suppose, either that the wife and sister of Philopator bore both names, which undoubtedly does not remove all the difficulty, or that the project mentioned by Appian, of a marriage between Philopator and the Syrian Cleopatra, afterwards wife of Epiphanes, was carried into effect after the murder of Arsinoë, although not mentioned by any historians. We are naturally in want of means to settle clearly this interesting point. There are innumerable Greek inscriptions at Philæ, and it will interest Letronne to hear, that I have found on the still remaining base of the second obelisk, of which only a part was carried with its fellow to England, the remains—hard indeed to decipher—of a Greek inscription written in red, which probably was at one time gilt, like the two last discovered on the base in England. I have already written to him that the hieroglyphical inscriptions of the obelisks, which, together with the Greek of the base, I myself copied in Dorsetshire, and afterwards published in my Egyptian Atlas, have nothing to do with the Greek, and were not inscribed at the same time; but there still remains a question whether the inscription of the second base is not in connection with that of the first: the interesting correspondence of the three known inscriptions appears at any rate complete in itself. The chief temple in the island was dedicated to Isis, who is called, *par excellence*, Lady of Philek; Osiris was only *συμναος* which has its peculiar hieroglyphical inscription, and was only *par courtoisie* called sometimes Lord of Philek; on the other hand, he was Lord of Ph-i-ueb, hitherto generally read as Manueb, and Isis was there *συμναος*, and, by courtesy, Lady of Phieub. From this it appears that the famous tomb of Osiris is on his own island of Phieub, and not on Philæ. Both places are marked as islands, and clearly as distinct. We must not, therefore, imagine Abaton to be a particular part of the isle of Philæ; it was an island of itself, and doubtless answered to the hieroglyphical Phieub. This is expressed clearly by Diodorus and Plutarch, when they place it *προς ψιλας*. Diodorus marks the island with the grave of Osiris quite distinctly as a separate

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island, which, on account of this circumstance, was called *ἱερον πεδιον*, "the sacred plain." This is a translation of Ph-i-ueb, or Ph-ih-ueb, (for this *h* is also to be found in the hieroglyphics,) in the Coptic Ph-iah-ueb, the sacred field. Diodorus and Plutarch call this sacred field the *Ἀγρον*, the unapproachable, save and except by the priests. The fact that Diodorus in the same place describes Osiris as *ἐν ψιλῇσι χειμέρον* proves still more clearly what the plural form points at, that the Greeks understood by Philek, not only the island Philek, but the whole group of islands by the cataracts, according to Pliny and others, even Elephantine, which lies at the northern extremity of the cataracts. The name Philek is never found in the plural, but in the inscriptions I have discovered the names of eleven different islands, all probably belonging to this group of the cataracts.

#### HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

From the Literary Gazette.

*Hood's Magazine* came out a few days too late this month, but the following apology for it is so truly in the writer's best vein, that we cannot regret the accident, and only hope it will cause no loss to him. Poor editors had little need to have bad health added to their other ills.—*Ed. L. G.*

"*The Echo*.—The writer of the following letter guesses so truly at the main cause of the delay in the publication of the present number, that our best explanation to our subscribers will be, to give the epistle entire, *verbatim et literatim*,—as addressed to the Editor:—

'Sir,—By your not cumming out on the Furst, I conclude you are lade up—being notorus for enjoyin bad helth. Pullmery, of course. Like my poor Robert—for I've had a littery branch in my own fammily—a periodical one like yourself, only every Sunday, insted of once a munth; and as such, well knew what it was to write long-winded articles with Weekly lungs. Poor fellow! As I often said, so much head work, and nothin but Head work, will make a Cherubim of you: and so it did.—Nothing but write—write—write, and read—read—read: and, as our Doctor says, it's as bad to studdy till all is brown, as to drink till all is blew. Mix your cullers. And wery good advice it is—when it can be follerd, witch is not always the case; for if necessity has no Law it has a good deal of Litterature, and Authers must rite what they must. As poor Robert used to say about sedontary habits, it's very well, says he, to tell me about—like Mr. Wordsworth's single man as grew dubble—sticking to my chair; but if there's no sitting, says he, ther'll be no hatch-ing; and if I do brood too much at my desk it's because there's a brood expected from me once a week. Oh, it's very well, says he, to cry Up, up with you; and go and fetch a walk, and take a look at the daisies, when you've sold your mind to Miffy Stofilis; and there's a Devil

waiting for your last proofs, as he did for Doctor Forster's. I know it's killin me, says he; but if I die of overwork it's in the way of my vacation. Poor boy! I did all I could to nurridge him: Mock Turkey soop and strong slops, and Wormy Jelly and Island Moss; but he couldn't eat. And no wunder; for mental labor, as the Docter said, wares out the stummack as well as the Branes, and so he'd been spinnin out his inside like a spider. And a spider he did look at last, sure enuff—one of that sort with long spindle legs, and only a dot of a Boddy in the middle. Another bad thing is sittin up all nite as my Sun did, but it's all agin Natur. Not but what some must, and partikly the writers of Politicks for the Papers; but they ruin the Constitushun. And, besides, even Poetry is apt to get prosy after twelve or one; and some late authors read very sleepy. But as poor Robert said, what is one to do when no day is long enuff for one's work, nor no munth either. And to be sure, April, June, November, and September, are all short munths, but Febber-very! However one great thing is, relaxin—if you can. As the Doctor used to say, what made Jack a dull boy—why being always in the workhouse and never at the playhouse. So get out of your gownd and slippers, says he, and put on your Best Things and unbend yourself like a Beau. If you've been at your poetical flights, go and look at the Tems Tunnel; and if you're tired of being Witty, go and spend a hour with the Wax Work. The mind requires a Change as well as the merchants. So take my advice, Sir—a mother's advice—and relax a littel—I know what it is: You want brassing, a change of Hair, and more stummuck. And you ought to ware flannin, and take tonicks. Do you ever drink Basses Pail? It's as good as cammomile Tea. But above all, there's one thing I'd recummd to you: Steal Wine. It's been a savin to sum invalids. Hoping you will excuse this libberty from a stranger, but a well-meaning one,—I am, Sir,

'A SUBSCRIBER.'

CURIOUS ETYMOLOGY.—When one visits Paris, he will observe over the doors of certain shops the word *reliure*, which he will soon discover means *bookbinding*. The appearance of this word caused us at first a few minutes' reflection. What was its etymology? What had *reliure* to do with the binding of books? A little examination disclosed that *reliure* comes from the same root as the word *religion*, and that, in fact, both terms almost mean the same thing etymologically. Religion is compounded from two Latin roots, *re*, again, and *ligo*, to bind, and may be considered as meaning to be bound again, or rebound; thereby importing that the religiously disposed have thrown off certain rude and natural habits, and bound themselves to lead a new and better life. Who could have imagined that the signboard term *reliure* had any connection with *religion*? The study of etymology, however, makes us acquainted with many such relationships.—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*



## CHEMISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY AN OLD MAN.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

It is curious, and not uninteresting to observe, in the scientific history of a recent period, what very different matter for speculation the addition of a new fact to the stores of existing knowledge has afforded, when viewed by the philosopher on the one hand, and the practical man on the other. The former has been too much in the habit of estimating the discovery solely in proportion as it may have extended the limits of his transcendental science; the latter has thought highly of it only in the ratio of its immediate applicability to his own wants and wishes. The one regarded it in all its simplicity as a new truth; the other would not condescend to consider it at all if it did not happen to be perplexed with certain desired consequences. The philosopher was then too often nothing but the theorist; the practical man was rarely indeed the philosopher. Striving nominally for the same end, they journeyed by paths so distinct, that they could never meet; contemplating, as they declared, the same ultimate object, they viewed it through different media. In our time, when the two classes of thinkers and doers are blended together in perfect intimacy, it is really difficult to believe how great a barrier existed between them only half a century ago. The want of sympathy which kept them asunder appears to have been due in a great measure to the generally defective education, as far as an acquaintance with science went, of the manufacturer, or the mechanic, or what is commonly called "the good man of business." As a class, these persons were worse than ignorant in matters of physical philosophy; to be simply ignorant would have been comparatively a small misfortune; they were intolerant. It was not merely that they did not readily appreciate, but that they would not believe in the beauty of a discovery, unless they could directly perceive the part it might play in their own immediate scene of action. On the other hand, the philosopher, loftily despising the spirit which would not worship truth for truth's sake, made no effort to quicken its perceptions, but wrapped himself up in a comfortable sense of superiority, and his own somewhat selfish enjoyments. Thus it often happened, that the period, with reason termed by the man of science the most brilliant era of discovery, was derided by a professed utilitarian as utterly profitless.

Nobody now doubts that every new truth

in chemistry is a gain to the arts and sciences of an intelligent nation, since in that department of philosophy the most theoretical speculations have been still found to be connected with the progress of all practical works. But it was in chemistry especially that, half a century ago, all interesting researches were passed over unnoticed by those who were destined in the end to be the greatest gainers from them; they were suffered to remain in the hands of the philosopher alone; it was left for time to do them justice, and to furnish additional illustrations of Bacon's axiom, "knowledge is power."

What interest did the separation of the air we breathe into its constituent gases excite among even well-educated classes? Yet where shall we find a discovery more fraught with curious consequences upon the face of it?

What attention was given to Dr. Black's admirable views concerning latent heat beyond the merely scientific world? Had they even a corner allotted to them in some Gentleman's Magazine or miscellaneous register of the day? Yet these researches guided Watt to the improvements of the steam-engine, which have done more to liberalize the world than all the laborers of mob-orators and sans-culotte politicians put together. In no case was the general indifference to the philosopher's results more forcibly illustrated than in that of the discovery of the composition of water. The pleasure which this afforded to men of science did not extend itself beyond them; it was reserved for them alone to enjoy the anticipation of its consequences,—those consequences themselves were hailed with no interest. A revolution in chemical philosophy,—the elucidation of the mysteries of combustion,—the successive explanation of most important natural and artificial processes,—all were received with silent indifference; whilst a toy, in the possession of which an acquaintance with hydrogen had put it, engaged the entire attention of society. The utilitarian raved about balloons, and neglected the true theory of the atmosphere. Perhaps no single chemical discovery has ever more excited the esteem of the generation succeeding that which so completely overlooked it, than this one of the true composition of water. Each of its consequences has been admired as they successively came into play; each step of preceding investigation has been fondly dwelt upon. It cannot then be surprising that the question, To whom do we owe this capital discovery? should have been repeatedly proposed; but it does appear strange that such a question, relating to a fact not more than sixty years

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old, cannot be answered without involving a fierce dispute; that it remains without the prospect of a satisfactory answer, notwithstanding the very great exertions made to determine it.

Committees of the learned in foreign countries have sat upon it; sections of British Associations have discussed it; it has elicited eloquent nonsense in Parisian Institutes; it has employed the pens of our most energetic writers; but still without any certain result as to the question itself. The scientific world has not agreed in its report upon the subject.

Where doctors differ so resolutely, it cannot be proper for the unlearned to decide; but it may be not unamusing to some to be put in possession of the grounds of dispute, to trace their source, and to follow in the steps of the most curious among the many curious results of chemical research. There is here every thing that can make the investigation interesting. In this history of the decomposition of water we find four great scientific names of European celebrity perpetually recurring together; we see the struggle of powerful minds both for and against truth; we read in that conflict many signs of the strangely restless period to which it belonged, —the great epoch of subversion, when a new world was suddenly made and an old one as suddenly broken to pieces and forgotten. There is in this history a revolution with its antagonist principles of conservatism and destruction; its over-zealous innovators, who demolished one fabric and built up another so hastily that a succeeding generation found no safety in it without another change; its bigots, who, to preserve all, lost all; and its wise contenders of extreme opinions, who, as usual, were silenced by the clamors of extremes.

If, as Mr. Babbage has said, chemistry was only exalted into a science by Dalton's theory of definite proportionals, how little claim had the vast assemblage of ungrouped facts engendered in alchemic fires to such a title, which involves, we are told, so "orderly and methodical an arrangement as to render the knowledge of the few attainable by the many?"

Alchemy during the middle ages had, it is well known, considerable votaries in every part of Europe, but nowhere did these abound in such numbers of successful discoverers as in Germany. There was something in the nature of this pursuit especially suitable to the wonder-seeking, wonder-creating character of the nation. Germany has always been the haunted country of Europe, the capital residence of all ugly hobgoblins and mysteri-

ous terrors,—a sort of perpetual Walpurgis meeting for witches and fiends. It was for a long time the head-quarters of the evil one himself, who, only from time to time, quitted it for short foraging incursions into neighboring regions. In its superstitions there were none of the levities and prettinesses belonging to those of other lands; a fine earnest gloom dwelt upon them; they took a sombre color from black forests and fir-covered mountains. Teutonic fairies were elfins who left no graceful traces of a mirthful presence; dark trees waved, and sullen winds groaned above the shades where they congregated. Here rushed the wild huntsman like a blast of sudden air; there thundered the sports of the red-bearded emperor with his entranced court of antiquated knights; aloft in mountain recesses grinned the hoarding and mischievous goblin; far underground sounded the axe of the mining gnome. But it was not only a rustic population of hill and dale that was surrounded by unholy influences; the cities of Germany swarmed with devilish agents, who made of philosophy and the thirst for knowledge a pit for the unwary. The tempter often appeared bodily to such as he thought ripe for his tuition. Sometimes he came before strong minds like himself in all the dreadful majesty of horns and hoofs, but such an experiment was not often tried. More usually he looked like a staid citizen of other lands, —travelled, grave, and old-fashioned in aspect, with a sober-cut beard and a large round hat, for very good reasons fixed immovably upon his head. He began by testing the philosophy of his entertainers with artful questions, and, if satisfied, ended by promising, but not unconditionally, the red powder and the universal medicine. In spite, however, of the popular faith which joined in this way alchemy with such other black arts as printing and medicine, in spite of the mystical vagaries by which some of its followers countenanced this faith, the adorers of transmutation were a devout body. Their most renowned writings are full of pious exclamations and thanksgivings. The venerated Musitanus exhorted young alchemists to the great performance "in the name of God." The life of such a man was one of incessant labor. A really miserably deficient knowledge of chemistry kept his faculties upon the utmost stretch in following the numerous results of his pell-mell mixings and separations; unacquainted with the properties of the substances employed, he was entirely at their mercy; like the mariner, isolated from his kind, and launched upon the wide waste of waters, he was awed into a sense of superior power.



Secluded in his stifling laboratory, the alchemist revolved his one idea, for the development of which alone he lived. His silent world became strangely peopled: the imaginations of his nomenclature appeared realized; he watched the smoke and flame of his furnace,—the smoke which told of impurities exhaled, the fire which cleansed, until their very tremor became a sign of hope or terror; he hung fondly upon the loaded crucible until he began to recognize in the movements of fused metals a struggle with intentions and passions akin to his own; the agony of his desire gave him faith; he trembled into belief like a dying man; his stake was too great to admit of questionings in religion: the alchemist went to prayers before projection. But it is easy to imagine how this half-crazed, half-wise being, a prey to every impulse of fancy, might sometimes torture himself into a confession of sinful faith; stretched from day to day upon the rack of hope deferred, he grew pale, his strength failed in vigils and fastings; his mind waxed feeble by perpetual struggles; his resources were all exhausted, and his fire extinct, without the wished result. Then came despair, and a new frenzy; he began to feel, with Mother Sawyer in the play, that,

" 'Tis all one  
To be a witch as to be counted one,"

and received renewed powers from his belief in infernal protection. Often the unhappy man deceived himself by most cunning processes. He would introduce into the alembic with his right hand, so secretly that his left should not discover it, small portions of precious metals, and then feign to find them as the produce of his own manufacture. Sometimes he would join cinnabar with silver in one fiery ordeal, and thus apparently multiply the latter during the process.

These experiments were imitated with less singleness of purpose by another class of men. A species of mock alchemist appeared, caricatures of the regular practitioners, who performed in their characters of juggler far more wonderful feats than the philosopher could pretend to do. Herr Dobbler, dealing around his inexhaustible supply of flowers, and the Neapolitan priest showing the miracle of St. Januarius, are for the moment greater men than the most expert chemist or mechanic.

The conjuring alchemists had numerous proselytes and dupes. Every subtle found an Epicure Mammon or a Dapier. They may, indeed, be said to have discovered the art of transmutation; the gold in their false-bot-

omed crucibles yielded them a high interest.

In spite of these tricks, which tended gradually to bring alchemy into disrepute, and to degrade its professors to the rank of common fortune-tellers and charmers, a rage for the pursuit of the philosopher's stone continued on the increase from the twelfth to the seventeenth century. There was hardly a sect of mystical illuminati which did not worship Albertus of Cologne as Albertus Magnus. The possession of the universal solvent was the grand secret of Rosicrucian freemasonry.

Neither Paracelsus, nor Van Helmont, nor Sylvius, the great medicine and mystery-men of the middle ages, taught any thing in opposition to the sublime art. A dark cloud hung over the processes of the laboratory, unexplained facts accumulated in a frightful manner, and were announced in formulæ of which the mysterious perplexity was still increasing. But, after this long night, morning was at hand; the time approached when alchemy was to be merged in a simpler chemistry. A soaring and active mind was needed to dispel its gloomy vagueness; such a mind was bestowed upon George Ernst Stahl. Born at Aspach in 1660, he was brought up in the medical profession, and early turned his attention to chemical pursuits. Ardent even to violence, enterprising and ambitious, he found the old deas of the scientific world nearly worn out; every thing there was preparing for a grand movement. Stahl put himself at its head.

The chief object of an experimentalist in those days was to determine the number and character of nature's elementary bodies. This he in general accomplished by setting out with the original pattern, furnished by the old theorists, of earth, air, fire, and water, and modifying this as he went along according to the character of the country he explored. Whichever class of bodies he chanced most frequently to encounter, or with which he was especially fortunate in experiment, was defined as elementary, and either earth, or air, or fire, or water, degraded in its favor. Thus, the alchemists gave their vote for mercury, that doubtful metal, so useful in fixing and subliming processes; thus, the wise old Glauber made a favorite of salt indefinitely, because all his most successful experiments were made among that class of bodies. Thus the physician Beecher, who had descended into something like geology in his *Physica Subterranea*, elected three imaginary earths, from whence he concocted all sorts of minerals and metals. Beecher came before Stahl as his pioneer, pointed out the way he should travel, and suggested many parts of his most

celebrated doctrines. In making out his list of elementary bodies, Stahl adopted two of Beecher's catalogue, the third he rejected to make room for *acid*. He had early turned his attention to the phenomena of combustion, setting out with an idea that, in every combustible body, fire, or an inflammable principle, is actually a constituent part of it; that this put in motion and vibrated into a sensible shape, when a body is, in common language, burnt. So far Stahl was on tolerably safe ground, and only proposed an hypothesis like one to which some modern philosophers have been inclined: but he did not stop here; he was determined to give an explanation of all the phenomena connected with the heating and consuming processes. The combustion of phosphorus yielded an acid body. According to Stahl, phosphorus, then, was a compound of the elements acid and fire. The metals heated or burnt were converted into certain earthy-looking substances; they were then composed of the elements earth and fire. These calces, as they were called, were restored to the metallic state by heating with charcoal. Charcoal, reasoned Stahl, is a body which burns easily; it, therefore, contains much inflammable principle, and restores calcined metals by giving it up to them. In this way did Stahl go on to explain by arguments which we need not follow in every part, as we do not adopt them in any, all the known effects of combustion; and thus was developed that most famous theory called phlogistic, because the name of *phlogiston* was given to the universal inflammable principle. Those readers to whom the modern explanation of the phenomena of burning bodies is familiar, who can point out the action of the air in converting phosphorus into an acid and the metals to earths, who can show that charcoal restores metals by depriving them of their oxygen, will not have failed to remark here how resolutely Stahl ran away from the truth, how constantly he wrote *minus* for *plus*, and transposed all the signs of nature in his methods of interpretation. But the genius of this man should not be estimated by a comparison of the philosophical chemistry of the present century with the wild theories of the last, but by a simultaneous view of the state of science before and after the establishment of his doctrines. Considerable ingenuity must be allowed to that hypothesis which was able to maintain its ground, not only in spite, but apparently by means, of the immense number of new facts brought to bear upon it for nearly half a century after its proposal, and which at the end of that period continued to be maintained by some

leading chemists of the day. By giving existence to phlogiston alone, Stahl was enabled to explain all the then known processes of chemistry, and it is impossible to deny him the merit of having arranged with extraordinary ease, as well as simplicity, the shapeless, distorted formulæ of his predecessors. He at least held the light which showed to philosophers the chaos around them; he did service, if only by making darkness visible. The time had arrived when theory, having some reasonable appearance of truth, was absolutely necessary. Things were reduced to such a pass, that, without a theory to connect chemical facts and to spring seemingly from them, no more could have been assembled. This want Stahl supplied. Without the admirable results obtained by his followers in the support of his philosophy, it could never have been overturned for the true one. The Lavoisierian system owed to them all its facts.

One of the useful consequences of an extensive theory, common to all chemists, was the establishment of a serviceable nomenclature. The alchemists named bodies at hazard, according to certain imaginary virtues and functions with which they were endowed, and expressed them by complicated symbols. In this nomenclature were included all principalities and powers, kings and queens with fountains to bathe in, marriages and divorces, to be celebrated by red bridegrooms and silver brides. It adopted metallic divinities, representatives of pagan gods, and even condescended to impress birds and beasts, eagles and lions, the monarchs of the air and of the forest, into its service.

This curious jumble formed altogether not a bad index to the state of mind induced in fervent solitary men by a sincere alchemy. The contentions with imaginary enemies, the visions of beauty and glory, the glimpses of a deep hell—all were there typified. In proportion as the objects of pursuit became more evidently attainable and rational, the nomenclature of chemistry assumed a more tranquil character. Alchemical terms for the most part disappeared with the study of alchemy. The Stahlions, however, were not scientific enough to make classes, and at once to define the place of a body in these by certain regulated terminations, as was done in later days. They wisely then gave names in general simply descriptive of certain tangible qualities, of the manner or of the source of the production of a substance, and for this purpose found it convenient to retain much of an older nomenclature.

A few specimens will suffice to illustrate their sage no-system:—



*Old Names.*

Powder of Algarotti.  
 Rotrou's Solvent.  
 Stahl's Sulphurous Salt.  
 Spirit of Menderus.  
 Terra Foliata Tartari.  
 Terra Foliata, with Lemon juice.  
 Mineral Terra Foliata.  
 Sedative Salt.  
 Earth of Bones.  
 White Nitrous Acid.  
 Fuming Nitrous Acid.  
 Alkaline Livers of Sulphur.  
 Factitious Iron Pyrites.

*Modern Names.*

Oxide of Antimony.  
 Alkaline Oxide of Antimony.  
 Sulphite of Potash.  
 Acetite of Ammonia.  
 Acetite of Potash.  
 Citrate of Potash.  
 Acetite of Soda.  
 Boracic Acid.  
 Phosphate of Lime.  
 Nitric Acid.  
 Nitrous Acid.  
 Sulphuret of Potash, or Soda.  
 Sulphuret of Iron.

In this way, although great inconveniences must have been felt from so disjointed a nomenclature, the danger of grafting hypotheses upon it was at first avoided. It would have been happy for Stahlianism if it had continued to shun so great an evil, which ultimately, indeed, provoked its downfall.

When the theory of combustion was first proposed, although many facts were undoubtedly wanting, according to modern principles of philosophizing for the establishment of its truth, yet there were none known which actually militated against it. By degrees, however, as the field of research expanded, results came forth which were found more difficult of explanation. Perplexities multiplied as fast as experiments. Phlogiston was no longer the complaisant and serviceable agent by means of which a reason could be assigned to every chemical phenomenon, but a very rebel—an intractable mutineer against all established authorities, requiring to be alternately coaxed and constrained into dutiful action. The writings of the experimentalist became more hypothetical in proportion as his favorite belief was, not shaken, but considerably puzzled; he was now continually called upon to extend his credulity beyond the elementary doctrine of phlogiston, which it was found necessary, as the science enlarged itself, to sustain by the introduction of absurdities sufficiently bitter, no doubt, to the taste of the philosopher, but absolutely necessary to the tranquillity of the Stahlian. It is really painful to look back upon this epoch of chemical history, and to read all the consequences of obstinate adherence to a merely convenient hypothesis; in the wanderings of a mind acute as that of Scheele, who stooped to the framing of romances which would have found a fit place with the fairy tales of a child's library; in the maintenance until death of errors which the ignorant had abjured, by the impetuous Priestley; in the blundering experiments of an intelligent Kirwan, which seemed made only for the purpose of retaining an unwilling world in a radically false system.

Stahl and his immediate followers had simply defined phlogiston to be the principle of combustion and of levity, the latter property being introduced into the definition to explain the non-diminution in weight of bodies after combustion in close vessels,—their notions upon the subject were confessedly vague—their phlogiston could not be retained alone—it could not be weighed—no sense took cognizance of it—all its qualities were negative—it was little more than a name. But a far more mischievous doctrine than this primary hypothesis of Stahl was now to arise from it. It became necessary to concede a certain materiality to phlogiston. There were bold chemists who undertook to give it weight, and still bolder experimentalists who determined the precise amount of that weight. Bergman made a place for it in his famous tables of elective attraction. The quantity of phlogiston belonging to every metal was actually registered in many chemical works. Mathematical formula were introduced to express the affinities and densities made known through the most ingeniously erroneous processes. It began to appear every where in the nomenclature of chemistry. In 1722 Dr. Rutherford had discovered the existence of a peculiar air, incapable of sustaining combustion, and destructive of animal life. As this was found in vessels where bodies had been burnt, it received the significant title of *phlogisticated* air, on the supposition that phlogiston had been imparted to it from the burning body. On the other hand, Priestley, by heating red lead, obtained an air with exactly opposite properties—an air which supported combustion and animal life. It received the name of *dephlogisticated* air, and was considered as air purified from phlogiston by the absorptive action of foreign bodies. The red lead was gradually reduced to the metallic state during the heating process; it had, consequently, combined with the phlogiston in the atmosphere. The last step in this descending scale of error was made when philosophical chemists seized upon a well-known gas, with very peculiar properties, to worship as

the representative of their darling principle itself. A glance at part of the nomenclature of the year 1780 will shew how far phlogiston had been insinuated into it:—

*Old Names.*

Dephlogisticated air.  
Phlogisticated air.  
*Phlogiston, or inflammable air.*  
Dephlogisticated marine acid.  
Phlogisticated vitriolic acid.  
Phlogisticated nitrous acid.  
Phlogisticated alkali.

*Modern Names.*

Oxygen.  
Nitrogen.  
Hydrogen.  
Chlorine.  
Sulphurous acid.  
Nitrous acid.  
Prussiate of potash.

It was only in 1766 that the scientific world became intimately acquainted with the important gas which we now call hydrogen. The paper entitled "Experiments on Factitious Air," in which its nature was distinctly made known, is also valuable as the first important communication of Mr. Cavendish to the Royal Society.

Lord Charles Cavendish was an intelligent nobleman, who, for many years, addicted himself with success to scientific pursuits; but his researches bestowed upon the world no benefit so great as the gift he presented to it in his son. Henry Cavendish, the honorable grandson of two dukes, and during a long period one of the richest commoners in England, devoted himself to philosophy, urged by a steady passion for the acquisition of truth. For this he neglected the natural delights of youth, voluntarily relinquished the pleasures belonging to wealth and station, and disappeared from society to exist only in the library or the laboratory. Educated at Cambridge, the severe studies which are necessary for distinction, and which render the years passed there the most learned portion of an ordinary young man's life, were to Cavendish but the first steps in his laborious scourse; they afforded him only the elements of knowledge, which he was subsequently to enlarge by original thought and original research. His talents, admirably qualified for severe investigation, were assisted by the singularities of his moral character in forming what Cuvier enthusiastically called "the perfect model of a man of science;" they were delivered from all temptation to less exertions by his reserved disposition, and were never hurried into absurdities by too eager an appetite for worldly distinction. He was painfully diffident of his own powers, and this, not from a too careful study of them, as is often the case, but from a morbid delicacy of taste. From his earliest years he had avoided much intercourse with the world, not because he thought, with worthy Parson Brand, in Richardson's story, that a knowledge of human nature was best learned in books, "the calm result of wise men's wisdom, uninterrupted by the noise and vanities that will mingle with personal

conversation," but from an actual aversion to the acquisition of that sort of knowledge. Constitutionally shy, an unexpected intrusion upon his retirement gave him the appearance of sullen haughtiness really foreign to his nature. He suffered so much annoyance from the usual ceremonies of society, as even, occasionally, violently to resent a visit of mere necessity and civility. Many whimsical stories are related in illustration of this. On one occasion an eminent banker, with whom Mr. Cavendish dealt, remarked that the sum accumulated in the philosopher's name had increased to a very enormous sum. This gentleman set out for Mr. Cavendish's villa to inform him of the circumstance; admitted to his presence after some delay, he was received with a cold uninterested salutation. As soon as his tale was told, Cavendish, without making any other remark, inquired if he had no more to say; then rung the bell, and summarily dismissed him. But the vengeance was to come. The next day every shilling belonging to Mr. Cavendish was withdrawn from the banking-house of his unfortunate visitor. At another time when an admiring foreigner had just obtained an introduction to the great English chemist at Sir Joseph Banks's *soirée*, Cavendish fairly ran away, and left him gesticulating in the middle of a complimentary address.

This unhappy disposition for seclusion amounted, at times, almost to insanity; indeed, the general eccentricities of Mr. Cavendish were so great, as to warrant a supposition that the severe studies, in which his extraordinary faculties were constantly occupied, had alone preserved him from the wanderings of a madman. His reserve increased with his years; he had long shunned the society of his noble connexions, and, in his latter days, he withdrew even from that of his scientific contemporaries; occasionally only hesitated at a thoughtful judge, rather than a listener at, Royal Society festivities. His villa, at Streatham, became the scene of his scientific pleasures. There he lived in a perfect solitude. Any of the neighboring inhabitants who chanced occasionally to cross his path



made way, with a wonder which was almost awe, for the tall, aristocratic figure—habited in the precise, wide-skirted, snuff-colored garments, and close-fitting knee-breeches of another century—which stooped, as if bent to the earth by weighty thoughts.

His characteristic reserve displayed itself even upon his death-bed. When he felt his end approaching, he insisted upon being left quite alone, and dismissed his only attendant and nurse from his presence. In the middle ages, his strange manner, lonely habits, and philosophical pursuits combined, would have doomed him to the tortures of a sorcerer.

In all his methods of research he was eminently great. An accomplished mathematician, he brought into experimental philosophy the perfection of demonstration and the accuracy of detail which belong to exact science. His writings form a remarkable contrast with those of most chemical philosophers of his period. Simple and comprehensive, theory never found a place in them as fact, nor hypothesis as theory. Nowhere are the vague expressions, the loose notions, the "cooking and trimming processes," which deformed the discoveries of that day, to be met with in the publications of Cavendish. He had been brought up in the phlogistic faith; but so little are his writings tainted with the extensive errors of Stahlism, that they may be read at this time with very few corrections, and the mere alteration of nomenclature, as illustrations of the doctrines of Lavoisier or Davy. His articles of belief were drawn up from a true view of facts, and, as such, still remain a part of the gospel of the chemical philosopher.

A VISIT TO GENERAL TOM THUMB.—We paid a visit to this wonderful epitome of human nature during the past week, at his residence, in Grafton-street, Bond-street, and our pleasure was greatly increased by being tête-a-tête with such a duodecimo of mankind. He received his visitors with the grace of a finished courtier, sang, danced, and gave an imitation of the French Emperor with exquisite fidelity. Numbers of the haut ton were present, who expressed the greatest admiration at his intelligence, vivacity, and beauty of person. The General has been honored with an invite to the noble mansion of the Baroness de Rothschild, in Gunbury Park; a distinguished circle were present on the occasion, and the highest satisfaction was expressed by the company assembled. On taking leave, a splendid purse, *lined with gold*, was presented to the *tiny wonder*, by the noble hostess; since which he has visited the American minister, Mr. Everett, accompanied by his patron, Mr. Barnum, and a party of distinguished foreign noblemen.—*Court Journal*.

## LINES,

Suggested by reading Stanzas by Miss Camilla Toulmin, in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, entitled "What dost thou whisper, murmuring shell?" October 21, 1843.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

AND dost thou ask me, maiden fair,  
The secrets of the deep to tell?  
And can thy gentle spirit hear  
The whispers of the murmuring shell?  
Well, if thou wilt, I could reveal  
Things wonderful and sad to hear;  
Causing each trembling heart to feel  
The throbs of sympathetic fear.

'Tis mine to tell of treasures bright  
Hid in the ocean's coral caves—  
Of radiant gems concealed from sight  
Beneath the everlasting waves.  
'Tis mine to whisper of the things  
Which swarm the waters where I sleep,  
Of wild and fearful birds, whose wings  
Flit o'er the bosom of the deep.

'Tis mine to tell of countless troops  
Of living creatures, great and small,  
Skimming the mighty waves in groups,  
Formed by the hand that maketh all.  
Here is that great Leviathan,  
Who takes his pastime in the waves;  
And here, beyond the ken of man,  
The tiniest tenant of these caves.

'Tis mine to pour in Fancy's ear  
The fabled secrets of my home;  
To tell of Mermaid's voice so clear,  
And water-nymphs who love to roam;  
Of spirits of the air and main,  
Who ocean's gorgeous revels lead,  
And breathe each sweet enchanted strain,  
Through curtains of the rich sea-weed.

'Tis mine to tell of fearful nights,  
When tempests toss the billows high,  
Of minute guns, and beacon lights,  
For sailors' anxious ear and eye;  
Of lightnings that with vivid flash  
Illume the sea with horrid glare,  
And waves that with tumultuous dash  
Fill the poor crew with dire despair.

And oh! 'tis mine to tell of rocks  
Hid from the mariner's keen eye;  
Of dread and unexpected shocks,  
The shriek—the prayer—the dying cry.  
'Tis mine to tell of gallant bark,  
Riding the waters in her pride,  
Sinking like lead 'mid caverns dark,  
Wrecked by the treacherous ocean tide.

And still 'tis mine to tell of those  
Whose sepulchres the deep waves are;  
Of hearts that broke with crushing woes,  
When tidings reached their homes afar.  
Then dost thou ask me, maiden fair,  
The secrets of the deep to tell?  
And can thy gentle spirit hear  
The whispers of the murmuring shell?

JOSEPH FEARN.

## THE HIGHLANDS OF ÆTHIOPIA.

From the Court Journal.

*The Highlands of Æthiopia.* By Major Harris. 3 vols. Longman.

THERE are people in the world so wrapped up in the dull routine of daily life, that they believe romance has been banished by gas-lights and policemen. They cannot be brought to understand that there are yet adventures to be found at this day as wonderful as those recorded in fairy tales, and perils as striking and as various as ever hero of romance encountered in the veritable days of chivalry. If such people dread to have their settled notions disturbed, let them not take up this book by Major Harris. It is, beyond comparison, the most interesting in its narrative, and the most startling in the facts it reveals, of any work of travel issued for some years past.

The author was sent on a mission, with a suitable retinue, to the court of a Christian monarch, whose dominions, situated in the heart of Æthiopia, have long remained unvisited. The interest commences from the instant that Major Harris lands on the African shore, at Tajura. The march of the expedition across the desert is well told, and opens a succession of scenes to our view as novel as they are vivid. Scarcely had they well commenced their journey, before they came to Lake Assal, or the Great Salt Lake.

This mighty basin is one of the wonders of the world. Descending six hundred feet below the level of the sea, it extends for several miles, girded round by a chain of giant hills. The centre of the bottom was filled with water of the purest cerulean blue, unruffled as the surface of a mirror, which seemed set in a frame of frosted silver—for all around its circumference was a mighty edge of snow-white salt, the result of intense evaporation. Through this basin, and over the shore of salt, the route of our travellers lay. As they continued their descent, they lost sight of every living thing, and every sign of vegetation. Not a ripple played on the waters, not a wandering bird flew overhead. Making their way, as best they could, down steep declivities, stumbling over huge rocks of basalt and volcanic lava, seeing all around them evidences of some mighty convulsion of the earth, and of an extinguished volcano, the travellers neared the margin of the lake.

At this time, it was noon; the sun was without a cloud, and shone with terrible effulgence upon the lake, which returned his rays as vividly as if it were one vast sheet of burnished steel. Scorched by the suffocating heat, the travellers prayed they might be visited with a breath of air. The hoped-for wind arose; but it, was found to aggravate their sufferings; it caught the pulverized sand and salt, and whirled them up into pillars, which were so illumined by the intense brilliancy of the sun as to appear on fire. Sometimes these pillars burst over the cattle, increasing their distress. A horrid stench arose from the poisonous exhalations of the lake; camels dropped down dead, and some of the escort fainted. But the worst remains to be told.

The supply of water brought proved insufficient, and the whole company became tormented with burning thirst; some ran to the edge of the lake, and tasted the water, but it took the skin from their lips. There was no remedy for their distress; and during the afternoon, they rested in this miserable plight, shielding themselves as they best could from the scorching rays of the sun. With the evening, they resumed their march; they knew there was water in abundance at a distance of sixteen miles, but many labored under the conviction that that distance they should never pass. Their path wound over sheets of rugged and broken lava, and was so narrow that rarely more than one person could pass at a time. We must find room for a short passage descriptive of

## THE HORRORS OF A NIGHT MARCH.

"The agonies of that dismal night set all efforts of description at defiance. Fanned by the fiery blast of the midnight sirocco, the cry for water, uttered feebly from numbers of parched throats, now became incessant; and the supply of that precious element brought for the whole party falling short of one gallon and a half, it was not long to be answered. A tiny sip of diluted vinegar, for a moment assuaging the burning thirst which raged in the vitals, again raised their drooping souls; but its effects were transient, and after struggling a few steps, overwhelmed, they sunk again, with husky voice declaring their resolution to rise no more. Horses and mules that once lay down, being unable from exhaustion to rally, were reluctantly abandoned to their fate, whilst the lion-hearted soldier who had braved death at the cannon's mouth, subdued and unmanned by thirst, lay gasping by the way-side, and heedless of the exhortation of his officer, hailed approaching dissolution with delight, as bringing the termination of tortures which were not to be endured."

The whole company must have perished, but that a wild Bedouin brought the fainting travellers a large skin of water. A little was applied to the faces and lips of the sufferers, and they revived; and at last, with the feelings of men who approached the gates of paradise, or of those of the advanced guards of the Ten Thousand who first exclaimed "The Sea," they reached a running stream, and freely slaked their thirst.

From Tajura to the frontier of the Christian king's dominions is a distance of four hundred miles. The whole way was, with slight exceptions, a continued desert; and the only interruptions to the monotony of the march were such incidents as we have described, or a quarrel with some of the wild tribes of the Bedouins, or an encounter with a slave caravan, which occasionally in great numbers traversed the sandy waste. The majority of the slaves were very young, hardly escaped from childhood. They travelled bare-footed, and each male and female carried many days' provision and water. One handful of roasted corn was their daily food. But as the company began the ascent of the Abyssinian Alps, which forms the frontier of the kingdom they came to visit, the scene under-



went a delightful change. They found all the vegetation of the temperate climes of Europe blooming in the utmost luxuriance, and entered a fertile and cultivated country.

They were favorably received by the monarch, who lived in rude magnificence. His kingdom was extensive, and his revenue ample. The strangers soon conciliated his favor by the presents they brought, and the ingenious arts of life they made known to him. He gave them free permission to visit every part of his kingdom; and thus the author was enabled to complete his account of this singular and interesting district of Africa. They shot the wild elephants, which had long been the terror of the rural population, designed and superintended the erection of a new palace for the king, which was inaugurated with great pomp, and made themselves in a hundred other ways useful both to the king and his people. In return, he concluded with them a solemn commercial treaty, which, by opening channels of enterprise and industry hitherto unknown to the population of this fertile country, will, it is hoped, tend to the gradual extinction of that inhuman traffic, which now forms the only commerce of the people.

The last circumstance related is the most interesting. Never was a more affecting incident related in fiction. It had, from time immemorial—the usage, indeed, was believed to be prior to the introduction of Christianity—been the custom to imprison all those relations of the reigning monarch who were in such a degree of proximity to the throne, as to be likely to disturb his reign. The reader, thinking of Rasselas and the Happy Valley, may conceive that their lot was not very unendurable. But the valley existed only in the fancy of Johnson; the victims of a tyrant's suspicion have seldom the horrors of imprisonment mitigated by considerate treatment. The Abyssinian Princes were confined in dungeons, shut out from the light of day, and treated as though the blood that ran in their veins was a criminal offence. The king was naturally good-natured, and his disposition had been further softened by a terrific earthquake which destroyed great numbers of the people. The embassy took advantage of the moment when his heart was softened by affliction to press their suit. They were successful; and the monarch gave orders that the prisoners should be liberated, and signified his intention to assist himself at the ceremony.

If there were books on earth, as we know there are records in heaven, expressly reserved for the commemoration of deeds of mercy, charity, and good-will, what a shining page in them would be filled by the abolition of a barbarous and brutal custom, which had endured beyond the memory of man, and by the opening of the prison doors to the unfortunate royal race of Abyssinia. The king was seated in his balcony of justice, decked out for a gala day; the British embassy stood around him, mingling with his officers of state; the people assembled, scarcely comprehending the news they heard, for justice and mercy were novel terms in their ears. At a word from the monarch, the state gaoler ushered in seven of the royal race, men worn with long im-

prisonment and unused to the light of day. Linked together by chains worn bright by the friction of years, they feebly tottered to the foot of the throne, and fell prostrate before it. Then their chains were knocked off; they were pronounced free; and a place assigned them near the monarch's person. "My children," said the king, turning to the embassy, "you will write all that you have now seen to your country, and will say to the British Queen that, though far behind the nations of the white men, from whom the nation of Æthiopia first received her religion, there yet remains a spark of Christian love in the breast of the King of Shoa."

With that sentence the book concludes; and we are to understand that Major Harris yet remains in Shoa, to carry out the wise and Christian policy he has so happily commenced.

Of such a work it is poor to say that we thank the author for the entertainment it has afforded us. It offers higher ground for praise. We congratulate him, not only on the well-written, curious, and interesting book he has given to the world, but on his honorable and successful conduct of a mission which, whatever may be its effect on commerce, and in this way much may be anticipated from it, must have the effect of serving the interests of humanity, and of elevating the British name. With nations, as with individuals, CHARACTER of itself is station and power. It was the reputation of this country for justice and disinterestedness that induced the banded nations of Europe, when France alone stood sullen and isolated, to place in the hand of England the sword required for the adjustment of the Syrian question; and mightily as her force was wielded, it excited no mistrust, because no rational being doubted her intention to lay aside her arms when the purpose for which they were taken up was fulfilled. This mission is comparatively a slight circumstance, yet it will have its effect; for in its whole management the British character, under Major Harris's gallant and able auspices, is shown dauntless under dangers and difficulties, intrepid in pursuit of a worthy object, Christian in its counsels, beneficent in its actions, and wise, merciful, and civilizing in its policy.

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THE AMOUNT OF CARBONIC ACID EXPIRED BY A MAN IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, has often been the subject of investigation among philosophers. From a paragraph in the Medical Times, we learn that M. E. A. Scharling, after careful experiment, arrives at the following conclusions. 1st, Man expires variable quantities of carbonic acid at different periods of the day; 2d, Every thing being otherwise equal, man burns more carbon when his appetite is satisfied than when fasting, and more when awake than when asleep; 3d, Men expire more carbonic acid than women—children burn proportionally more carbon than men; and 4th, In cases of illness or fainting, the quantity of carbonic acid expired is less than in the healthy state. M. Dumas states that he burns rather more than one hundred and sixty-six grains of carbon in the four-and-twenty hours.—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

## CHRONICLES OF THE KINGS OF NORWAY.

From the *Athenæum*.

*The Heimskringla ; or, Chronicles of the Kings of Norway.* Translated from the Icelandic of Snorro Sturleson, with a Preliminary Dissertation, by Samuel Laing, Esq. 3 vols. Longman & Co.

THE name of Snorro Sturleson is so well known to all who have made northern antiquities their study, and his Chronicle has proved so rich a mine of information to writers who have directed their attention to Scandinavian mythology and literature, as well as history, that it is rather surprising that no translation of the work should have heretofore appeared. We welcome, all the more heartily, the volumes before us, well pleased that the translation of so valuable a work should have been undertaken by so competent a person as Mr. Laing.

Snorro Sturleson, was born in 1178, in Iceland, a country early and singularly distinguished for its literary tastes—a country in which the Scalds found their latest asylum, and which boasted a printing press, and a band of scholars, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Snorro was a member of the privileged class, claiming descent from Odin, and consequently entitled to hold the hereditary office of Godar, which, although no longer including the functions of priest, still allowed its possessor to act as judge in the district where he resided. The early associations of Snorro were favorable to the future historian. He was fostered,—a phrase which signified education, rather than nursing,—by John Loptson, the grandson of Sæmund Frode, the compiler of the older Edda, and in Loptson's family he continued to live until he married. He appears to have been rapacious, ambitious, and overbearing, and has been accused of betraying the independence of his country, by aiding in reducing it to a mere province of Norway. It is probable, as Mr. Laing remarks, that much more is laid to Snorro Sturleson's charge than is really his due. In 1221 he took his first journey to Norway, with a poem in honor of Earl Hakon Galin, who sent him a sword and armor. He paid subsequent visits to Norway; but in 1241, his three sons-in-law came by night, and murdered him, on the plea that he had been convicted of treason. Indeed, from the memoir prefixed to this work, the historian appears a veritable type of his times—"a man rough, wild, vigorous in thought and deed, like the men he describes in his Chronicle."

At whose suggestion, or under what circumstances, this 'Chronicle of the Kings of Norway' was written, we cannot ascertain;—probably his love of tales of wild adventure prompted Snorro to set about the task of collecting the materials. What these were, and from whence derived, the following extract from his preface will show:—

"In this book I have had old stories written down as I have heard them told by intelligent people, concerning chiefs who have held dominion in the northern countries, and who spoke the Danish tongue; and also concerning some of

their family branches, according to what has been told me. Some of this is found in ancient family registers, in which the pedigrees of kings and other personages of high birth are reckoned up, and part is written down after old songs and ballads which our forefathers had for their amusement. Now although we cannot just say what truth there may be in these, yet we have the certainty that old and wise men held them to be true."

The work begins with the Saga of the Yngling family, from the days of the great founder of the Scandinavian dynasty, Odin, to Halfdan the Black; and it gives a rude description of northern Asia, where there is a river, "properly called by the name of Tanais, and which falls into the ocean at the Black Sea;" and on the east of it was Asaheim; and here was the city so celebrated in northern mythology, Asgaard:—

"In that city was a chief called Odin, and it was a great place for sacrifice. It was the custom there that twelve temple Godars should both direct the sacrifices, and also judge the people. They were called Diars, or Drotners, and all the people served and obeyed them. Odin was a great and very far travelled warrior, who conquered many kingdoms, and so successful was he that in every battle the victory was on his side. It was the belief of his people that victory belonged to him in every battle. It was his custom when he sent his men into battle, or on any expedition, that he first laid his hand upon their heads, and called down a blessing upon them; and then they believed their undertaking would be successful. His people also were accustomed, whenever they fell into danger by land or sea, to call upon his name; and they thought that always they got comfort and aid by it, for where he was they thought help was near. Often he went away so long that he passed many seasons on his journeys."

The "laying his hand on their heads" seems to us to point out the Asiatic derivation of Odin and his followers, as much as their burning the dead; and the subjoined story, we think, is decisive. Hæner and Mimir had been sent as hostages from Asaheim:—

"Now, when Hæner came to Vanaheim he was immediately made a chief, and Mimir came to him with good counsel on all occasions. But when Hæner stood in the Things or other meetings, if Mimir was not near him, and any difficult matter was laid before him, he always answered in one way—'Now let others give their advice;' so that the Vanaland people got a suspicion that the Asaland people had deceived them in the exchange of men. They took Mimir, therefore, and beheaded him, and sent his head to the Asaland people. Odin took the head, smeared it with herbs so that it should not rot, and sang incantations over it. Thereby he gave it the power that it spoke to him, and discovered to him many secrets."

This notion of a human head preserved by magical art, and giving oracular replies, is one of the most ancient Eastern superstitions. It takes its place both in Arabian and Jewish legend; it was subsequently imported from the East by the earliest crusaders; and the reader



may probably remember, that the possession of such a head was made one of the charges in France against the unfortunate Templars. This is the account of the migration of Odin and his followers:—

“There goes a great mountain barrier from north-east to south-west, which divides the Greater Sweden from other kingdoms. South of this mountain ridge it is not far to Turkland, where Odin had great possessions. But Odin having foreknowledge, and magic-sight, knew that his posterity would come to settle and dwell in the northern half of the world. In those times the Roman chiefs went wide around in the world, subduing to themselves all people; and on this account many chiefs fled from their domains. Odin set his brothers Ve and Vitir over Asgaard; and he himself, with all the gods and a great many other people, wandered out, first westward to Gardarige, [Russia,] and then south to Saxland, [Germany.] He had many sons; and after having subdued an extensive kingdom in Saxland, he set his sons to defend the country. He himself went northwards to the sea, and took up his abode in an island which is called Odinsö in Fyen.”

From this narrative we think it evident that Odin did not, as Mr. Laing seems to maintain, actually colonize large tracts of uninhabited country, but that he advanced upon northern Europe as a conqueror, whose superior knowledge, rather than superior bravery, subjugated the rude tribes that opposed him. The reader will observe, that Odin is here expressly stated to have “subdued an extensive kingdom in Germany,” [Saxland;] and that his rule was similar to that of the Romans in Gaul and Britain, is proved by the assertion, that subsequently “he set his sons to defend the country.” The fable which represents his sending Gefion across the sea, after he had arrived in Scandinavia, proves that even so far north, the land was already inhabited, for King Gylfe gives her a ploughgate of land; she from thence goes to Jotunheim, a strong city; and the subsequent contests of Odin with King Gylfe, also prove that there was already a powerful people in these northern fastnesses.

The minute description of Odin’s deeds and supernatural powers, is precisely what a subjugated and awe-stricken people would relate of a conqueror, who possessed a degree of civilization far beyond what they had ever imagined:—

“When Odin of Asaland came to the north, and the gods with him, he began to exercise and teach others the arts which the people long afterwards have practised. Odin was the cleverest of all, and from him all the others learned their magic arts; and he knew them first, and knew many more than other people. But now, to tell why he is held in such high respect, we must mention various causes that contributed to it. When sitting among his friends his countenance was so beautiful and friendly, that the spirits of all were exhilarated by it; but when he was in war he appeared fierce and dreadful. This arose from his being able to change his color and form in any way he liked. Another cause was, that he conversed so cleverly and

smoothly, that all who heard were persuaded. He spoke every thing in rhyme, such as now composed, and which we call scald-craft. He and his temple gods were called song-smiths, for from them came that art of song into the northern countries. Odin could make his enemies in battle blind, or deaf, or terror-struck, and their weapons so blunt that they could no more cut than a willow twig; on the other hand, his men rushed forwards without armor; were as mad as dogs or wolves, bit their shields, and were strong as bears or wild bulls, and killed people at a blow, and neither fire nor iron told upon them. These were called Bersærkers. Odin could transform his shape: his body would lie as if dead, or asleep; but then he would be in shape of a fish, or worm, or bird, or beast, and be off in a twinkling to distant lands upon his own or other people’s business. With words alone he could quench fire, still the ocean in tempest, and turn the wind to any quarter he pleased. Odin had a ship which was called Skidbladnir, in which he sailed over wide seas, and which he could roll up like a cloth. Odin carried with him Mimir’s head, which told him all the news of other countries. Sometimes even he called the dead out of the earth, or set himself beside the burial-mounds; whence he was called the ghost-sovereign, and lord of the mounds. He had two ravens, to whom he had taught the speech of man; and they flew far and wide through the land, and brought him the news. In all such things he was pre-eminently wise. He taught all these arts in Runes, and songs which are called incantations, and therefore the Asaland people are called incantation-smiths.”

The whole of this extract is curious. Such, or very similar, would be the description the rude natives of the Polynesian Islands would give of their English visitants, passing over their prowess, their strength, and dwelling upon the wonders which their superior civilization enabled them to perform. That Odin pretended actually to supernatural powers, is, however, evident; and it is curious to observe, that each magic art, his power of changing his form, of composing magic songs, of paralyzing his enemies, of calling up the dead, of understanding the language of birds, are all of Asiatic origin. Notwithstanding that peculiarity, the eating of horse-flesh as a religious rite—and which has seemed, to many antiquaries, to point out Odin as a leader of one of the wandering Tartar tribes—we incline to the opinion which considers him as a prince of some more civilized people, perhaps one of the petty kings who fought for and were vanquished with Mithridates. Certain it is, that in many mechanical arts, especially the working in metals, the Scandinavians, at a very early period, were far superior to any of the wandering tribes who occupy the steppes of northern Asia.

Odin, we are told, died in his bed, assuring his followers he was going to Valhalla. Odin was succeeded by his son Niord. To him succeeded numerous kings, most of whom came to untimely deaths. King On, however, was determined to postpone his visit to Valhalla, as long as possible. His unnatural plan affords

another proof of the prevalence of eastern fable among the descendants of Odin—for a story precisely similar will be found among the earliest Hindoo legends:—

“King On returned to Upsal when he was sixty years of age. He made a great sacrifice, and in it offered up his son to Odin. On got an answer from Odin, that he should live sixty years longer; and he was afterwards king in Upsal for twenty-five years. Now came Ole the Bold, a son of King Fridleif, with his army to Sweden, against King On, and they had several battles with each other; but Ole was always the victor. Then On fled a second time to Gothland; and for twenty-five years Ole reigned in Upsal, until he was killed by Starkad the Old. After Ole’s fall, On returned to Upsal, and ruled the kingdom for twenty-five years. Then he made a great sacrifice again for long life, in which he sacrificed his second son, and received the answer from Odin, that he should live as long as he gave him one of his sons every tenth year, and also that he should name one of the districts of his country after the number of sons he should offer to Odin. When he had sacrificed the seventh of his sons he continued to live; but so that he could not walk, but was carried on a chair. Then he sacrificed his eighth son, and lived thereafter ten years, lying in his bed. Now he sacrificed his ninth son, and lived ten years more; but so that he drank out of a horn like a weaned infant. He had now only one son remaining, whom he also wanted to sacrifice, and to give Odin Upsal and the domains thereunto belonging, under the name of the Ten Lands, but the Swedes would not allow it: so there was no sacrifice, and King On died, and was buried in a mound at Upsal.”

The following episode resembles the apocryphal story of Vortigern and the fair Rowena. King Hiorvard, sailing with his fleet near Sweden, was invited by King Granmar to a feast, and royally entertained:—

“King Hiorvard’s high seat was placed right opposite to King Granmar’s high seat, and on the same bench sat all his men. King Granmar told his daughter Hildigunne, who was a remarkably beautiful girl, to make ready to carry ale to the vikings. Thereupon she took a silver goblet, filled it, bowed before King Hiorvard, and said, ‘Success to all Ylfingers: this cup to the memory of Rolf Krake,’—drank out the half, and handed the cup to King Hiorvard. He took the cup, and took her hand, and said she must sit beside him. She says, that is not viking fashion, to drink two and two with women. Hiorvard replies, that it were better for him to make a change and leave the viking law, and drink in company with her. Then Hildigunne sat down beside him, and both drank together, and spoke a great deal with each other during the evening. The next day, when King Granmar and Hiorvard met, Hiorvard spoke of his courtship, and asked to have Hildigunne in marriage. King Granmar laid this proposal before his wife Hilda, and before people of consequence, saying they would have great help and trust in Hiorvard; and all approved of it highly, and thought it very advisable. And the

end was, that Hildigunne was promised to Hiorvard, and the wedding followed soon after.”

The first Saga is considered apocryphal, as indeed the early history of nations always is. With “Halldan the Black’s Saga,” we enter on the historical period, his reign commencing in 841. The third Saga, relating the deeds and prowess of his son, Harald Haarfager, who reigned from about 861 to 931, (succeeding his father when but ten years old)—is characteristic and amusing. This Harald has been made known to the English reader, as the composer of a ballad with the refrain of—

Yet the Russian maiden scorns me.

And in this he certainly appears as closely approximating to the knight of Romance. In his saga, however, no such character is displayed by him, except, perhaps, in valor, and respect for his word—but this is the “true and particular account” of the bold Viking’s courtship:

“King Harald sent his men to a girl called Gyda, a daughter of King Eric of Hordaland, who was brought up as foster-child in the house of a great bonder in Valders. The king wanted her for his concubine; for she was a remarkably handsome girl, but of high spirit withal. Now when the messengers came there, and delivered their errand to the girl, she answered, that she would not throw herself away even to take a king for her husband, who had no greater kingdom to rule over than a few districts. ‘And methinks,’ said she, ‘it is wonderful that no king here in Norway will make the whole country subject to him, in the same way as Gorm the Old did in Denmark, or Eric at Upsal.’ The messengers thought her answer was dreadfully haughty, and asked what she thought would come of such an answer; for Harald was so mighty a man, that his invitation was good enough for her. But although she had replied to their errand differently from what they wished, they saw no chance, on this occasion, of taking her with them against her will; so they prepared to return. When they were ready, and the people followed them out, Gyda said to the messengers, ‘Now tell to King Harald these my words,—I will only agree to be his lawful wife upon the condition that he shall first, for my sake, subject to himself the whole of Norway, so that he may rule over that kingdom as freely and fully as King Eric over the Swedish dominions, or King Gorm over Denmark; for only then, methinks, can he be called the king of a people.’ Now came the messengers back to King Harald, bringing him the words of the girl, and saying she was so bold and foolish that she well deserved that the king should send a greater troop of people for her, and inflict on her some disgrace. Then answered the king, ‘This girl hath not spoken or done so much amiss that she should be punished, but rather she should be thanked for her words. She has reminded me,’ said he, ‘of something which it appears to me wonderful I did not think of before. And now,’ added he, ‘I make the solemn vow, and take God to witness, who made me,\* and

\* This appears a Christian interpolation; at least we find no such vows among the other saga heroes of the Odin religion.



rules over all things, that never shall I clip or comb my hair until I have subdued the whole of Norway, with scatt, and duties, and domains: or if not, have died in the attempt.' Guttorm thanked the king warmly for his vow; adding, that it was royal work to fulfil royal words."

The long-haired monarch forthwith swept the seas with his fleet, dealing death around, and gaining many battles—all of which are told by Snorro with a glee and spirit, that shows he quite entered into the feelings of the hardy Viking. There are many snatches of poetry scattered here and there—relics of ballads made at the very time, and by men who had both fought in the fight, as well as celebrated it in the mead hall—here is part of one:—

"Has the news reached you?—have you heard  
Of the great fight at Hafurdsfiord,  
Between our noble king brave Harald  
And King Kiotvé rich in gold?  
The foemen came from out the East,  
Keen for the fray as for a feast,  
A gallant sight it was to see  
Their fleet sweep o'er the dark-blue sea;  
Each war-ship, with its threatening throat  
Of dragon fierce or ravenous brute,  
Grim gaping from the prow; its wales  
Glittering with burnished shields, like scales;  
Its crew of udal men of war,  
Whose snow-white targets shone from far;  
And many a mailed spearman stout  
From the West countries round about,  
English and Scotch, a foreign host,  
And swordsmen from the far French coast.  
And as the foemen's ships drew near,  
The dreadful din you well might hear;  
Savage berserkers roaring mad,  
And champions fierce in wolf-skins clad,  
Howling like wolves; and clanking jar  
Of many a mail-clad man of war.  
Thus the foe came; but our brave king  
Taught them to fly as fast again."

At length Norway was subdued, and their King Harald "remembered what that proud girl had said, and sent and took her." King Harald, however, only made her one of many wives, for polygamy—another Asiatic characteristic—prevailed among the kings, at least, to a very late period of Scandinavian history. All Norway being now subdued, "at a feast given by Earl Rognvald, King Harald bathed and had his hair cut, which had been uncut and uncombed for ten years, and therefore the king was called 'ugly head.' But then Earl Rognvald gave him the distinguished name, Harald Haarfager, and all who saw him agreed to its truth, for he had the most beautiful and abundant head of hair."

One Christmastide, King Harald was sitting down to table, when a Laplander came, and prayed the king to go with him. The king followed him to his hut, and there stood his daughter, a most beautiful girl, who presented a cup of mead to him. No sooner did he touch the cup and her hand, than he fell most violently in love with her; and then her father demanded that she, although so mean in station, should become the king's wife:—

"Now King Harald made Snæfrid his lawful wife, and loved her so passionately that he for-

got his kingdom, and all that belonged to his high dignity. They had four sons; the one was Sigurd Rise; the others Halfdan Haaleg, Gudrod Liome, and Rognvald Rettilbeen. Thereafter Snæfrid died; but her corpse never changed, but was as fresh and red as when she lived. The king sat always beside her, and thought she would come to life again. And so it went on for three years that he was sorrowing over her death, and the people over his delusion. At last Thorliel the Wise succeeded, by his prudence, in curing him of his delusion, by accosting him thus:—"It is nowise wonderful, king, that thou grieveest over so beautiful and noble a wife, and bestowest costly coverlets and beds of down on her corpse, as she desired; but these honors fall short of what is due, as she still lies in the same clothes. It would be more suitable to raise her, and change her dress.' As soon as the body was raised in the bed, all sorts of corruption and foul smells came from it, and it was necessary in all haste to gather a pile of wood and burn it; but before this could be done the body turned blue, and worms, toads, newts, paddocks, and all sorts of ugly reptiles came out of it, and it sunk into ashes. Now the king came to his understanding again, threw the madness out of his mind, and after that day ruled his kingdom as before."

This story is similar to one told by an old monkish writer of Charlemagne, and which, as the reader may probably remember, is made use of by Southey in one of his ballads. King Harald after this had a son in his old age, who was very beautiful, and he was named Hakon.

"At this time a king called Athelstan had taken the kingdom of England. He sent men to Norway to King Harald, with the errand that the messengers should present him with a sword, with the hilt and handle gilt, and also the whole sheath adorned with gold and silver, and set with precious jewels. The ambassadors presented the sword-hilt to the king, saying, 'Here is a sword which King Athelstan sends thee, with the request that thou wilt accept it.' The king took the sword by the handle; whereupon the ambassadors said, 'Now thou hast taken the sword according to our king's desire, and therefore art thou his subject, as thou hast taken his sword.' King Harald saw now that this was a jest, for he would be subject to no man. But he remembered it was his rule, whenever any thing raised his anger, to collect himself, and let his passion run off, and then take the matter into consideration coolly. Now he did so, and consulted his friends, who all gave him the advice to let the ambassadors, in the first place, go home in safety. The following summer King Harald sent a ship westward to England, and gave the command of it to Hauk Haabrok. He was a great warrior, and very dear to the king. Into his hands he gave his son Hakon. Hauk proceeded westward to England, and found the king in London, where there was just at the time a great feast and entertainment. When they came to the hall, Hauk told his men how they should conduct themselves; namely, that he who went first in should go last out, and all should stand in a row at the table, at equal distance from each other; and each should have

his sword at his left side, but should fasten his cloak so that his sword should not be seen. Then they went into the hall, thirty in number. Hauk went up to the king and saluted him, and the king bade him welcome. Then Hauk took the child Hakon, and set it on the king's knee. The king looks at the boy, and asks Hauk what the meaning of this is. Hauk replies, 'Harald the king bids thee foster his servant girl's child.' The king was in great anger, and seized a sword which lay beside him, and drew it, as if he was going to kill the child. Hauk says, 'Thou hast borne him on thy knee, and thou canst murder him if thou wilt; but thou wilt not make an end of all King Harald's sons by so doing. On that Hauk went out with all his men, and took the way direct to his ship, and put to sea,—for they were ready,—and came back to King Harald. The king was highly pleased with this; for it is the common observation of all people, that the man who fosters another's children is of less consideration than the other. From these transactions between the two kings, it appears that each wanted to be held greater than the other; but in truth there was no injury to the dignity of either, for each was the upper king in his own kingdom till his dying day."

King Athelstan acted a father's part toward his unwished-for foster child. He caused him to be baptized, and well educated, and he also gave him a splendid sword, with the characteristic name of "Quern Biter," because with it "Hakon cut down a mill-stone to the centre." No wonder was it that the possessor of such a sword should be chosen king, when at length his father, after so many battles, peaceably died in his bed.

A period of great confusion seems to have followed the death of Hakon; and in the opening of King Olaf Tryggvesson's Saga, a vivid picture of the reverses to which the greatest were exposed, is given. Queen Astrid and her infant child take refuge on a small island in a lake, until winter compels them to seek shelter; she is pursued from place to place, and after two years' wanderings, at length determines to seek out her brother in Russia.

"Astrid had now a great inclination to travel to her brother there. Hakon the Old gave her good attendants, and what was needful for the journey, and she set out with some merchants. She had then been two years with Hakon the Old, and Olaf was three years of age. As they sailed out into the Baltic, they were captured by vikings of Esthonia, who made booty both of the people and goods, killing some, and dividing others as slaves. Olaf was separated from his mother and an Esthonian man called Klerkon got him as his share along with Thoralf and Thorkils. Klerkon thought that Thoralf was too old for a slave, and that there was not much work to be got out of him, so he killed him; but took the boys with him, and sold them to a man called Klærk for a stout and good ram. A third man, called Reas, bought Olaf for a good cloak. Reas had a wife called Rekon, and a son by her whose name was Rekon. Olaf was long with them, was treated well, and was much beloved by the people. Olaf was six years in Esthonia

in this banishment. Sigurd, the son of Eric, (Astrid's brother,) came into Esthonia from Novogorod, on King Valdemar's business, to collect the king's taxes and rents. Sigurd came as man of consequence, with many followers and great magnificence. In the market-place he happened to observe a remarkably handsome boy; and as he could distinguish that he was a foreigner, he asked him his name and family. He answered him, that his name was Olaf; that he was the son of Tryggve Olafsson; and Astrid, a daughter of Eric Biodaskalde, was his mother. Then Sigurd knew that the boy was his sister's son, and asked him how he came there. Olaf told him minutely all his adventures, and Sigurd told him to follow him to the peasant Reas'. When he came there he bought both the boys, Olaf and Thorgils, and took them with him to Novogorod. But for the first, he made nothing known of Olaf's relationship to him, but treated him well. Olaf Tryggvesson was one day in the market-place, where there was a great number of people. He recognized Klærkon again, who had killed his foster-father Thoralf Lusiskfæg. Olaf had a little axe in his hand, and with it he clove Klærkon's scull down to the brain, and ran home to his lodging, and told his friend Sigurd what he had done. Sigurd immediately took Olaf to Queen Allogia's house, told her what had happened, and begged her to protect the boy. \* \* It was reported that he was in the queen's house, and that there was a number of armed men there. When this was told to the king, he went there with his people, but would allow no blood-shed. It was settled at last in peace, that the king should name the fine for the murder; and the queen paid it. Olaf remained afterwards with the queen, and was much beloved."

Meanwhile his mother underwent equal vicissitudes; having been twice sold as a slave, but at length redeemed by a rich merchant. In this Saga of King Olaf, we are introduced to an important personage in Anglo-Saxon history—Sweyn, the father of Canute. But we must conclude for the present: hereafter we shall trace the progress of Olaf, the wars and reign of Canute the Great, and the deeds of the Vikings in England.

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THE SCOTT MONUMENT AT EDINBURGH.—A meeting of the contributors towards the erection of the monument of Sir Walter Scott in Prince's-st., and of the public generally, is to be held on Monday next, at the request of the committee, for the purpose of laying before the meeting a report on the progress of the structure, state of the funds, &c. We believe it will be shown that there is still a deficiency of funds to finish the monument on the magnificent plan of the architect; but we have no doubt the call of the committee on this occasion will be promptly answered. It is impossible to look on that portion of the noble structure already built, its magnificence of design, and richness of ornament, and to entertain for a moment the idea that it can be left in an unfinished state for want of means to complete it.—*Caledonian Mercury*.



## ACQUEDUCTS AND CANALS—DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Nismes et ses Environs à vingt Lieues à la ronde.* Par E. B. D. Frossard, Pasteur. Nismes, 1834. 2 vols. 8vo.
2. *Illustrations of the Croton Aqueduct.* By F. B. Tower, of the Engineer Department. New York, 1843.
3. *Histoire du Canal du Midi.* Par le Général Andréossi. Paris, 1804.
4. *Memoir of James Brindley.* By Samuel Hughes, C. E. Published in 'Weale's Quarterly Papers on Engineering.' Part I. London, 1843.
5. *A Description of the Canals and Railroads of the United States.* By H. S. Tanner. New York, 1840.

WE have included in our list the work of Mr. Frossard, rather for the sake of recommending it to notice as one of the most interesting topographical publications we have met with, than with any purpose of detailed review. As a hand-book for the antiquarian who visits a district scarcely rivalled in Italy itself for its wealth of Roman remains, or for the naturalist who explores the scorched rocks where the mason-spider builds his guarded domicile, and those marshes of the Rhône still colonized by the beaver and haunted by the ibis and flamingo, this work will be found invaluable. Nor will the moralist find matter less interesting in the reflections derived by the Protestant pastor from a state of society which, scarcely less than Ireland itself, displays the open wounds of yet unexhausted religious strife. Let no traveller decline to purchase the volumes, if still procurable at Nismes. The purchaser will thank us for our advice, and, reading, will learn, among other things, the curious fact that there exist in that city many respectable persons who have never once paid a visit to the neighboring and wondrous relic of Roman magnificence, the Pont du Gard. Let him equally avoid the example of the French resident who, as he lounges about some Protestant or Romish café—(for in Nismes these resorts are as rigidly distinguished as the churches)—cares to see nothing beyond the smoke of his cigar, and of the British traveller, who sees every thing and nothing well. Even should his after residence at Rome be curtailed by a day, that period of time will have been well employed in exploring this most graceful monument. Scarcely from the Coliseum or from the surviving aqueducts of the Campagna will he derive a deeper impression of the bygone greatness of Rome.

When indeed, referring perhaps to the

guide we have recommended, he finds that this massive pile, with its triple tier of arches, from whose summit he has looked down on the Gard beneath at the risk of vertigo, was reared to convey a rill to the town of Nismes, and this probably for the holiday purposes of the Naumachia rather than for domestic uses, he may be at first disposed to cavil at the insignificance of the result as compared with the means. If practised, as English gentlemen are wont to be, in directing provincial public works in his own country, he will perhaps wonder at the oversight of those who neglected to combine in a structure of such labor and expense the usual purposes of a bridge with the original intention of an aqueduct; an omission which modern utilitarian skill has supplied with a vengeance, and to the great detriment of the picturesque. If he possesses a smattering of hydraulics, he will perhaps talk to his wife or daughter of pipes and syphons, and pity the ignorance of Agrippa and his forgotten architect. Now with respect to iron pipes, our countryman will have it all his own way—but if he comes to lead, let him beware. We, or any other Martinus Scriblerus who stands up for antiquity, will brain him with the inverted syphon used in the Claudian aqueduct of Lyons, a fragment of which is preserved in the Museum of that city. Nearer too at hand, in the Museum of Arles, he will find a most respectable length of leaden pipe fished up from the Rhône by the anchor of a trading vessel, and with the name of the Roman plumber who made it at every juncture. It is supposed to have been used to convey water across the bed of the Rhône, there some 600 feet wide and 40 feet deep, from a source at Trinquetaillade to Arles. It was not then entirely from ignorance of hydraulics, but partly at least from choice, that the Romans employed the mason at such expense, and that choice was perhaps wisely governed by their knowledge of the dangerous properties of lead when used for the transport of water for long distances. We have indeed other works of public utility to boast of, which may vie with any of ancient times. We may without unbecoming pride rejoice that we belong to an age and country in which the wasteful magnificence of imperial and other despots is rivalled by the better-directed energies of free subjects. When the first barge passed over the Barton aqueduct, Bridgewater and Brindley might have still better reason for pride than Agrippa and his architect, when from the last stone of the Pont du Gard they looked down on the savage ravine on which a freak of Roman vanity had chosen to exert its art pontifical. Al-

lowing all this, we shall still have to confess that in this particular matter, not of the use of water for the conveyance of goods, but of its own conveyance, we have little cause for triumph. It is not in England that we can find a fit subject of direct comparison with the Pont du Gard or the aqueducts of Italy. We fear our science has only taught us to be niggardly in its application, to substitute for value in use, value in exchange, and to sell by the quart what Romans supplied gratis by the tun. Till London with all its water Companies is as well supplied with accessible water as modern Rome is by only two of the aqueducts, whether fourteen, as some count them, or twenty, which ancient Rome possessed, we must content ourselves, Anglo-Saxon as we are, with resorting to New York for our wise saw and modern instance, and must lead our readers to drink at the Croton aqueduct.

The advantages of such an undertaking as this great public work are not confined to the community which executes it. Its history furnishes a most profitable study to the philanthropist and the engineer, the deviser and the instrument of similar schemes of public benefit of other countries. For a very able compendium of that history, and well illustrated description of the work, we stand indebted to Mr. Tower. May we add that our obligation to him would be increased, if to any future edition of his work a map were appended, showing not only the localities at present concerned, but as much of the neighborhood as would enable us the better to understand the summary he gives us of the various schemes to which the present was ultimately preferred. We are almost led by rumors to fear that the obligation science will be under to the American engineers may be greater than for their sakes we could wish. In some particulars, which we sincerely hope may prove unimportant, their skill is disputed and their full success questioned. Hot discussion has commenced, we believe, in America, but we have no defence before us by the parties whose skill is impugned, nor will it probably be possible to arrive at positive conclusions till further progress shall have been made in the distribution of the supply hitherto obtained. Under these circumstances we are content to take Mr. Tower's description as it stands for the purpose of calling the attention of our readers to a work which, whether completely successful or not, is worthy of great admiration.

The subject of an additional supply of water to the city of New York had forced itself on the attention of its inhabitants so early as 1744, when their numbers only reached

22,000. Various plans were proposed from time to time, but successively abandoned. Meanwhile population increased, yellow fever paid occasional visits, but it was not till that very potent scavenger, the cholera, appeared in 1832, that the energies of the Town Council were effectually roused. At the instance of this body a Commission was appointed by the Legislature early in 1833, which in 1835 finally reported in favor of the plan since executed, and received authority to undertake the work. As might be expected in a country rich in what Americans call water privileges, various plans had been considered by the commission during its two years of deliberation. Some were dismissed on the ground of engineering difficulties; one, which promised a supply from sources some twenty miles nearer than the Croton, failed because, among other reasons, it involved an arrangement with the state of New Jersey; another, as interfering with the navigation of the Hudson to an extent which might call for the interference of Congress. A captious critic might adduce these instances as examples of the vexatious working of a Federal Union. We notice them rather as illustrative of the manner in which the members of a free community, however limited in territory, can meet and overcome difficulties. The difference between their proceedings and those of an arbitrary government is that which Schiller describes when he compares the course of the cannon-ball with that of the winding highway:—

'My son, the road the human being travels,  
That on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow

The river's course, the valley's playful windings,  
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,  
Honoring the holy bounds of property,  
And thus, secure though late, leads to its end.'\*

The Croton river finally triumphed over all competing sources. This stream derives its waters from some twenty natural reservoirs, presenting an aggregate surface of nearly 4000 acres. At a spot forty miles from New York, where the minimum flow equals 27,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours, and the medium 50,000,000, it was found possible, by a dam raised thirty-eight feet above the natural level, to throw back the waters six miles, and form a fountain reservoir of 400 acres.

The next point for consideration was the mode of conveyance:— 'The following modes,' says Mr. Tower (p. 73), 'were presented. A plain channel formed of earth, like the ordinary construction of a canal—

\* Schiller's 'Piccolomini,' Act I., Scene 4: Coleridge's translation.



feeder—an open channel protected against the action of the current by masonry—an arched culvert or conduit composed essentially of masonry and iron pipes.’ The open channel was condemned as liable to filtration, waste of banks, evaporation, admission of impurities from varieties of soil, and as incapable of thorough repair without permanent stoppage of supply. Protection by masonry would obviate some of these objections, but others remained. If iron pipes could be laid at a regular inclination from the fountain reservoir to the city, the expense would still be greater than masonry. Should they follow the undulations of the ground, resistance would diminish the discharge. It was found possible, in Mr. Tower’s phrase, to *grade* a line affording the regular inclination desired, and the close channel of masonry was adopted, with only two interruptions, the passage of the Haerlem river to reach the island, and that of the Manhattan valley in the island itself. The whole description of the conduct of this great work, thirty-eight miles in length, with its ventilators, culverts for streams, and roadways, as given in Mr. Tower’s work, is full of practical information for the engineer; but the passage of most interest is that of the main difficulty of the scheme, the transit of the Haerlem river, a quarter of a mile in width. The plans suggested were various. An aqueduct bridge—an inverted syphon of iron pipes descending to a level near the river’s surface, and passing along a stone embankment perforated by an arch sufficient for the passage of the stream—a suspension-bridge on stone piers, maintaining the regular inclination of the aqueduct, and supporting iron pipes—a low bridge supporting an inverted syphon of iron pipes. The latter was in the first instance adopted, and some progress made towards its execution, when the promoters were thrown back on their resources by an act of the Legislature, which required, either that the parties should tunnel under the river at a specified depth, or raise their structure on arches of eighty feet span and 100 feet elevation above the level of high water. They took counsel on this. The example of the Thames tunnel, though favoring practicability, was not encouraging on other grounds, and a fusion of the two plans, the syphon and the bridge *more Romanorum*, was preferred, and has been executed. Both here and in the Manhattan valley motives of economy have induced the architect to depart from the regular inclination of the stone channel. At Haerlem, Mr. Tower informs us:—

‘The distance between the extremes of the pipes when laid across the bridge will be 1377

feet. For a distance of 18 feet at each end of the pipes there is an inclination, and the remainder of the distance across, 1341 feet, they are level.’—p. 110.

At the Manhattan valley, he continues:—

‘Here was an opportunity for constructing a work of architectural beauty and boldness, by building up with arcades of arches, one line above another, and thus maintain the regular inclination of the aqueduct; but considerations of economy forbade it. During the progress of the bridge, the water is for the present conducted over a low embankment, and advantage has here been taken of a difference of level of 120 feet, to form a magnificent jet d’eau, which rises through an aperture of seven inches to a height of 115 feet.’—p. 112.

Nature has scarcely in any instance submitted her agencies to the guidance of art with a more pleasing result than in the ascent of one of these stately columns, which we think in its simple beauty is usually a better disposal of a powerful current than where it is divided in ascent or broken in its fall by ornamental devices. We say this with due reverence for the two splendid fountains on the esplanade of St. Peter’s, but also with a lively recollection of the jet d’eau of some eighty feet which adorns the royal gardens of Herren Hausen. We envy the New Yorkers so pleasing an object of pilgrimage as Mr. Tower describes in the following passage:—

‘To those who had watched over the work during its construction, and looked for its successful operation, this was peculiarly gratifying. To see the water leap from its opening, and rise upwards with such force and beauty, occasioned pleasing emotions, and gave proof that the design and execution were alike faultless, and that all the fondest hopes of its projectors would be realized. The scenery around this fountain added much to its beauty; there it stood, a whitened column rising from the river, erect, or shifting its form like a forest-tree as the winds swayed it, with the rainbow tints resting on its spray, while on either side the woody hills arose to rival its height. All around was nature; no marble basin, no allegorical figures wrought with exquisite touches of art to lure the eye, but a fountain where nature had adorned the place with the grandeur and beauty of her rude hills and mountain scenery.’—p. 112.

We cannot say that we consider ‘rude hills and mountain scenery,’ if such ‘adorn the place,’ as especially suited to set off the merits of an object so purely artificial; but we rejoice with Mr. Tower that Neptunes and river-gods were spared. We leave the waters we have now traced in the two vast reservoirs constructed in the city for their reception. Into the latter of these they were admitted on July 4, 1842, with a pomp and

ceremony fully justified by the occasion, always presuming that none of Mr. Sydney Smith's money has flowed with them down the arched culvert never to return. The whole cost of the work, exclusive of the future expense of detailed distribution, amounts to nine million of dollars.

The case of the Manhattan valley not inaptly illustrates an observation in perhaps the ablest work which has yet issued from an American pen, Mr. Prescott's 'Conquest of Mexico.' Speaking of the great works of the Tezcucan monarchs, he says:—'The most gigantic monuments of architecture the world has witnessed could never have been reared by the hands of freemen.' The assertion contained in this pithy sentence may perhaps admit of qualification. If permitted to amplify such a text of such an author, we should say that there are but two influences which can generally avail to produce that superfluous magnificence in construction of which Mr. Prescott is speaking:—the vanity of men who command the resources of subject myriads, and that degree of religious enthusiasm which is not perhaps likely to be found among 'freemen' in Mr. Prescott's acceptation of the term, but which has co-existed with conditions of society far removed from servitude. The palace of the Tezcucan Alfred or David, shall we call him, for he resembled both, and the Versailles of Louis XIV., are samples of the one—the mediæval cathedrals of the other. The valley of the Manhattan may serve to show that the deliberate and voluntary contributions of freemen cannot be relied upon for undertakings which the Agrippas of former times were able to execute. In our own time it will be much if the united efforts of Germany, stimulated by a powerful and zealous sovereign, should carry out the unfinished scheme of the Cologne cathedral, bequeathed to them by a petty electorate. Altogether, if we are allowed calmly and not invidiously to draw comparison between the Croton aqueduct and the similar works of old Rome, we shall perhaps conclude that with respect to the conveyance of water for consumption modern skill has hardly attained any signal improvement upon ancient practice. The aqueducts of Rome remain not only unequalled in costly magnificence, but scarcely surpassed in practical attainment of their beneficent purpose.

We cannot, however, omit to mention a work now in progress in the old world, which, though its estimated expense be but a fourth of that of the Croton aqueduct, promises in magnificence to rival the Pont du Gard nearly on its own ground, while it

will exceed the Roman work in utility. The following passage in Mr. Murray's 'Handbook for Travellers in France' (one of the best of his series), coming from an English engineer acquainted with the spot, will best describe it:—

'A highly-important hydraulic work has been projected, and is now in rapid progress of execution under the able direction of M. de Montricher. This canal will derive its water from the Durance, near to the suspension bridge at Pertuis, and this will be conducted by open cutting and tunneling for a distance of 51 miles, through a most mountainous and difficult country, until it reaches the arid territory of Marseilles, where it will be employed for the supply of the city, as well as for irrigation, and giving activity to various branches of industry, which require water power. The section and fall of this canal is calculated to pass 11 tons of water per second, and its levels are so disposed, that this quantity of water will arrive near to the city, at an elevation of 400 feet, above the level of the sea.

'Perhaps no work of this description has been attempted either in ancient or modern times more hardy in its conception, or more really useful in its effects. Three chains of limestone mountains are already nearly pierced by the 10 miles of tunnels which are required to conduct this stream; and an aqueduct, which is to convey it across the ravine of the river Arc (about 5 miles from Aix) is now in construction; its elevation above the river will be 262 feet and its length across the ravine 1230 feet. The design for this gigantic structure is in excellent taste, and as a work of art, it will not suffer from comparison with the famous Pont du Gard, which it will much surpass both in altitude and size. The estimated cost of this canal is about 450,000*l.*, and this sum is raised by the city of Marseilles without aid from the government. The revenue arising from this work will be principally from supplying water for irrigation, as the value of land in such a climate is quadrupled if water can be so applied to it.'—*P. T.\**

Our English peculiarities of soil and climate are not such as to familiarize us with the merits of works of this class, which in the early periods of civilization probably took precedence of the navigable canal, whether instituted for purposes of war or commerce. The canal of irrigation hardly ranks among our greater public works, and in England has only been applied on a small scale by individual proprietors. Even here, however, a visit to the Duke of Portland's water meadows at Clipstone in Nottinghamshire will furnish some conception of the efficacy which such works may possess in the arid climates and soils of Southern Europe and the East.

\* It is not expected that the canal of Marseilles will effect the purification of the port. The water will be otherwise employed, and another plan for effecting this has been proposed by Mr. P. Taylor.



The power of Eastern despots has probably seldom been applied to such purposes with the systematic skill displayed by the English nobleman in question. It is, however, evident that on works of this description were based the resources and grandeur of dynasties whose triumphs have long since shrunk into a coin, of those forgotten Bactrian kings whose effigies have been dug up by the thousand by Mr. Masson and other recent travelers, as well as of the more modern Babers and Shah Jehauns. The remains of many of these great works, choked and neglected as they are, have sufficed to disclose to the observant officers of our Indian army, the secret of the former wealth and population of districts now abandoned to sterility. Could the influence of British power have been consolidated either directly, or through the medium of some docile sovereign, in the plains of Affghanistan, a trifling outlay on the restoration of some of these works would have sufficed to spread over those plains the fertility they once enjoyed; and the mountain chiefs are so dependent on the plain for their support, that their submission would have followed without the necessity of storming their strongholds. A short time before the insurrection against the British and Shah Souja broke out, one of our officers, Captain Drummond of the Bengal cavalry, employed on a mineralogical survey of Affghanistan, made a report to the Envoy, strongly urging the measure of restoring a canal of irrigation in the Kohistan district, north of Caubul, which in the palmy days of the Bactrian empire had watered the plain of Begram, one of the districts most remarkable for the evidences of former wealth and population, but now an arid desert. The rumor of the project reached Meer Musjidi, one of the mountain chiefs, whose fastness commanded the neighboring valley of Nijerow, and who had been conspicuous among the most implacable opponents of our arms. He was, however, dependent upon Caubul for every supply, except that of corn and sheep alone, which the valley under his control produced, and which he exchanged with the city for all other articles of necessity. He was so alarmed at the prospect of a new and intervening source of supply about to compete with that of his own valley in the market, but also so attracted by a hope of a share in the profits, that he immediately sent in proposals of friendship and zealous co-operation in the project to the officer in question, who had planned a journey to confer with him on the subject, when the insurrection broke out which doomed Captain Drummond to a long and memorable captivity in the hands of barbarians.

Barbarians as they were, it is but justice to them as well as to their captive to add, that he owed his life on more than one occasion to well earned feelings of good will and the appreciation of his good offices towards them, which in his previous intercourse he had contrived to instil into their rugged bosoms.

With reference to the application by man of inland water to purposes of commercial transport, modern superiority is more incontestable. The invention of locks alone has left Sesostrius and Drusus at an immeasurable distance. To men living in an age of steam-engines and Daguerreotypes it may appear strange that an invention so simple in itself as the canal-lock, and founded on properties of fluids little recondite, should have escaped the acuteness of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. When we reflect, however, for how many centuries the principle of the printing press lay dormant, yet alive, in the stamped brick of Babylon, and the signet-rings of kings and senators, we shall cease to wonder. Some have supposed that locks were used, before they were known to Europe, in China—that vast repository of ideas partially carried out, and inventions unimproved; but it is not certain, even if certain locks described by Nieuhoff, a follower of a Dutch embassy in the seventeenth century, were such as are in use in Europe, that they were coeval with the construction of the canal, which dates from 1289. We doubt whether at this time the double-gated lock exists in China; but, if it does, we think it was probably introduced there by missionaries from Europe. In the article of embankment we might indeed possibly take a lesson of the Chinese. Some of their canals carried through extensive lakes by this contrivance have no parallel in Europe.

In Europe the two great modern subsidiaries to inland navigation, the navigable aqueduct and the lock, have been very generally ascribed to Italy and the fifteenth century. By more recent authorities the lock has been claimed for Holland. The first instance we can trace of the aqueduct is that of the canal of Martesana in the Milanese, which in 1460 was conducted over the torrent of Molgora by means of a bridge of three arches of some thirty feet span.

It has been usually supposed that the double-gated lock was invented by the brothers Domenico and Viterbo, and first applied by them in 1481. This supposition originates with Zendrini—one among the most distinguished on the long list of Italian mathematicians.

Zendrini, born in 1679 near Brescia, was placed in 1720, by the united suffrages of

Ferrara, Modena, and Venice, at the head of a commission of engineers appointed to settle several important hydraulic questions between these conterminous states. Of all legislation that for running waters is perhaps the most difficult, whether it affect the rights of different states or of subjects under one sovereignty. Let him who doubts this try his hand on a general drainage and bog improvement bill for Ireland. Such an appointment speaks the acknowledged eminence of the man. Venice at the same time gave him the permanent office of mathematician to the republic and superintendent of the waters belonging to that commonwealth of beavers, as Buonaparte was wont to call that state.

In Zendrini's 'Treatise on the Laws, Phenomena, Regulation, and Uses of Running Waters,' the following passage occurs:—

'One of the most efficacious methods of compelling rivers to submit to navigation, when naturally unfitted for it by reason of their rapid descent, is that of *sostegni*.'

We cannot satisfy ourselves with a translation of this word. In this particular passage the word *lock* would answer the sense; but in others it admits a more extended interpretation, and may indicate almost any of the older contrivances by which water is alternately sustained and liberated, weir, lasher, &c. Such were the contrivances mentioned by Mr. Telford as in use till lately on the Thames:—

'The first expedient which occurred was to thrust the boat as nearly as possible to the rapid, and having well fastened her there to await an increase of water by rain; and this was sometimes assisted by a collection of boats, which, by forming a kind of floating dam, deepened the water immediately above, and threw part of the rapid behind themselves. This simple expedient was still in practice at Sunbury, on the Thames, since the beginning of the present century; and elsewhere the custom of building bridges almost always at fords, to accommodate ancient roads of access, as well as to avoid the difficulty of founding piers in deep water, afforded opportunity for improvement in navigating the rapid formed by the shallow water or ford; for a stone bridge may be formed into a lock or stoppage of the river by means of transverse timbers from pier to pier, sustaining a series of boards called paddles, opposed to the strength of the current, as was heretofore seen on the same River Thames where it passes the city of Oxford at Friar Bacon's Bridge, on the road to Abingdon. Such paddles are there in use to deepen the irregular river channels above that bridge; and the boat or boats, of very considerable tonnage, thus find passage upwards or downwards, a single arch being occasionally cleared of its paddles, to afford free passage through the bridge. In this sense of the word, the arches of old London Bridge were designated as *locks*,

some of the widest of them being purposely closed up to low-water mark by sheet-piling, which (with the sterlings of framework, filled with rubble-stones for protection of the piers) retained the river navigable for some hours to Richmond at high water, sometimes quite to Kingston. The next degree of improvement was the introduction of modern locks, at first for distinction called *pound-locks*, wherein water was impounded for the reception of the boat; and these pound-locks, improved by modern accuracy with side walls and convenient sluices, have not only rendered the Thames and most of our other English rivers navigable, but, by economizing the water requisite for the transit of boats shaped to the lock, have given rise and scope to canal navigation; that is, to water carriage where no river or stream existed or does exist.'—*Telford's Narrative*, p. 57.

The word *sostegno* seems peculiarly applicable to the original contrivance, intended rather to bear up and sustain the weight of water than to enclose and *impound* it. The word *conca*, also in use in Italy, might appear to answer more closely to our pound-lock; it is, however, constantly used in the same sense as the simple *sostegno*. A scientific correspondent, whose opinion is entitled to much deference, and who is disposed to attribute to this country an early, perhaps an independent, application of the pound-lock, partly founds that conclusion on the fact that the English term *lock* is purely national. It is, as he has suggested to us, not the Italian *sostegno* or *conca*, the Dutch *sluys*, the French *écluse*, but the Anglo-Saxon *loc*, enclosure; and he infers, if, as usually supposed, we had borrowed the invention, we should have borrowed the name. We are inclined to doubt the force of this philological argument. Our term is at least an exact *translation* of the Dutch *sluys* and the German *schleusse*, which, whether to be traced through the French *écluse* and Italian *chiusa* to the Latin *claudo* and *cludo*, or to the nearer source of the Teutonic *schliessen*, has the same signification, to enclose, shut up. Till we have positive evidence to the contrary, we shall be inclined to believe that the pound-lock came to us through Holland in the seventeenth century, and that the word *lock*, *loc*, or *lokke*, when used before this period, signified nothing more than the *sostegno* did in Italy previously to the fifteenth century. Zendrini continues:

'By means of these (*sostegni*) even rivulets can be made available for boats; and this not only on level plains, but even in hilly countries. For this reason their inventor has certainly great claims of merit on society at large. I have made much research to discover his name, and to certify the date of so valuable a discovery, but without success, unless certain information, derived



from private papers, afford some light towards recognizing the meritorious contriver. I have found then that Denis and Peter Domenico, brothers, of Viterbo, acquired in 1481, September 3d, from Signor Contarini a certain site in the bastion of Stra, near Padua, in order to form in it a channel from the Piovego, the canal which comes from Padua to the aforesaid place, Stra; and in a certain memorial from these brothers, dated the same year, calling themselves Maestri di Orologgio, they set forth that they will enable boats and barges to pass through the sluice of Stra without danger, without being unloaded, and without being dragged; contriving at the same time that the waters shall issue with facility. . . . To these then, at least within the Venetian states, we may ascribe the honor of this invention, not finding any one else who had previously conceived or put in practice the idea.

So far, then, we have Zendrini's opinion that the achievement of lifting or lowering a loaded vessel, without traction, from one water level to another, was first accomplished by the brothers of Viterbo, though he gives it with some hesitation. This opinion, embraced by many, derived for a time confirmation from its adoption by Frisi.

Frisi was born at Milan in 1729, and having obtained an European reputation for his illustrations of the sublimest branches of the Newtonian philosophy, gave much of his attention to hydraulics. He travelled more than is usual with men of his pursuits and ecclesiastical profession; and in the latter period of his life made himself in England personally acquainted with the works of Brindley.

We have not seen the two earlier editions of Frisi's book on navigable canals published in 1762 and 1770;—but it is plain from the translation by Major General Garstin, that at that period Frisi fully concurred in the views of Zendrini. Frisi, however, revised and republished his work in 1782; and from some passages of this last edition it is clear to us that he had then found reason to change his opinion, and to ascribe the invention to a greater man than either of the brothers of Viterbo.

'The ancients,' he says, 'understood the method of moderating the excessive descent of rivers, of maintaining the necessary supply of water, of absorbing it into reservoirs, and using it both for the defence of places and the irrigation of country, by means of certain sluices, which could be lifted up for the passage of boats. Belidor has described them in the 4th book of his "Architectura Idraulica." These had no spaces divided off in their interior, and were of the kind called *Conche piâne*. Such precisely were the two *sostegni* commenced in 1188 and finished in 1198, under the direction of Alberto Pitentino, architect; the one before the gate of Mantua, called the Cepeto gate, and the other at Gover-

nolo, twelve miles distant—the first to dam up the waters of the Mincio, and to form the upper lake of Mantua; and the second to form the under lake so called, and to continue the navigation of the Mincio to the Po. Such also *must have been* the old *Sostegno* of Stra, the work of two engineers of Viterbo in 1481, to facilitate the passage of barges from the canal of Padua, commonly called the Piovego canal, into the Brenta; a *sostegno* now in disuse, and which does not seem to have been constructed *with any difference of level between the upper and inferior beds* (fondo), as far as we can judge from the hinges of the gates, which are still extant. The most ancient staircase locks (*sostegni a gradino*), of which I have found notice, are those of the canal of the navigation of Venice, those of the canal of Bologna, and those which form the communication of the two canals of Milan. All these are very nearly of the same date; and I should be inclined to believe that the invention of them may be attributed to Lionardo da Vinci.'

After describing the merits and properties of the invention, and some peculiarities of various specimens of it, Frisi proceeds, speaking of two locks on the navigation of the Brenta:—

'The construction of these *sostegni*, and the present system of the navigation of the Brenta into the laguna of Venice, is posterior to the diversion of the Brentone, which was commenced in 1484. In the canal of Bologna the *sostegno* of Battiferro has the area of the interior  $6\frac{1}{2}$  Bolognese feet lower than the threshold of the upper gates. And this work was constructed in 1484, according to Masini in his "Bologna Perlustrata." The six *sostegni* which form the communication between our two canals were projected and executed by Lionardo da Vinci, and were completely finished in 1497, as we learn from a public inscription. From all which, not having been able to verify with precision either how much the *sostegni* of the Venetian navigation are posterior to 1484, or how much the idea of ours at Milan was anterior to 1497, I should be inclined to believe that the first invention of *sostegni a gradino* may be attributed to Lionardo da Vinci.'—*P. Frisii Opera*, vol. ii. Mediol. 1783.

Venturi, a more recent writer, and one of scarcely less repute than the two above quoted, throws back the invention to an earlier period. He writes:—

'It has been said that Vinci was the inventor of the double-gated lock, that ingenious machine which has opened so many issues to internal commerce among the moderns. But it is not he who first imagined them. The Venetians had constructed some on the Piovego in 1481; and Philip Maria Visconti had caused some to be executed about 1440. I believe that some were constructed even in the fourteenth century.'

The quotation from the 'Rerum Italicarum Scriptores' of Muratori, on which Venturi seems to rely for the achievements of Vis-

conti, is rather vague,—‘*Meditatus est et aquæ rivum, per quem ab Abiate Vighianum usque sursum veheretur, aquis altiora scandentibus machinarum arte quas conchas appellant.*’ Visconti did, however, more than meditate some contrivance by which a communication was effected between two canals of a different level. Much information on these works of Visconti is to be found in the preface to Lionardo’s ‘*Trattato della Pittura*,’ by Carlo Amoretti, librarian to the Ambrosian Library, Milan, 1804. A canal of irrigation, derived from the Ticino, had, it appears, been commenced by the Milanese so far back as 1179. This canal was then only carried from Abiate on the Ticino, as far as Gagliano, about half the distance to Milan. In 1227, it was prolonged to Milan; and was probably then first converted to purposes of navigation, for the various streams which traversed or flowed near the city were then directed into it; and in 1296 a project was conceived of uniting it with the Lambro, and through that river with the Po, which, however, was not then executed. In 1438, one of those incidental stimuli was applied to the ingenuity of the Milanese engineers which so often lead to unforeseen consequences. The construction of St. Peter’s indirectly assisted the Reformation;—that of the Duomo of Milan led to some step in advance in hydraulics, which, if not amounting to the double-gated lock, was shortly followed by that invention. It was to overcome the difficulty of conveying the materials for the Duomo, furnished from the Alpine quarries of Candoglia, that some contrivance became necessary for lifting vessels from one level to another. The Ticino and the canal had brought the marble to the suburbs of the city, but there it remained, till the ditch of the city, having been rendered navigable, but at a higher level, certain *conche* were devised for passing the vessels by an alternate increase and decrease of the water. ‘*Pro faciendo crescere et decrescere aquam.*’ These are the words used in an account of the expenses of the work existing in the archives of Milan. One of these, the Conca di Viarena, constructed in 1439, raised vessels to a height of four Italian *braccie*. We think these facts and dates make Visconti and his engineers formidable rivals to Zandrini’s brothers of Viterbo; but, in the absence of any design or other certain description of the *conca* of this period, we still doubt whether it can be classed with the pound-lock, or was, in fact, much more than the application of the *sostegno*—long used in rivers—to effect a junction between two artificial lines of navigation under circumstances which gave a considerable command of water. It

appears that the raising of the lower level was obtained by stopping, at a fixed hour, and for a considerable time together, the apertures established along the length of the canal for purposes of irrigation. Amoretti, speaking of the machinery for regulating the issue at these apertures, uses the surgical word *otturamento*, a styptic application. It is probable that these issues, and that by which the canals were connected, were of the simple and clumsy construction still used in China—bars of wood resting on one another in two vertical grooves of masonry, and elevated in succession as occasion requires. For these the improvement of a sliding flood-gate was in time substituted, which is said to have been borrowed from our masters in the art of military engineering, the Turks.

But none perhaps of the Italian writers who have discussed these matters had better opportunities of investigating the Milanese archives, or took more pains to do so with reference to the works of Visconti, than Fu magalli. The following passage from his book on the antiquities of Milan (1792) will show that his inquiries left him a warm, though not an unreasonable or uncompromising advocate of the claims of Lionardo—if not to the absolute invention, at least to the practical application of the *lock* to purposes of inland navigation:—

‘For the rest, in asserting for Lionardo the boast of the invention of the *conca*, we do not pretend that it was entirely his own, or that it issued an entire novelty from his brain. We know for certain that before his time other *conche* and *sostegni*, and the like contrivances, had been constructed on rivers and canals, and specially on our own. We have seen above, that at Viarena a *conca* had served since the year 1439 to facilitate the passage of barges from the great canal to the ditch of the city, in which latter there was also a second *conca* near the suburb of the Porta Vercellina. The existence of other *conche* in the little canal near the Benaglio, in the year 1471, is apparent from a despatch of that year of the magistracy, one of which *conche* was probably the one at the spot called Gorla, which, in a decree of 1533, Francis Sforza the Second ordered to be removed, probably as having been rendered useless by the construction, in 1496, of the one situated at the Cassina de’ Pomi. If, in the designs of *conche* in the Ambrosian MSS., Lionardo’s object was to delineate that alone which was of his own invention, in such case we should have to attribute to him three particularities at once among the most beautiful and the most singular, inasmuch as all three are discernible, slightly sketched by his hand. The first is that of the gates turning on hinges, for the purpose of the more easily opening and shutting. The second is the closing of the same at an obtuse angle, the construction best adapted to sustain the pressure of the water, and for management against a current. The third has reference



to the little doors or sluices in the gates for the rapid filling or emptying of the *conca*. And the fashion so sketched by Lionardo is the one since practised in the rest of Italy, in Holland, and in France, in the formation of *conche* on rivers and canals, all posterior in date to ours.\*

Our readers will hardly fail to observe that in a passage which we have quoted from Frisi, there is distinct mention of hinges in the case of the *sostegno* constructed at Stra by the brothers of Viterbo. We have also to remark that the term *sostegni a gradino*, as used by the advocates of Lionardo, must be taken to imply merely a system of locks applied at various distances to the same canal, but not in immediate connexion, like those of the Bridgewater canal at Runcorn, or those of Mr. Telford at the western termination of the Caledonian. Frisi is distinct on this point.

'Above all,' he says, 'that invention deserves to be known in Italy which unites together different *sostegni*, so as to effect an immediate passage from one to the other. With us the *sostegni* are all isolated, and separated one from the other by a portion of the canal. In France, in Sweden, in Flanders, and in other countries, wherever it is necessary to partition off a considerable fall in a tract of no great extent, the *sostegni a gradino* are constructed in such a manner that the descent takes place immediately out of one into the other, and thus the intervening gates belong equally to the two contiguous chambers.'

Frasi, who had seen the works of Brindley at Runcorn, might have added, that it would be the object and boast of an engineer so to construct his canal as to force together as much as possible in this manner the lockage which it required. The uninterrupted level of the Bridgewater canal from Leigh and Manchester to Runcorn, and the concentration of its descent to the Mersey at the latter place, have always been considered as among the most striking evidences of the genius and skill of Brindley.

From all these disquisitions we are led to infer that some doubt exists whether the brothers of Viterbo really effected any material improvement in certain clumsy contrivances which existed in Italy in the fourteenth century, perhaps even so far back as the twelfth. One fact only seems certain, that the first application of a series of locks by which water and what it floats is made to walk up and down stairs, was the work of that mastermind, which for variety of accomplishment has no equal perhaps in the records of human genius and acquirement—of one who had the hand of Apellas and the head of Archimedes—who with the first could with equal felicity

give their respective expression to the countenances of our Lord and his betrayer, and trace the intricacies of wheel-work and the perspective of machinery—with the second could all but anticipate in an age of comparative darkness, the discoveries of Copernicus, Newton, and Cuvier. Those who think these terms exaggerated may refer to the pages of Mr. Hallam's 'History of Literature' for the confirmation of such part of our eulogy as is not to be found in the MS. folio of the Ambrosian library, or on the wall of the Dominican refectory. It is strange that in such a city as Paris the works of such a man should be allowed to remain unprinted and unedited. A Vinci Society at Paris would be a worthy rival to our Bannatyne, Shakspeare, Camden, Spalding, *et hoc genus omne* in Britain.

Lionardo's work, which still exists, was inspected as a model in 1660 by F. Andreossi, for whom the honor has been claimed by his descendants of the scheme for the great canal of Languedoc. It is rather remarkable that so early a work should so long have maintained so high a reputation in such a school of hydraulic art as Northern Italy. It is perhaps to be accounted for by the circumstance that the territorial divisions of the district so copiously watered from the Alps and Apennines, presented political obstacles to continuous lines of artificial navigation: hence the skill of the engineer was rather directed to purposes of drainage, irrigation, and security, to 'tame the torrent's thunder-shock,' or fertilize the marsh, than to make the best of friends and the worst of enemies (as the Duke of Bridgewater was wont to call water) subservient to purely commercial purposes.

For the claim of Holland to priority in the application of the lock, we refer our readers to the article on Inland Navigation in Brewster's 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' attributed to the authorship of Messrs. Telford and Nimmo. Their researches led them to the conclusion that the invention was known in Holland at least a century before its application in Italy. With the utmost deference for these two eminent names, we are yet inclined to doubt whether the instances they quote in support of this position are sufficient to establish it. The *placeat* granted so far back as A. D. 1253, by William Count of Holland, to the city of Haerlem, for the construction of certain sluices at Spaarendam, ordaining 'transmeatum quemdam aquarum qui Spoya vulgariter appellatur, vel foramen. . . . per quod majores naves cum suis oneribus possint de facili pertransire in Dampuo apud Sparnam,' is, we think, inconclusive, and we doubt whether either this or the other exam-

\* Delle Antichità Longobardico-Milanesi, tom. ii. p. 126.

ples quoted of Dutch works anterior to the fifteenth century establish any thing further than the application of some form of the early *sostegno* or single-sluice, more or less improved. We consider, however, that the conclusions of such writers make this branch of the subject well worthy of further investigation. It is not in our judgment at all improbable that in an age when ideas travelled more slowly and precariously than at present, the engineers of the two countries may have worked in complete independence each of the other. The artificial navigation of Italy was doubtless more exclusively of an inland character, and the invention of the Dutch had the additional stimulus of the natural circumstances which lead to the necessity of the tidal-sluice and lock-gate in its various forms.

In Mr. Prescott's notice of the canal constructed by Cortez in 1521, for the military purpose of conveying his brigantines from Tezcuco to the neighboring lake, we find mention of dams and locks. As indeed the distance was half a league, and as the operation appears to have been that of rendering a mere brook or ravine (*fossata*) navigable for vessels of some burthen, it would be difficult to conceive how some such contrivances could have been dispensed with; but we have to regret that among the extracts cited in Mr. Prescott's notes from Spanish authorities, there is no passage which describes them. (See 'History of the Conquest of Mexico,' vol. iii. p. 78.) The description of the work by Cortez himself in his third relation, addressed to Charles V., does not condescend to many particulars, but he gives the depth by the rough measurement of the human stature, 'quanto saria la statura di due homini.' (Ramusio, vol. iii. p. 266.) The countrymen of Cortez in Old Spain have achieved but little in this line. The canals of Aragon and Segovia are their only works of any consequence, and both are unfinished. The former, commenced by Charles V. in 1529, but remodelled and extended in the latter part of the last century, is described by a recent traveller, Captain S. Cook, R. N., as presenting an unnecessary width of surface to the sun, a great mistake in a warm climate, and as more used for irrigation than traffic. The aqueduct by which it crosses the valley of the Rio Zabon is said to be a magnificent work of the kind, and to have cost about 130,000*l*. Should Spain ever enjoy the advantage of a government, its attention might be usefully directed to effecting the junction of the two seas by the extension of this canal from Tudela to some point on the coast of Biscay.

Of two locks in Sweden, Mr. Telford says, 'near Wenernsborg two connected locks

have long existed, each 182 feet in length and 39 feet wide. They were constructed about the year 1600, in the reign of Charles IX., by Dutch engineers, probably under the direction of John of Ostrogotha, who had travelled much and seen such inventions. He died in 1618.'

The first locks constructed in France, it is supposed, were the seven adjacent locks at Rogny, on the Canal de Briare, commenced by Henry IV. in 1605, and conducted during the five following years of his reign under the superintendence of Sully. The work was interrupted by the assassination of Henry, and not resumed till 1638. As, however, the main difficulties of the line were dealt with under his reign, and as its completion in 1642 only carried out the original plan, the credit due to the sovereign and the minister of having set an early example in the improvement of inland intercourse remains unaffected. That example produced brilliant consequences in the reign of Louis XIV. The Canal of Orleans, begun in 1682 and finished in 1692, saved eighteen leagues of difficult and precarious river navigation between Orleans and Briare. The Canal de Loing, finished in 1724, completed the junction of these two canals with the Seine.

Further south meanwhile the power and enterprise of Louis had been displaying itself on a far greater scale. The Canal of Languedoc, begun in 1667 and finished in 1681, had realized a project which for centuries had inspired the fancy of the greatest rulers of France—Charlemagne, Francis I., and Richelieu—the junction of the ocean with the Mediterranean. For any detailed description of this undertaking we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the numerous works extant and accessible on the subject, such as those of De la Lande, the Chevalier Allent, and General Andreossi. The latter author sets forth the evidence on which he founds the claim of his ancestor, F. Andreossi, as the original inventor of the plan which he certainly assisted to execute, to the exclusion of the pretensions of Riquet, as asserted in an inscription on the lock of Toulouse, and admitted for many years without question.

We are ill qualified to decide on the merits of a controversy which still has its warm and enlightened partisans on either side in France. It is more to our purpose—that of noting a few leading facts and features of the rise and progress of inland navigation—to call attention to its relative state at this period in England. We are indebted to Mr. Hughes for a quotation inserted in his interesting 'Memoir of James Brindley,' which bears



upon this subject. It is from a work of one Francis Mathew, who, in the year 1656, addressed the Protector Cromwell on the advantage of a water communication between London and Bristol :—

‘Mathew in his day,’ says Mr. Hughes, ‘was probably considered a bold and daring speculator; and what was the extent of the plan by which he proposed to effect his object? It was this: to make the rivers Isis and Avon navigable to their sources by means of sasses, and to connect their heads by a short canal of three miles, across the intervening ridge of country. It is amusing enough to follow the argument of this primitive amateur, for he ventures not to call himself an engineer, in his endeavor to convince the world that his project, novel and gigantic as he admits it to be, is not beyond the capacity of the state to execute. As for private enterprise, whether by individuals or by a corporation, he considers it quite out of the question for such a work; but he ventures to think that the state might execute it with a reasonable prospect of success.

‘The condition,’ says Mr. Hughes, ‘of engineering science in the time of Mathew may be inferred from the following extract from his book, relating to the general subject of inland navigation. He recommends—

“To rise as high, in opening the said rivers, as they shall be found feasible, there to make a wharf, magazine, or warehouse, for all such commodities as are useful to those parts of the country, both for trade and merchandizing, and service in time of war with far greater expedition. If any other river, practicable for boats, lye near the head or side of the said river, and that the ground favor the opening of a still river to be drawn between them, then to joyn them with sasses or otherwise. But should the ground be repugnant, then a fair stone causey, not exceeding one litle day’s journey for horses or carts, to be raised between the said rivers. By the like industry many mediterranean passages by water, with the help of such causeys, would be formed from one sea to the other, and not to have the old channel of any river to be forsaken for a shorter passage; for, as hath been said, rivers are never out of their way.”

It is hardly fair to look down from the height of modern achievement with contempt on a man who, at all events, did his best to call public attention to a neglected subject. Had Mathew succeeded in fixing upon it the vigorous mind of the Protector, his feeble suggestion might have fructified, and Bridgewater and Brindley might have been anticipated by a century. It is true that while such a representative of the engineering science of England was addressing the English Government, Colbert, Riquet, and Andreossi were digesting the scheme for the junction of the Atlantic with the Mediterranean, and

dealing with elevations and volumes of water from which Mathew would have shrunk in dismay. It is perhaps strange that Louis XIV.’s grandiloquent and characteristic proclamation, which made so many French bosoms beat high, should have had no echo in England. It is, however, far stranger that the example of the great work, accomplished in 1681, with its 100 locks, its 36 aqueducts, and its elevation of some 600 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, should for eighty years have been lost upon England; and that when the hour and the man at last arrived, a scheme more substantial, but far less gigantic, should have been treated as the dream of a madman. We cannot even find that the Canal of Languedoc was ever cited by Brindley or his employer in reply to the wise men who questioned their sanity. It is true that the Canal of Languedoc affords no example of a navigable aqueduct, the piers of which stand in the bed of a navigable river, and constructed on a scale which leaves the navigation of that river unimpeded; but even the Pont du Gard might have sufficed to strip Brindley’s project of the Barton Aqueduct of its supposed impracticability. If Brindley, however, was acquainted with the existence of such works at this period, he was assuredly so ignorant of their details as to be utterly innocent of plagiarism. With regard to the Duke of Bridgewater himself there is more room for doubt. He certainly visited France and Italy in his youth; and hence Mr. Hughes, while defending zealously, and we think most justly, his claim as the originator of navigable canals in England, infers that ‘undoubtedly he had seen and studied the great canal works of Italy, Holland, and other countries.’ The question is one of more curiosity than importance, but there is at least no proof of the truth of the assumption.

The history of Francis Duke of Bridgewater is engraved in intaglio on the face of the country he helped to civilize and enrich.—His memory is held in veneration in his own country, and beyond it; and, we may add, in affection as well as respect by the population of his own Lancashire neighborhood, a race zealous in its attachments, and not indisposed to what Mr. Carlyle calls ‘hero worship.’ The best records of an eminent man are certainly his works. The ‘Principia’ and the ‘Transfiguration’ are more substantial memorials of Newton and Raphael than the pages of any biographer; but yet few are altogether indifferent to even the pettiest minutiae of the lives and the habits of such men. We love to hear of Newton’s untasted and forgotten dinner, and to trace in Vasari Raphael’s morning progress to the Vatican surrounded

by enthusiastic pupils. In this instance our curiosity for such details has been but slenderly gratified. Correspondence to ransack, there is none. It is not strictly true to say, as has been said, that Brindley could not write; but it is true to say of his employer that he would not; he had at least an aversion to the use of the pen. We know not that, with the exception of meagre articles in foreign works, any one has attempted to discharge for the Duke the task of biography; which in the case of Brindley has been more than once performed.\* These remarks are no preface to any such deliberate attempt of ours; yet a few scattered notices of so remarkable a benefactor to his country may be worth collection and admission into these pages:—*'His saltem accumulem donis.'*

Francis, sixth Earl and third and last Duke of Bridgewater, was born in 1736, the youngest of five children. His father died when he was eleven years old; and one only of the four elder brothers had lived to enjoy for a short time the title. On the death of this brother, Francis succeeded to the dukedom.—Though the loss of a mother, usually a far greater misfortune than that of a father, was spared him, it is said that he met with little attention from one whose affections in the first year of her widowhood were transferred to a second husband. It is certain that his education was much neglected; and we have heard that some attempt was contemplated to set him altogether aside on the score of mental deficiency. Horace Walpole writes to his Florentine Pylades, Sir Horace Mann, in 1761, —‘You will be happy in Sir Richard Lytton and his duchess—they are the best humoured people in the world.’ We have reason to believe that little of this valuable quality was dispensed to the benefit of the sickly boy, who probably gave little promise of long surviving his consumptive brothers, and less of future eminence in any department. The field of exertion which he lived to select could hardly be foreseen by wiser people than his worldly relatives. His guardians, the Duke of Bedford, and his brother-in-law, Lord Trentham, sent him at the age of seventeen to make the tour of Europe. They selected for his companion a man of the highest distinction for talent and acquirement, the scholar, the traveller, and the antiquarian, Robert Wood, author of the well-known works on Troy, Baalbeck, and Palmyra. The usual consequences of this Mezentian connection be-

tween an accomplished and matured man and a backward and unruly boy did not fail to show themselves, and evidence exists that Wood often wished himself back in the desert he had so lately left. His work on Palmyra, which was published immediately after his return from the East, bears date 1752, and in March of the following year he started with his pupil. To a man so gifted his new companion must have been a bad exchange for Bouverie and Dawkins: and who ever yet felt the luxuries of European travelling a compensation for the delights of the desert?—Wood, indeed, was no college pedagogue, but a man of the world—of that world which acknowledges a Chesterfield as its guide in morals as well as behavior. He was induced with some difficulty to persevere in his undertaking. It is probable that during their residence in Italy he may have communicated to his pupil some taste for the arts, which afterwards displayed itself in the formation of the Bridgewater Gallery. He sat for his portrait to Mengs, probably by the duke's desire, for the picture is now in the Bridgewater collection. The duke made also some purchases of marbles, tables of Egyptian granite, such as still tempt English purses in the shops of the Roman scarpellini. These, however, remained in their original packing-cases till after his death. We much regret that we have been unable to find any trace of the duke's route beyond Lyons, except his visit to Rome. It is possible that the works of Lionardo on the Milan canal may have engaged his attention; and equally so that, on his return homeward, he may have taken a route through the south of France, which, at Narbonne, Toulouse, or elsewhere, may have brought the greater works of Louis XIV under his observation; but we have nothing but conjecture to guide us, and we have no reason to believe that he passed through any part of Holland.

We have little record of the duke's habits between the period of his journey and the attainment of his majority. The Racing Calendar bears witness that from 1756 to 1770 he kept race-horses. He had also for some time a house at Newmarket. The bulky man of after years was once so light and slender of frame that he occasionally rode races in person; and on one such occasion we have heard a bet was jokingly proposed that he would be blown off his horse. He rode a race in Trentham park against a jockey of royal blood, the Duke of Cumberland. Whatever were his pursuits, or the degree to which he indulged in them, they soon merged into the one occupation of his remaining life.

It will sometimes happen, as Dryden tells us,—

\* The notices of the duke in those two valuable works, the French ‘Biographie Universelle’ and the German ‘Conversations Lexicon,’ have antedated his birth by ten years.



'That when some proud usurper Heaven provides,  
To scourge a country with his lawless sway,  
His birth perhaps some petty village hides,  
And sets his cradle out of fortune's way !'

If men occasionally rise from obscurity to such perilous elevation, it fortunately also sometimes occurs that others born to coronets on their cradles, and scutcheons on their coffins, will descend from the dignity of doing nothing to the office of thinking and acting for the benefit of their fellow-creatures. As England is not a country of Spanish grantees, and the blood of her aristocracy is, in sporting phrase, continually crossed, there are no physical reasons why the higher faculties of the mind should not be pretty equally distributed among all her classes.—With reference, however, to that portion of her aristocracy which had been compared to the Trinity House, in that it is composed of elder brethren, it may be said that political ambition is the incentive which most usually calls its powers into conspicuous action. The fact is, that politics are the most social of serious pursuits; and though real distinction in this sphere, as in others, is only to be gained by great sacrifices of ease and pleasure, it is still compatible with a large indulgence in the social excitements which wealth and inherited station hold out for acceptance, and which even, to some extent, form part of the business of a political leader, and become agents of his influence. If Sir Isaac Newton had been born to an earldom and a rent-roll, his parents or guardians might have warned him that Euclid was very well, but that fluxions did not become a gentleman; and the sacred fire within him might have burnt out in the calculations of political finance, or, more unprofitably, on the course of Newmarket or at the gaming-table. The self-exile from the circle we are ticketed from birth to enter, the brooding over one design, the indomitable perseverance which can alone master success in such objects as those of the Duke of Bridgewater's manhood, can, in the nature of things, seldom be exhibited by the nobles by inheritance of any country. It is well known that they were conspicuously exhibited by the Duke of Bridgewater. Perseverance was in his nature, but we believe that accident had a share in its development—that a disappointment in love first alienated him from what is called the world—and that this affair of the heart was the cardinal passage of his existence. We mention it not merely as having influenced his destiny, but also as having afforded a signal illustration of that determination of character and resolute will which afterwards carried him through all his difficulties.

Deeply smitten with the charms of one of two sisters famous for their beauty, he had sued and been accepted; and the preliminaries of the marriage were in progress when an obstacle occurred. The reputation of the other sister, more renowned for beauty of the two—though hardly with justice, if the engravings of the day be faithful—but undoubtedly more fair than wise, had suffered from evil reports. The duke, who had heard and (as men of the word usually do where female reputation is concerned) believed, announced to his intended bride his resolution against a continuance of intimacy: we know not whether the prohibition extended to intercourse. Sisterly affection revolted at this condition, but he persevered to the extent of breaking off the marriage. Such scruples in an age not remarkable for rigid aristocratic morality, and on the part of a pupil of Wood, might be suspected to indicate want of ardor in the attachment. The circumstances, however, refute this suspicion. The charms of the lady alone had attracted the suitor—charms which had, previously to the duke's suit, placed one ducal coronet on her brow, and speedily replaced the one she now sacrificed to sisterly affection, by another.

Their impression was in this instance so deep, and the sacrifice so painful, that he who made it to a great extent abandoned society, and is said never to have spoken to another woman in the language of gallantry. A Roman Catholic might have built a monastery, tenanted a cell, and died a saint. The duke, at the age of twenty-two, betook himself to his Lancashire estates, made Brindley his confessor, and died a benefactor to commerce, manufactures, and mankind.

While upon this subject it may be worth while to remark that our account of this episode in the duke's life may serve to supply the readers of Horace Walpole with the explanation of a passage in one of his letters to Marshal Conway. He writes, Jan. 28, 1759,—

'You and Mr. de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition. You do not exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. . . . It is the prettiest match in the world since yours, and everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Coventry. What an extraordinary fate is attached to these two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part I expect to see my Lady Coventry Queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world prematurely to make room for the rest of their adventures.'

We do not profess to know why Lord Coventry should have objected to his sister-in-law's second marriage. We have explained why the Duke of Bridgewater may have done so. Was it to conceal his chagrin, and carry off his disappointment with a good grace, that he performed a feat very inconsistent with his after habits, alluded to in the subsequent letter of March 9th to Sir Horace Mann:—

‘Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton are married. My sister, who was at the Opera last Tuesday, and went from thence to a great ball at the Duke of Bridgewater’s, where she staid till three in the morning, was brought to bed in less than four hours afterwards.’

Beyond the allusion quoted above from Horace Walpole we have met with no written notice of this incident in the duke’s life; but our oral authority is such as to leave us no doubt on the subject, and we cannot think that we have over estimated its importance. We are aware that the validity of his claim to the title which by general consent has been bestowed upon him, of Father of British Inland Navigation, has been cavilled at on two grounds—first, on that of an act obtained by his father, Scroop, first Duke of Bridgewater, and others in 1737, for rendering Worsley brook navigable; and secondly, on the stronger instance of the Sankey navigation, the act for which was obtained in 1755, and which was opened in 1760, whereas the duke’s first act received the royal assent in March, 1759, and the Barton aqueduct was opened in July, 1761. The first ground of impeachment we consider hardly worth notice, unless to illustrate the difference between a vague and timid conception, the execution of which was never attempted, and the brilliant realizations of Brindley. On the second Mr. Hughes makes the following remarks, p. 8:—

‘The credit of the Duke of Bridgewater having been denied by some, who contend that the Sankey Brook Canal in Lancashire was constructed and designed before his, it may be proper to examine the truth of this assertion. In the year 1755, an act was obtained for making the Sankey Brook navigable from St. Helens to the river Mersey, but the proprietors of the navigation afterwards determined to abandon the stream and to make an entirely new canal, using the water of the stream merely to feed the canal. Accordingly the canal was dug as close along the side of the stream as practicable, and opened for navigation in the year 1760. In the mean time the Duke of Bridgewater applied to Parliament in 1758 for power to construct a canal, not in the bed of any stream, not near or parallel with the course of any stream, but entirely across the dry land, and quite irrespective of the position of streams, except in so far as they might be made to afford supplies of water to his canal. Upon a consideration of these facts, I confess myself un-

able to see any ground whatever for putting the merit of any other person in this respect in competition with that of his grace, who undoubtedly deserves the whole credit of planning, at the time of attaining his majority, a work which reflects immortal honor on his memory, and confers a rank upon him greater, immeasurably greater, than all that which is due to his title and his station. Undoubtedly he had seen and studied the great canal works of Italy, Holland, and other countries, and he deserves undivided credit for having so perseveringly determined to see them imitated in his own country and through his own means.’

We have given elsewhere our reasons for doubting the assumption of Mr. Hughes as to the effect of the duke’s continental tour.—With his other observations we concur, and, doing so we are inclined to lay the greater stress on the probability that if the duke had become the husband of the most beautiful woman of her day, he might indeed have become the father of a race of Egertons, but not of inland navigation. This title could hardly have been won, unless circumstances had allowed of the complete and continued concentration of the whole energies of the man on the one object. Under the influence of eyes not inferior to those of the duke’s ancestress, Churchill’s loveliest daughter, immortalized by Pope, when he writes in his epistle to Jervas, how—

‘Beauty waking all her forms supplies  
An angel’s sweetness, or Bridgewater’s eyes’—

he would have been more likely to have protracted his honey-moon in the myrtle shades of Ashridge than to have adopted the course by which alone his canal schemes could have reached success—namely, fixed his residence in the coal-field of Worsley and on the confines of Chat Moss. In the lady’s opinion, at least, Brindley and Gilbert might have been unwelcome additions to a connubial *tête-à-tête*, and uncouth appendages to circles recruited from White’s and Almack’s. Even- tual Egertons might also have been strong prudential checks on speculations which as things turned out could involve no ruin but his own, but which at one time brought him so near its verge that almost any one but a childless enthusiast would have retreated in dismay. We must take into account that if the duke started on his foreign travel under disadvantage from neglected education, he returned from Paris, in the modern phraseology of Christ Church and Trinity, a *fast* young man, on which point we have evidence as satisfactory as that on which we have relied for the fact of his intended marriage. The following communication, furnished by the kindness of a surviving contemporary of his latter years, will show the pitch of slowness to which



he afterwards retrograded. So little is recorded of his personal habits that we make no apology for minutiae not strictly relative to our main subject:—

‘It was in the summer of 1797 that I passed a few weeks at Trentham with his grace. He was every day (as who in that eventful period was not?) very anxious for the arrival of the newspapers and intelligence from London, and when there was no London bag, which was then the case on Tuesdays, he called it emphatically a *dies non*. At table he rejected with a kind of antipathy all poultry, veal, &c., calling them “white meats,” and wondering that every one, like himself, did not prefer the brown. He rebuked any one who happened to say port-wine, saying, “Do you ever talk of claret-wine, Burgundy-wine? &c.” In person he was large and unwieldy, and seemed careless about his dress, which was uniformly a suit of brown, something of the cut of Dr. Johnson’s. Mr. — of — passed some days with us, and during his stay the duke was every evening planted with him on a distant sofa in earnest conversation about canals, to the amusement of some of the party. I can confirm the race with the Duke of Cumberland;—it was in allusion to the altered appearance and dress of the Duke of Bridgewater that the Marquis of Stafford mentioned to the late Chief-Baron Macdonald and myself what a change there was in his person and apparel since his grace rode that race in blue silk and silver with a jockey-cap;—and I believe the ground on which it took place was the terrace at the back of the wood. Apropos of the Duke of Cumberland’s visit to Trentham, the old greenhouse (*fruit room*, and Mr. Barry has levelled these things) was hastily built just before that visit as a skittle-ground for his royal highness to play in. There was also prison-bars and other games of the villagers for his amusement.’

If any of the fast young men of the present day are readers of this Review, these passages may serve as a warning to them to resist the first inroads of business, the seduction of the *improba syren* occupation, lest peradventure they live to build steeples instead of chasing them, or to dig ditches instead of leaping them, and sink in dress, habits, and occupations, to the level of Dr. Johnson or the Duke of Bridgewater. For ourselves we have dwelt thus long on this passage of the duke’s life for the same reason and with the same interest with which travellers trace great rivers to their sources, and historians great events to their obscure causes. We are far from supposing that if he had never lived England could long have remained contented with primitive modes of intercourse inadequate to her growing energies. Brindley himself might have found other patrons, or if he had pined for want of such, Smeatons, Fultons, and Telfords might have arisen to supply his place. But for the happy conjunction, how-

ever, of such an instrument with such a hand to wield it, inland navigation might long have had to struggle with the timidity of capitalists, and for a time at least would perhaps have crept along, obsequious to inequalities of surface and the sinuosities of natural water-courses. When we trace on the map the present artificial arterial system of Britain—some 110 lines of canal, amounting in length to 2400 miles—when we reflect on the rapidity of the creation, how soon the junction of the Worsley coal-field with its Manchester market was followed by that of Liverpool with Hull, and Lancashire with London—we cannot but think that the duke’s matrimonial disappointment ranks with other cardinal passages in the lives of eminent men, with the majority of nine which prevented the projected emigration of Cromwell, and the hurricane which scattered Admiral Christian’s fleet and drove back to the Downs the vessel freighted with Sir Arthur Wellesley and his fortunes.

If we had any reason to suppose that, previously to this affair, the duke differed from other young men in respect of susceptibility to female attraction, the following paragraph from a newspaper of the day would furnish an indication at least to the contrary. Its date is October 11, 1755: ‘A marriage will soon be consummated between his Grace the Duke of Bridgewater and Miss Revel, his Grace being just arrived from his travels in foreign parts.’ Such a paragraph leaves a wide field for conjecture.

If, as we have reason to believe, the lady in question was the daughter of Thomas Revel, of Fetcham, in Surrey, who married in 1758 George Warren, of Pointon in Cheshire, afterwards Sir G. Warren, K. B., she was a considerable heiress. The newspapers are certainly prone to bestowing young dukes and great heiresses on one another upon slight provocation, and without any consent or collusion of the parties. Still we may reasonably hope that the report was at least founded on the solid basis of a flirtation. We wish we could ascertain whether it went the length of dancing. In France we know that his grace resisted an infusion of that accomplishment with the usual tenacity of a young Englishman. Like other boys, he was more amenable to the fencing-master. His habits of riding continued to a late period of his life, and a groom and two horses formed part of his reduced establishment at Worsley, when he is said to have brought his personal expenses within 400*l.* per annum.

By the members of the circles he thus abandoned, by those who missed him at the betting-stand, the club, or the assembly, he was

probably considered a lost man. They were mistaken, but not unreasonable. When certain stars shoot thus madly from their spheres, they seldom shine in any other. When a man of birth and wealth, sensible of the effects of a deficient education, shrinks from the toil of self-improvement, which can alone raise him to his proper level, and flies from contact with his equals in rank because they are superior in cultivation, it is terribly probable that low company and sensual indulgence will be the substitute for that he quits. To the co-operation of such causes with his love disappointment the duke's abrupt secession was probably attributed; and if so, his friends and relatives must have considered their worst anticipations confirmed when rumors reached them from Lancashire that his two chief associates were a land agent and a millwright.

There was, however, a work to be done. The hour was at hand when the latent manufacturing and commercial energies of England were to be set loose by the inventions of Watt, and Arkwright, and Crompton. To their development the improvement of internal intercourse was an essential preliminary. The instruments for this great work were selected by Providence from the highest, the middle, and the humblest classes of society, and Bridgewater, Gilbert, and Brindley, formed the remarkable trio to whom the task was delegated. Of these, Gilbert, whose functions as a coadjutor were the least distinct, has attracted least notice, but if his share in the transaction could be certified, we doubt whether it would be found that he contributed much less to its success than the other two.

We are unable to trace with positive certainty the circumstances which introduced John Gilbert to the notice of the duke; but as the elder brother Thomas was agent to the duke's brother-in-law, Lord Gower, by whose influence he sat for the borough of Lichfield, there can be little doubt that this was the channel of the introduction. John Gilbert was much engaged in mining speculations. In some of these it is probable that he became cognizant of the merits of Brindley, who so far back as 1753 had engaged in the draining of some mines at Clifton, near Manchester. We have no doubt that it was Gilbert who introduced Brindley to the duke, but we have no positive evidence of intimacy between Gilbert and Brindley earlier than 1760, when the brothers Brindley, and Henshall, the brother-in-law of James, purchased the Golden Hill estate, full of minerals, in partnership with Gilbert. Gilbert was also an active promoter of the Trent and Mersey ca-

nal, of which Brindley became the engineer, and is said to a trifling degree to have turned his influence with the latter to his own advantage, by procuring a slight deviation from the original scheme of the Harecastle Tunnel, and bringing it through his own estate. J. Gilbert is described to us by a surviving friend as a

'practical, persevering, out-door man. He loved mines and underground works; had like to have been killed at Donnington Wood, when he was down in the work, by holding his candle too near the roof. The foul air went off with a loud explosion, and blew the gearing at the pit eye into atoms. He was saved by a collier throwing him flat down and lying on him in the drift, but had his stock burnt partly off his neck, and the crown of his head scorched. The collier was badly burned, but Mr. Gilbert provided for him and his family.'

We may mention that the elder brother Thomas was the author of those parochial unions which bear his name, and which, having been unquestionable improvements on the old system of poor-law, have been much used as engines of resistance to the introduction of the new.

It is certain that in J. Gilbert's energy, perseverance, and firmness, the duke found a spirit kindred to his own. It has been said that, when the moment arrived for admitting the water into the Barton aqueduct, Brindley's nerve was unequal to the interest of the crisis, that he ran away and hid himself in Stretford, while Gilbert remained cool and collected to superintend the operation which was to confirm or to confute the clamor with which the project had been assailed. On some important points of engineering connected with this aqueduct he successfully maintained his opinions against those of Brindley. One anecdote connected with Gilbert illustrates the extent of the pecuniary difficulties which the duke experienced in the progress of his undertaking, by the nature of the expedients to which he was compelled to resort. It is well known that at one period the duke's credit was so low that his bill for 500*l.* could scarcely be cashed in Liverpool. Under such difficulties Gilbert was employed to ride round the neighboring districts of Cheshire, and borrow from farmers such small sums as could be collected from such a source. On one of these occasions he was joined by a horseman, and after some conversation the meeting ended with an exchange of their respective horses. On alighting afterwards at a lonely inn, which he had not before frequented, Gilbert was surprised to be greeted with evident and mysterious marks of recognition by the landlord, and still more so when



the latter expressed a hope that his journey had been successful, and that his saddle bags were well filled. He was unable to account for the apparent acquaintance of a total stranger with the business and object of his expedition. The mystery was solved by the discovery that he had exchanged horses with a highwayman who had infested the paved lanes of Cheshire till his horse had become so well known that its owner had found it convenient to take the first opportunity of procuring one less notorious.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than the origin and progress of the Bridgewater Canal presented to that of the Canal du Midi. No turgid proclamation heralded the former, 'written'—as Andreossi avers of that of Louis XIV.—'in that elevated style, and bearing the impress of that firm and noble character which marks alike the projects and the productions of the age of Louis XIV.' There was no Colber to find the funds, no Riquet to receive the magnificent entailed reward of the profits, no Cornille to furnish the flattery. To these and such as these, armed with all the paraphernalia of maps and sections and calculations, Louis gave audience in his sumptuous chamber at Versailles. Round the humble hearth of the black and white timbered manor-house of Worsley, or of the still humbler village inn, three hard-headed men, of simple manners and attire, discussed a project unnoticed by governments, and deemed hopeless by the few besides themselves who gave any attention to the matter. To fill the place of a sovereign, the uncontrolled master of vast revenues, there was an English nobleman, proprietor of extensive but somewhat encumbered estates; and if to conceive and direct the work there was a greater original genius than Riquet or Andreossi, that genius could barely read and write, and was hired in the first place at two and sixpence a day. Such at least is the statement of one who had enjoyed opportunities of information,—Francis Egerton, the last Earl of Bridgewater, who died at Paris in the odor of eccentricity. He adds that Brindley offered to engage himself exclusively to the duke for a guinea a week,—but a slight increase on the former sum. If this be true, it confirms the French proverb that the *vrai* is not always the *vraisemblable*. It is clear that at the time when Brindley entered the duke's service his fame as a mechanician was considerable. He had already introduced inventions of his own for the drainage of mines, the improvement of silk-machinery, and the grinding of flints for the potteries of Staffordshire, and in 1756 he had begun to apply his vigorous intellect to the

steam engine. It is said, however, that in all or most of these matters he had been thwarted and restricted by the jealousy of rivals and the stupidity of employers. It is probable enough that disgust with his late patrons, sympathy with the new, the nature of the task before him, and consciousness of power to accomplish it, may have combined to make him court the duke's service on the lowest terms. For his own interest the speculation, perhaps, was not a bad one; for it appears that very speedily after the commencement of the Bridgewater Canal, Brindley was employed by Earl Gower and Lord Anson to survey a line for a projected canal between the Trent and the Mersey. There can be little doubt, as Earl Gower was the duke's brother-in-law, that the selection of Brindley was at the duke's recommendation.

As the materials for Brindley's life in the 'Biographia Britannica' were furnished by his brother-in-law, Mr. Henshall, it could hardly be expected that at this distance of time his present biographer, Mr. Hughes, could add much to the little there recorded of his personal peculiarities. The following remarks on his professional character appear to us in the main well founded. After giving a summary of the great works on which Brindley was engaged, which comprises some dozen of the principal lines of navigation in the kingdom, Mr. Hughes proceeds:—

'In taking a hasty retrospect of Brindley's engineering career, it is important to observe that all the works he projected, planned, and executed, are comprised within a period of twelve years, and by far the greater part of them within the last seven years of his life. It is amazing to reflect that the man who had to struggle, without precedent or experience to guide him, with all the difficulties which attended the early history of canals, should himself have effected and originated so much. There can be no doubt that he possessed an intellect of the highest order, that his views were most comprehensive, and his inventive faculties extremely fertile. Brindley was wholly without education, and it has even been asserted that he was unable to read and write, the utmost extent of his capacity in the latter accomplishment extending no further than that of signing his name. This, however, has been disputed, on the authority of his brother-in-law, who stated that he could both read and write, though he was a poor scribe. However this may be, it is certain that he was quite ignorant in the vulgar sense of the word Education, and perfectly unacquainted with the literature of his own or any other country. It may be a bold assertion, and yet I believe it to be one with strong presumptions in its favor, that Brindley's want of education was alike fortunate for himself, for the world, and for posterity. There was no lack of scholars in his day more than in our

own; nay, the literary coxcomb had then a more flourishing soil in which to vegetate. But where were the Brindleys among those scholars? Where were the men capable of the same original and comprehensive views, the same bold unprecedented experiments upon matter and the forces of nature, which the illiterate Derbyshire ploughboy dared to entertain and undertake? If we range the annals of the whole world, and include within our survey even those examples of sacred history where divinely appointed ministers were raised to work out great designs, we shall find no instance more remarkable, nor one which more completely violates the ordinary expectations and probabilities of mankind than this, in which the uneducated millwright of a country village became the instrument of improving beyond the bounds of sober belief the condition of a great nation, and of increasing to an incredible amount her wealth and resources. But it may be asked, why would Brindley have been less fit or less likely to accomplish all he did, if at the same time he had been educated? The answer is, that a mind like Brindley's would have lost much of its force, originality, and boldness, if it had been tied down by the rules of science, his attention diverted by the elegancies of literature, or his energy diluted by imbibing too much from the opinions of others. Alone he stood, alone he struggled, and alone he was proof against all the assaults of men who branded him as a madman, an enthusiast, and a person not to be trusted.'—p. 42.

This passage, and more in the same style, shows the estimation in which Brindley's talents are still held by men conversant with all recent improvements, and competent by their own professional studies to judge of his achievements. Mr. Hughes's comparison of him with Moses and Joshua, we consider ill-judged and not in point; inasmuch as civil engineering had nothing to do with the passage either of the Red Sea or the Jordan. That Brindley at a certain period of his life could write, rests upon better testimony even than the report of his relation, as specimens of his writing were furnished not long since from the office at Worsley, for the use of Mr. Baines, author of that excellent work, 'The History of Lancashire.' Of a singular scheme attributed to Brindley, that of a bridge over the Irish Channel between Portpatrick and Donaghadee, Mr. Hughes remarks:—'We know nothing, except that it was said to have been a very favorite scheme of Brindley's, and was to have been effected by a floating road and canal, which he was confident he could execute in such a manner as to stand the most violent attacks of the waves.' We know of no better authority than a newspaper paragraph for attributing any thing so foolish as this idea to Brindley. If he ever entertained it, two things are cer-

tain—that his head was turned by success and adulation, and that he had never been in the Irish Channel in a gale of wind. The latter is likely enough; we are slow to believe the former of a man so eminently practical and so simple-minded.

Of Brindley apart from his works little then can be said, because little is now known. With regard to the personal habits and character of his great employer, it may be neither superfluous nor inappropriate to mention that if he declined to fill, in the House of Lords or elsewhere, the place assigned to him by birth and wealth, as a resident landlord and employer he left behind him a deep impression not only of power and authority, but of the kindly virtues, which in his case, as in many others, lurked under a somewhat rough exterior. If he preferred the conversation of a few friends and confidants of his schemes to the gossip of London circles, his intercourse with the poor man and the laborer was frequent and familiar, and his knowledge of their persons and characters extensive. His surviving contemporaries among this class mention his name with invariable affection and reverence. Something like his phantom presence still seems to pervade his Lancashire neighborhood, before which those on whom his heritage has fallen shrink into comparative insignificance. The Duke's horses still draw the Duke's boats. The Duke's coals still issue from the Duke's levels; and when a question of price is under discussion—What will the Duke say or do? is as constant an element of the proposition, as if he were forthcoming in the body to answer the question. He had certainly no taste for the decorations which lighten and adorn existences less engrossed by serious pursuits. The house he built commanded a wide view of the works he constructed and the country he helped to fertilize, but it was as destitute during his life of garden and shrubbery, as of pineries, conservatories, and ornamental pigsties. Rising one morning after his arrival from London at this place, he found that some flowers had been planted in his absence, which he demolished with his cane, and ordered to be rooted up. The laborer who received the order, and who in the Lancashire phrase was *flytten* for this transgression of the Duke's tastes, adds that he was fond enough however of some Turkey oaks which had been brought down from a London nursery-garden, and took much interest in their proper disposal. His nature had certainly more of the oak than the flower in his composition, though not, in Johnson's phrase, the nodosity without the strength. While resident in London his so-



cial intercourse was limited within the circle of a few intimate friends, and for many years he avoided the trouble of a main part of an establishment suited to his station, by an arrangement with one of these, who for a stipulated sum undertook to provide a daily dinner for his Grace and a certain number of guests. This engagement lasted till a late period of the Duke's life, when the death of the friend ended the contract. These were days when men sat late even if they did not drink hard. We believe the Duke's habits were no exception to the former practice, but if we may judge from a Worsley cellar-book, which includes some years of his residences there, his home consumption of wine was very moderate. He is said to have smoked more than he talked, and was addicted to rushing out of the room every five minutes to look at the barometer.

We have conjectured that the Duke's early association with Wood might possibly have generated the taste for old pictures which ultimately displayed itself in the formation of the Bridgewater collection: an accident, however, laid the foundation of that collection. Dining one day with his nephew Lord Gower, afterwards Duke of Sutherland, the Duke saw and admired a picture which the latter had picked up a bargain for some 10*l.* at a broker's in the morning. 'You must take me,' he said, 'to that d—d fellow to-morrow.' Whether this impetuosity produced any immediate result we are not informed, but plenty of d—d fellows were doubtless not wanting to cater for the taste thus suddenly developed: such advisers as Lord Farnborough and his nephew lent him the aid of their judgment. His purchases from Italy and Holland were judicious and important, and finally the distractions of France pouring the treasures of the Orleans Gallery into this country, he became a principal in the fortunate speculation of its purchase. A conversation recorded with Lord Kenyon, father to the present lord, illustrates his sagacity in matters connected with his main pursuit. At a period when he was beginning to reap the profits of his perseverance and sacrifices, Lord Kenyon congratulated him on the result. 'Yes,' he replied, 'we shall do well enough if we can keep clear of those d—d tramroads'

Nothing was more remarkable in the operations of the duke and his great engineer than the rigid economy with which they were conducted. It is well known that the ingenuity of Brindley, as his novel task rose before him, was constantly displaying itself in devices for the avoidance or the better distribution of labor. It was perhaps for-

fortunate that the duke possessed no taste for those luxuries of architectural embellishment with which the wealth of modern railroad companies enables them, without imprudence, to gratify the public eye. The indulgence of such a taste might have risked the success of his undertaking, and the fame of a ruined speculator might have been his lot. He shrunk, however, from no expense and no experiment which, to use a phrase of his own, had utility 'at the heels of it'; nor was his one of those ordinary minds which are contented with a single success, and incapable of pushing a victory. About the end of the last century, at a moment when other men would have been contented with results obtained before Bell or Fulton had shown the availability of the steam paddle-wheel for navigation, he made an attempt to substitute the steam-tug for horse towage on his canal. The following notice from one of his surviving servants substantiates this interesting fact:—

'I well remember the steam-tug experiment on the canal. It was between 1796 and 1799. Captain Shanks, R. N., from Deptford, was at Worsley many weeks preparing it, by the duke's own orders and under his own eye. It was set going, and tried with coal-boats; but it went slowly, and the paddles made sad work with the bottom of the canal, and also threw the water on the bank. The Worsley folks called it Buonaparte.'

It may be presumed that the failure was complete, for no second trial appears to have been made. Eight coal-boats were, however, dragged to Manchester, of twenty-five tons each, at a little more than a mile an hour. We find in Mr. Priestley's volume that a similar experiment was made on the Sankey Canal in 1797, when a loaded barge was worked up and down by a steam-engine for twenty miles; but, singular as it may appear, says Mr. Priestley, to this time vessels have continued on this canal to be towed by manual labor. The application of steam power to haulage on canals has, by the invention of the submerged screw propeller, been rendered a mere question of comparative expense, as all detriment, either to banks or bottom, from the propelling machinery, is obviated. In the case, however, of heavy goods, we apprehend that no material increase in the rate of speed can be obtained, as the mere displacement, independent of the cause of motion, generates, at a slight increase of velocity, a wave sufficient to destroy any banks not fenced with masonry. Mr. Houston's beautiful discovery has indeed shown, that if the speed can be increased to a considerable extent the evil ceases — at

least with boats of a particular construction; and the fast passage-boats, long used on the Glasgow and Lancaster canals, and lately adopted on the Bridgewater, have proved the merit of his invention. The labor to the horses is somewhat painful to witness, though the stages are short. In other respects we scarcely know any aquatic phenomenon more agreeable to the eye than the appearance of one of these vessels at her full speed. In grace of form and smoothness of motion they rival the swan-like gondola itself of Venice.

Descriptions, more or less detailed, of the duke's works are to be found in many publications. It may be sufficient here to state that the line of open navigation constructed under his acts, beginning in Manchester, and branching in one direction to Runcorn, in another to Leigh, amounts in distance to some thirty-eight miles, all on one level, and admitting the large boats which navigate the estuary of the Mersey. Of this the six miles from Worsley to Leigh were constructed after Brindley's decease. We use the expression *open*, because to this we have to add the extent of subterranean navigable canals, by which the main produce of the Worsley coal-field is brought out in boats, to be conveyed on the open canal to its various destinations. This singular work was commenced in 1759, and has been gradually pushed on, as new coal-workings were opened and old ones became exhausted. Fris speaks of them with much admiration at a period when they extended for about a mile and a half:—at the time we write, the total length of tunnels amounts to forty-two miles and one furlong, of which somewhat less than two-thirds are in disuse, and rendered inaccessible. There are in all four different levels. The main line, which commences at Worsley, is nine feet wide and nine high, including four feet depth of water. The others are the same height, but only eight feet wide. Two are respectively at fifty-six and eighty-three yards below the main line: the fourth is thirty-seven yards above it. The communication with the latter was formerly conducted by means of an inclined plane, which has however been disused since 1822, the coal being now brought by shafts to the surface. Distinguished visitors have visited this curious nether world. The collective science of England was shut up in it for some hours, rather to the discomfiture of some of its members, when the British Association held its meeting at Manchester in 1843. Heads, if not crowned, destined to become so, have bowed themselves beneath its arched tunnels: among others, that of the

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present Emperor of Russia. The Duc de Bordeaux is the last on the list.

In his testamentary dispositions for the entail of his Lancashire estates, it is well known, at least to conveyancing lawyers, that he evinced extreme anxiety to carry power beyond the grave. As this desire in its excess becomes often a subject of animadversion, it is just to observe that the main object he had in view in this portion of his will was to secure to the public the continuance, the perpetuity, as far as human things can be perpetual, of the advantage of his undertakings. Whether, in devising a scheme for this purpose, by which power was to be dissociated from property, he adopted the best means for his end, may be doubted. The purpose is the more unquestionable, as he left the other portion of his magnificent possessions without a single condition of entail.

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them as we may."

The gentlemen of Liverpool and Manchester, who originated the railroad between those towns, will well understand us when we say that one effect of his peculiar dispositions for the management of his canal property after his death, was to accelerate the introduction of 'those d—d tramroads' in which his sagacity taught him to foresee dangerous rivals to the liquid highway.

In 1829 the time was doubtless ripe for the introduction of that wonderful contrivance, the locomotive engine, and from obvious local circumstances it was almost inevitable that Liverpool and Manchester should take the lead in its adoption. The fact is nevertheless notorious that the manner in which irresponsible power had for some time been exercised, with reference to the public, in the management of the Bridgewater line of navigation, accelerated a crisis which under other circumstances might for a time have been delayed. Great fear and confusion of mind fell upon canal proprietors. The invention which, in the opinion of many practical men, was to supersede their craft, started like Minerva full armed from the brains of its various contrivers. Few machines in the records of human ingenuity have attained such early perfection as the locomotive engine. It placed the powers of fire at once at issue with those of water:—

"Old Father Thames reared up his reverend head,  
And fear'd the fate of Simois would return;  
Deep in his sedge he sought his oozy bed,  
And half his waters shrunk into his urn."

It was vain to raise the cry, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' The progress of anterior



improvements was appealed to, and with justice. The Yorkshire fox-hunter going to or returning from his sport will occasionally find himself on a flagged pathway, flanked on either side with an abyss of mud, and only wide enough to admit of progress in single file. This is the packhorse road of our ancestors, and, except the occasional semblance of the animal itself with its load displayed on village-signs, things as retentive of odd bygone facts as the picture-writing of the Mexicans is now the only memorial of a mode of communication which in the memory of man was hardly superseded by the wagon and the coach. The latter machines, doubtless, still survive; but many a tinkling peal of bells was silenced, many a set of dock-tailed horses with their accoutrements of tinted worsted put in abeyance by Brindley, as many a four-horse coach has since been slapped into flies and station omnibuses by the Harlequin wands of the Brunels and Stevensons. Even their inventions begin to tremble. We can hardly expect that in our time the disembodied spirit of Bishop Wilkins, if it revisit the glimpses of the luminary it proposed while in the body to invade, will be gratified by the triumph of some aerial machine over the railroad. He must be a bold man, however, who would now predict how long the capital vested in the present system of railroads may continue undisturbed and unaffected by some new application of power. While we write, it is possible that nothing but the mass of the investment and the pre-occupation of lines of country (and even these are but feeble impediments to British enterprise and ingenuity) prevent it from being so interfered with by the atmospheric railroad. Perhaps some still simpler scheme of galvanism, or gaseous explosion, is fermenting in the cranium of some unknown mechanician, which may supplant the invention of Watt. Of the relative prospects, then, of railroad and water-carriage, it would be presumptuous to speak; but some dozen years of experience enable us to say that there is an inherent force of vitality in the latter, which will at least secure it an honorable death and respect from its conquerors.

As such an euthanasia is, we trust, for the present postponed, we would fain leave not altogether unnoticed one or two topics which we consider worthy the deep attention of all in any way connected with the administration either of canals or railroads. The former have raised, the latter are raising, within the sphere of their influence, a population which by its numbers and its exigencies ought to remind us of a great truth—a

truth quite as often lost sight of amid the pursuits of peaceful gain as in the hot chase of military fame and conquest—more often, we fear, forgotten in Protestant than in Roman Catholic countries—'Man does not live by bread alone.' We are not now on the subject of railroads, and we forbear addressing to that quarter considerations to which we believe and trust that corporate bodies comprising the *élite* of the land for wealth and intelligence are already alive. The case of canals, also, we consider in some respects more peculiar and more pressing. The floating population of the latter is by its avocations and its migratory habits rendered in some respects almost as distinct a race as that of the sea, without being accessible to the religious impressions which affect those who see the wonders of the great deep. It is comparatively an easy task for the wise and good to take advantage of those natural circumstances which render the mariner peculiarly susceptible to religious influences, and this duty has in many instances not been neglected. On board the vessel of Columbus all hands were invariably mustered for the evening hymn, and with that ritual sound was hailed the appearance of the shifting light which first betrayed the existence of the New World to its discoverer.\* It was for the special use of the mariner of his country that Grotius composed his treatise on the truth of the Christian religion.† In our own service many have labored in this sacred cause, and when the morning rose on the bay of Aboukir, what spectacle was it which most astonished the French survivors of that awful night on board the vessels of their captors? Not merely that of energy unimpaired by slaughter, and discipline unrelaxed by triumph; it was that of the general celebration of divine service throughout Nelson's fleet. We fear that the inland navigator has many of the rough vices of the regular mariner, and if his opportunities of religious instruction, warning, and consolation

\* 'Puesto que el Amirante á los diez de la noche vido lumbré . . . y era como una candelilla de cera que se alzaba y levantaba, lo qual a pocos pareciera ser indicio de tierra. Pero el Amirante tuvo por cierto estar junto á la tierra. Por lo qual quando dijeron la "Salve," que la acostumbran decir é cantar á su manera todos los marineros, y se hallan todos, rogó y amonestólos el Amirante que hiciesen buena guarda al castillo de proa, y mirasen bien por la tierra.'—*Diary of Columbus*, First Voyage, 11th of October.

† 'Propositum enim mihi erat, omnibus quidem civibus meis, sed præsertim navigantibus, operam navare utilem, ut in longo marino otio impenderent potius tempus, quam, quod nimium multi faciunt, fallerent.'—*Preface to the treatise De Veritate Fidei Christianæ*.

have hitherto been far scantier, it behooves those who derive profit from his toil to be the more considerate and active in devising the mitigation of such an evil. Nor do we mean to aver that the employer has been universally neglectful. In many quarters exertion has been made, and we will venture to say, wherever made—rewarded. All honor to those who carried in the British parliament, against a vexatious, we trust a penitent opposition, the Weaver Churches Bill.

There are, however, stations of resort on lines of navigation at which, for various reasons, it might be neither easy nor expedient to plant and endow regular places of worship, to which another and very effective expedient may be adapted. On the broader canals at least a condemned barge, *vulgò* a flat, may be converted at a trifling expense into a floating chapel, suitable for a congregation of some 150 adults. We can bear witness that such have been filled by zealous and grateful worshippers, many of whom had never before with 'holy bell been tolled to church;' many of whom would never have been tempted within the precincts of one on dry land, some from indolence, others perhaps from the scarcely censurable shyness and pride which so often prevent the poor man from contrasting his worn habiliments with those of richer neighbors. We think the sternest opponent of cheap churches, the greatest stickler for spires, chancels, and roodlofts, would forego his objections in favor of these arks of refuge, if he could witness their effects.

There is another subject of far greater complexity, which has engaged the attention of Parliamentary committees, as yet without any decided result,—that of Sunday canal traffic. We are not of the sterner school of Scotch Calvinism in this particular, but we certainly think that the mere consideration of gain to proprietors ought every where to give way to the great object of procuring rest for man and beast on that day, and opportunity for worship and for relaxation of every innocent kind to the former. We doubt, however, whether the religious or moral interests of Manchester would be advanced by a sudden stoppage of all the passage-boats which often convey at present the clergyman, established or dissenting, to the scene of his labors, or the artisan and his family to Lord Stamford's noble park. Sure we feel that the immediate effect of such stoppage would be to multiply the few horses and drivers who do thus labor on the Sabbath, by an enormous figure, in the shape of all descriptions of hired land conveyance. 'Stop them too,' would reply the zealous and sincere champion of strict observance. We cannot make of Eng-

land the Hebrew camp in the wilderness, and we doubt the obligation to attempt it. It is, in our humble judgment, far better in this and other analogous cases to keep in view such an arrangement of hours as may not only not obstruct, but multiply the opportunities of attending divine service, and thus attract people to rural churches and chapels, rather than drive them into suburban public-houses.

We have now touched, albeit discursively, on three principal species of the genus Canal: the canal of supply for domestic consumption, the canal of irrigation, and the canal for inland conveyance of merchandise. It might be expected that we should say something on a class of works exceeding these in magnitude, and of great antiquity—the Ship Canal. Though a legitimate branch of our subject, however, it would be impossible for us to go into either its history or its prospects, without swelling this article beyond all due bounds. With reference to remote antiquity—whether originating in military schemes, like the Velificatus Athos of Xerxes, and the artificial river of Drusus uniting the Rhine and the Issel, or in more purely commercial purposes, like that projected by Sesostris and finished by the Ptolemies, from the Nile to the Red Sea—it deserves an ample discussion. In more modern instances the results have not always been such as to invest the subject with an interest proportionate to its grandeur. In this point of view, the most splendid of our own undertakings in conception and execution (the Caledonian) has hitherto turned out a failure. Its eminent author, Mr. Telford, was engaged in a sounder and more successful operation of the same class, though of less dimensions, in the Swedish canal of Gotha, of which he revised the survey, and superintended the execution.—With some exceptions, we may almost assert that neither the sea-risk of the ship-owner, nor the toil of the mariner, has been as yet materially diminished by this class of works. There is something specious and attractive in the notion of cutting isthmuses and connecting oceans by a direct communication for sea-going vessels, which has in all ages excited the imagination of sovereigns; but while subjects have counted the cost, governments have more frequently talked and deliberated than acted. Even Louis XIV. resisted the temptation of the *éclat*, and the suggestions of Vauban, in the instance of the Canal of Languedoc. In speaking thus, however, of the past and present, we insinuate no prognostications as to the future. The straw, we are aware, is stirring. It is possible that while we write, under the patronage of such men as the Bridgewater of Modern Egypt, Mehemet



Ali, schemes may be approaching maturity which, if executed, will leave their traces not only on Ordnance maps of six inches to the mile, but on Mercator's projection, and the school atlases of rudimental geography. Cadets now studying at Addiscombe may live to lock down into the Red Sea on their way to Calcutta, and the steamer from Hong Kong may bring our despatches through Panama; but with our present degree of information the discussion of such projects would be premature.

The mention of the name of Mehemet Ali makes it impossible to pass without notice the achievements in hydraulics of that remarkable man, who has summoned European science to co-operate with the physical force of numbers, marshalled under a more than Oriental despotism. The Canal of Mahmoudieh, connecting Alexandria with the Nile, is but one of forty-five works *in pari materia* constructed under his auspices. According to Clot Bey's description, it is twenty-five leagues in length, and was completed in ten months by the labor of 313,000 men. If the reputation of sovereigns could be measured by the number of cubic feet of earth removed in their respective reigns, Mehemet Ali's name will be tolerably conspicuous on the record. In the article of canals alone, exclusive of bridges, dams, and other enormous works of construction and excavation, the account in 1840 stood at nearly 105,000,000 of cubic metres. Taking one of these as the average day's work of an Egyptian laborer, and considering that, except in special cases, these works only proceed during four months of the year, Clot Bey calculates that, for some years past, the number of individuals annually employed on hydraulic works in Egypt has been 355,000.

In an article of our April Number for 1837, on Mr. Michel Chevalier's 'Letters on North America,' will be found some notice of the then comparative state of internal intercourse in France, England, and the United States. The condition of these three countries, both relative and positive, with respect to railroads, has doubtless been much altered in the years which have since elapsed, while inland navigation has probably more nearly preserved its proportions. Additions to the latter have been perhaps little called for in England. In France, as Mr. Chevalier then observed, the want of works to make her existing canals available by improving the access to them from her rivers, as in the signal case of the Canal de Languedoc and the Garonne, was more pressing than that of new lines of navigation, though there is doubtless room for remunerative

undertakings of both descriptions. In all three countries capital and enterprise have been attracted by preference to the railroad. In Mr. Tanner's summary of the canals and railroads of the United States, published in 1840, we find a list of proposed railroads for the State of New York alone to the number of eighty-four, with an authorized capital of 26,000,000 dollars. We find no mention of any new canal company, as bread to this intolerable quantity of sack. In 1837, Mr. Chevalier estimated the number of miles of railroad and canal in the United States at 7350. In 1840, by Mr. Tanner's summary, they would approach 9000, of which water claims for its share about 4300. If, however, North America claim the superiority natural to youth in respect of activity of enterprise, the luxuriance of her virgin soil has in many instances been rank and deceptive, and many of her schemes have doubtless lacked the solidity which in the main has characterized the proceedings of England and the Continent. Mr. Tanner writes:—

'With regard to the abstract question of revenue, it is obvious that a large portion of the immense sums invested in canals and railroads in the United States will fail in producing the anticipated results. Visionary enterprises of all sorts are the distinguishing characteristics of the times, and the almost infinite variety of schemes which of late have been pressed upon public attention, and adopted without due caution, have in some instances resulted in the diversion of funds from objects of undoubted utility and advantage to schemes of an opposite character. The mode of improvement, and its fitness for the purposes to which it is designed, are considerations to which little regard has been paid in deciding upon the location of some of the public works in the United States. Hence the numerous failures, and the consequent withdrawal of public confidence in such investments generally.'—p. 23.

It is sufficiently notorious that certain other considerations, besides the choice of 'location,' have been overlooked in the public works of North America, the neglect of which would considerably impede the further march of improvement in any other community. We leave, however, this topic in the abler hands to which of right it belongs. We of the Quarterly have no money to invest in foreign stocks. Our indignation would be tame, and our satire pointless, in comparison with that of others. We content ourselves with saying to our insolvent relations on the other side of the Atlantic what, in virtue of the length and discursiveness of this article, our readers will ere now have been tempted to say to us—

'Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt.'

## THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

From the Charivari.

A GUARDIAN is a sort of temporary parent to a minor,—a kind of tarpaulin thrown over the orphan to shield him from the storms of life during his infancy—or, if we may use a humbler illustration, a guardian is a kind of umbrella, put up by the law over the ward, to keep off the pelting of the pitiless storm till the years of discretion are arrived at. There are various kinds of guardians, such as guardians by nature, and guardians for nurture, who are of course the parents of the child; for if an estate be left to an infant, the father is guardian, and must account for the profits; but as the father can control the child's arithmetical studies, it is easy for the latter to be brought up in blessed ignorance of accounts, and thus the parent may easily mystify the child when the profits of the estate are to be accounted for. The mother is the guardian for nurture; that is to say, she is expected to nurse the infant, and the law being very fond of children, requires the mother to look to the infantine wardrobe. It also invests her with absolute power over the milk and water, and the bread and butter, making her a competent authority—from which there is no appeal—on all points of nursery practice.

Next comes the guardian in *socage*—so called, perhaps, from the quaint notion that guardianship generally extends to those who wear soles—or socks—which is further borne out by the fact that guardianship in socage ceases when the child is fourteen years old—which is about the age when socks are relinquished in favor of stockings. These guardians in socage are such as cannot inherit an estate to which a child is entitled, for Coke says that to commit the custody of an infant to him who is next in succession, is "*quasi agnum committere lupo*," to hand over the lamb to the wolf, and thus says Fortescue, in one of those rascally puns for which the old jurists were infamous, "the law, wishing the child to escape from the *lupo* has left a loop-hole to enable him to do so." Selden has cleared this pun of a good deal of its ambiguity by changing the word *lupo* into *loop-ho*, but Chitty and all the later writers are utterly silent regarding it.

By the 12th of Charles II. confirmed by 1st Victoria, any father may appoint, by will, a guardian to his child till the latter is twenty-one; but it is twenty to one whether such a guardian—called a testamentary guardian—will be able to exercise proper control over the infant.

Guardians in chivalry have been abolished, and so have the guardians of the night, who on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, were called watchmen, from the fact of their never watching.

The Lord Chancellor is the general guardian of all infants, and especially of idiots and lunatics, for as Chancery drives people mad, it is only right that Chancery should take care of those who are afflicted with insanity, and who may be called the natural offspring of equity.

Having disposed of the guardians, let us come to the wards, or, as Coke would say, "having got rid of the wolf, let us discuss the lamb in an amicable spirit." A male at twelve years of age may take the oath of allegiance; but this does not apply to all males, for the Hounslow mail can take nothing but two insides and the letters. At fourteen a boy may marry, if he can find any one fool enough to

have him; and at twenty-one he may dispose of his property, so that he may throw himself away seven years sooner than he can throw away his money. By the law of England a girl may be given in marriage at seven, but surely this must mean the hour of the day at which she may be married, and not the age at which the ceremony may be performed. Formerly, children might make their wills at fourteen, but as they could not be expected to have a will of their own, it has been enacted that no will made by a person under twenty-one shall be valid. Among the Greeks and Romans, women were never of age, and if they had their way in this country, a good many of them never would be. This law must have been the civil law, for its consideration towards the fair sex on a matter of so much delicacy as a question of age betokens extreme civility. When this wore away, the Roman law was so civil as to regard them as infants till they were five-and-twenty—which was meeting the ladies half-way by treating them as little innocents for the first quarter of a century of their precious existences.

Infants have various privileges, such as the common law privilege of jumping over the posts at the corners of the streets, and playing at hop-sotch or rounders in retired neighborhoods. Another infantine privilege is the juvenile amusement of going to law, which a child may do by his guardian or his *prochein amy*, or next friend—though, by the bye, he must be a pretty friend who would help another into a law-suit. A child may certainly be hanged at fourteen, and certainly may not be hanged at seven, but the intermediate period is one of doubt whether the infant culprit is hangable. Hale gives two instances of juvenile executions in which two infant prodigies were the principal characters. One was a girl of thirteen, who was burned for killing her mistress; and the other a boy still younger, who, after murdering one of his companions by a severe hiding, proceeded to hide himself, and was declared in legal language, *doli capax*—up to snuff—or, to follow the Norman jurists, *en haut du tabac*, and hanged accordingly. It is a fine maxim of the English law, that an infant shall not lose by *laches*, or, in other words, that the stern old doctrine of *no askee no havee* does not apply to a child who is entitled to something which he neglects asking for.

An infant cannot bind himself, but he may be "stitched in a neat wrapper"—that is to say, a Tweedish wrapper—at his own cost, if he thinks proper to go and pay ready money for it. An infant cannot convey away his own estate, but he may run through his own property as fast as he likes, for if he has a field he may run across it—in at one end and out at the other—whenever he feels disposed for it. An infant trustee may convey an estate that he holds in trust for another person, though he may not be a party in a conveyance on his own account, yet he may, nevertheless, join a party in a public conveyance, such as an omnibus. An infant may present a clerk to the bishop, but if the bishop don't like the clerk, he may turn upon his heel; but still the presentation does not fall by lapse into the laps of the bishop. An infant may bind himself for necessities, such as food and physic; thus, if he gives a draft to pay for a pill, or contracts with a butcher to supply what is requisite and meet, he will be clearly liable.

In weighing the disabilities and privileges of infants, we come to the conclusion, that, to every six of one, there will be about half-a-dozen of the other.



HISTORICAL RESEARCHES ON THE PRETENDED  
BURNING OF THE LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA BY  
THE SARACENS, UNDER THE CALIPH OMAR.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ALEXANDRIA, once a Pagan city, then the seat of philosophy and mysticism, soon after semi-Jewish, and the cradle of Christianity, then the receptacle of Mussulmans of various sects, at length became the abode of theophilanthropy, by favor of the freedom of worship, and still greater freedom of opinions, introduced by 30,000 preachers,\* that out-tongued her Mamelucks in eloquence. But the Alexandria of Buonaparte was no longer the Alexandria of the Ptolemies, nor even of Omar. The new conqueror found no traces left of the library; which, even to this day, is still an object of regret.

At the moment we are tracing these lines, instead of the numerous population closely packed within the walls of ancient Alexandria, a small number of Arabs, together with some Europeans, are encamped upon its ruins. Five hundred thousand souls are reduced to forty thousand, and even this is a great improvement since 1820, when the town only numbered ten thousand inhabitants. For the distance of a league around its ramparts, the soil is covered with gigantic ruins. Huge blocks of granite, that are so many silent monuments of the glory of Sesostri's descendants, and marble columns of a more recent date, recalling the reign of the Ptolemies, shapeless and truncated fragments of pillars, and enormous masses of stone, that the more degenerate race of these days would be unable to raise,—such are the remains of the mighty city, once the queen of the commercial cities of the earth; but we seek in vain for the ashes or the site of its far-famed library. These giant archives of the genius of antiquity are vulgarly supposed to have been reduced to ashes, at the taking of Alexandria by the Arab Mahometans.

Several authors have denied the authenticity of the fact, and endeavored to clear the Islamites of so heavy a reproach. We shall present an abstract of their reasons, to which we shall add our own comments.

I.—SHORT HISTORY OF THE LIBRARY BEFORE THE  
SARACENS.

Alexandria became a rich and flourishing city shortly after her foundation by the conqueror of India. Her importance increased under the successors of Alexander. Like other great cities, Alexandria was divided into districts, which were like so many distinct towns (see a tolerably extensive description given by Strabo, book xvii.) One of these districts, the *Bruchion*, situated on the sea-shore, near the great port, contained all the edifices belonging to the Basilicon, or king's palace, the grand college, and several other buildings.

The first of the Ptolemies, Lagus, not only endeavored to render Alexandria one of the most beautiful and most commercial of cities he likewise wished her to become the cradle of science and philosophy. By the advice of an Athenian

emigrant, Demetrius of Phaleros, this prince established a society of learned and scientific men, the prototype of our academies and modern institutions. He caused that celebrated museum to be raised, that became an ornament to the Bruchion; and here was deposited the noble library, "a collection," says Titus Livius, "at once a proof of the magnificence of those kings, and of their love of science."

Philadelphos, the successor of Lagus, finding that the library of the Bruchion already numbered 400,000 volumes, and either thinking that the edifice could not well make room for any more, or being desirous, from motives of jealousy, to render his name equally famous by the construction of a similar monument, founded a second library in the temple of Serapis, called the *Serapeum*, situated at some distance from the Bruchion, in another part of the town. These two libraries were denominated, for a length of time, the *Mother* and the *Daughter*.

During the war with Egypt, Cæsar, having set fire to the king's fleet, which happened to be anchored in the great port, it communicated with the Bruchion; the parent library was consumed, and, if any remains were rescued from the flames, they were, in all probability, conveyed to the Serapeum. Consequently, ever after, there can be no question but of the latter.

Euergetes and the other Ptolemies enlarged it successively; and Cleopatra added 200 000 manuscripts at once from the library of King Pergamos, given her by Mark Antony—a noble present, which proves that women of gallantry have, now and then, benefited the world.

Let us follow the traces indicative of the existence of this library.

Aulus Gellius and Ammianus Marcellus seem to insinuate that the whole of the Alexandrian library had been destroyed by fire in the time of Cæsar. The former observes, in his *Attic Nights*, (book vi. chap. 17.) "The number of books collected together in Egypt by the Ptolemies was enormous, amounting to 700,000 volumes; but they were all burnt during the first war in Alexandria, not through any premeditated design, but through the carelessness of the soldiers and the allied troops." And the latter (book xxii. chap. 16 of his *History*) makes the following remark;—"The Serapeum contained an inestimable library of 700 000 volumes, collected by the zeal of the Ptolemies, and burnt during the war with Alexandria, at the destruction of that town by the dictator Cæsar."

But both are mistaken on this point. Ammianus, in the rest of his narrative, evidently confounds Serapeum and Bruchion. It has been proved that Cæsar only destroyed some edifices in the latter portion of the town, and not the entire city.

Suetonius (in his *Life of Domitian*) mentions that this emperor sent some amanuenses to Alexandria, for the purpose of copying a quantity of books that were wanting in his library; consequently a library existed in Alexandria a long while after Cæsar. Besides, we know that the Serapeum was only destroyed A. D. 391, by the order of Theodosius.

Doubtless the library suffered considerably on this last-mentioned occasion; but that it still

\* The French army.

partly existed is beyond a doubt, according to the testimony of Orosius, who, twenty-four years later, made a voyage to Alexandria, and assures us that he "saw, in several temples, presses full of books," the remains of ancient libraries. It is worthy of remark, that this author, as well as Seneca, (*De Tranquillitate Animi*, cap. ix.), estimates the number of volumes burnt by Cæsar at 400,000; and, as it appears that the total number of books of the two libraries amounted to 700,000, there remains, together with the portion saved from the conflagration of the former library, a residue of from 3 to 400,000 volumes, which composed the second library.

The trustworthy Orosius, in 415, is the last witness we have of the existence of a library at Alexandria. The numerous Christian writers of the fifth and sixth centuries, who have handed down to us so many trifling facts, have not said a word upon this important subject.

We, therefore, have no certain documents upon the fate of our library from 415 to 636, or, according to others, 640, when the Arabs took possession of Alexandria, — a period of ignorance and barbarism, of war and revolutions, and vain disputes between a hundred different sects.

#### II.—THE LIBRARY BURNT BY THE SARACENS.— WHAT GAVE RISE TO THIS VULGAR ERROR.

Now, towards A. D. 636, or 640, the troops of the caliph, Omar, headed by his lieutenant, Amrou, took possession of Alexandria. For more than six centuries nobody in Europe took the trouble of ascertaining what had become of the library of Alexandria.

At length, in the year 1660, a learned Oxford scholar, Edward Pococke, who had been twice to the East, and had brought back a number of Arabian manuscripts, first introduced the Oriental history of the physician Abulfarage to the learned world, in a Latin translation. In it we read the following passage:—

"In those days flourished John of Alexandria, whom we have surnamed the Grammarian, and who adopted the tenets of the Christian Jacobites. . . . He lived to the time when Amrou Ebno 'l-As took Alexandria. He went to visit the conqueror; and Amrou, who was aware of the height of learning and science that John had attained, treated him with every distinction, and listened eagerly to his lectures on philosophy, which were quite new to the Arabians. Amrou was himself a man of intellect and discernment, and very clear-headed. He retained the learned man about his person. John one day said to him, 'You have visited all the stores of Alexandria, and you have put your seal on all the different things found there. I say nothing about those treasures which have any value for you; but, in good sooth, you might leave us those of which you make no use.' 'What, then, is it that you want?' interrupted Amrou. 'The books of philosophy that are to be found in the royal treasury,' answered John. I can dispose of nothing,' Amrou then said, 'without the permission of the lord of all true believers, Omar Ebno 'l-Chatlab.' He therefore wrote to Omar, informing him of John's request. He received an answer from Omar in these words: 'As to the books you mention, either they agree with

God's holy book, and then God's book is all-sufficient without them; or they disagree with God's book, in which case they ought not to be preserved.' And, in consequence, Amrou Ebno 'l-As caused them to be distributed amongst the different baths of the city, to serve as fuel. In this manner they were consumed in half-a-year."

When this account of Abulfarage's was made known in Europe, it was at once admitted as a fact, without the least question: it soon gained ground, and with the multitude it had the honor of passing for incontestable truth.

Since Pococke, another Arab historian, likewise a physician, was discovered, who gave pretty nearly the same account. This was Abdollatif, who wrote towards 1200, and consequently prior to Abulfarage. The publication of his work is owing to M. Paulus, a professor, who translated it from an Arabian manuscript in the library at Boldei. The passage in question runs as follows:—

"I also saw the portico which, after Aristotle and his pupils, became the academical college; and likewise the college, which Alexander the Great caused to be built at the same time as the town, and which contained the splendid library that Amrou Ebno 'l-As committed to the flames, with the consent of the great Omar, to whom God be merciful."

As this anecdote agreed perfectly with the ferocious and barbarous character ascribed to the Saracens, nobody thought of questioning its authenticity for a considerable length of time. We will endeavor, however, to clear the caliph and his lieutenant, Amrou, of this imputation,—not for love of the Saracens, but for the love of truth.

#### III.—A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF THE ACCOUNTS GIVEN BY ABULFARAGE AND ABDOLLATIF.

We may reasonably suppose, as Abdollatif is the most ancient writer of the two, that Abulfarage was acquainted with the above-mentioned passage in his history, and commented upon it, and embellished it according to his own taste. Abdollatif does not relate any of the circumstances accessory to the destruction of the library. But what faith can we put in a writer who tells us that he has actually seen what could no longer have been in existence in his time? "I have seen," says he, "the portico and the college that Alexander the Great caused to be built, and which contained the splendid library," &c. Now, these buildings were situated within the Bruchion; and since the reign of Aurelian, who had destroyed it,—that is to say, at least nine hundred years before Abdollatif—the Bruchion was a deserted spot, covered with ruins and rubbish.

Abulfarage, on the other hand, places the library in the Royal Treasury; and the anachronism is just as bad. The royal edifices were all contained within the walls of the Bruchion; and not one of them could be left. Besides, what meaning could be implied by the words *Royal Treasury*, in a country that had long ago ceased to be governed by kings, and was subject to the emperors of the East?

Moreover, as a fact is not necessarily incon-



testable because advanced as such by one or even two historians, several persons of learning and research have doubted the truth of this assertion. Renaudot (*Hist. des Patriarches d'Alexandrie*) had already questioned its authenticity, by observing: "This account is rather suspicious, as is frequently the case with the Arabians." And, lastly, Querci, the two Assemani, Villoison, and Gibbon, completely declared themselves against it.

Gibbon at once expresses his astonishment that two historians, both of Egypt, should not have said a word about so remarkable an event. The first of these is Eutychius, patriarch of Alexandria, who lived in that city 500 years after it was taken by the Saracens, and who gives a long and detailed account, in his *Annals*, both of the siege and the succeeding events; the second is Elmacin, a most veracious writer, the author of a *History of the Saracens*, and who especially relates the life of Omar, and the taking of Alexandria, with its minutest circumstances. Is it conceivable or to be believed that these two historians should have been ignorant of so important a circumstance? That two learned men who would have been deeply interested in such a loss should have made no mention of it, though living and writing in Alexandria—Eutychius, too, at no distant period from the event? and that we should learn it for the first time from a stranger, who wrote, six centuries after, on the frontiers of Media?

Besides, as Gibbon observes, why should the Caliph Omar, who was no enemy to science, have acted, in this one instance, in direct opposition to his character, when he might have dispensed with such an act of barbarism, by shielding himself behind the opinion of the casuists of the Mahometan law? These, namely, declare (see *Dissertations de Réland sur le Droit Militaire des Mahométans*, tom. iii.) "that it is not right to burn the books of Christians, out of respect for the name of God that is to be met with in them, and that every true believer is allowed to make a proper use of profane books of history, poetry, natural history, and philosophy." This decision does not savor much of destroying libraries.

To these reasons may be added the remark of a German writer. M. Reinhard, who observes that Eutychius (*Annals of Eutychius*, vol. ii. p. 316) transcribes the very words of the letter in which Amrou gives the Caliph Omar an account of the taking of Alexandria after a long and obstinate siege. "I have carried the town by storm," says he, "and without any preceding offer of capitulation. I cannot describe all the treasures it contains; suffice it to say, that it numbers 4000 palaces, 4000 baths, 40,000 taxable Jews, 400 theatres, 12,000 gardeners who sell vegetables. Your Mussulmans demand the privilege of pillaging the city, and sharing the booty." Omar, in his reply, disapproves of the request, and expressly forbids all pillage or dilapidation.

It is plain that, in his official report, Amrou seeks to exaggerate the value of his conquest, and to magnify its importance, like the diplomatists of our times. He does not overlook a single hovel, nor a Jew, nor a gardener. How

then could he have forgotten the library, he who, according to Abulfarage, was a friend to the fine arts and philosophy? Did he think that so celebrated and ancient a monument was not worthy to be mentioned?

Elmacin in turn gives us Amrou's letter nearly in the same terms, and not one word of the library.

It may be objected that the letter was, perhaps, never written by Amrou, and that the two historians have falsely attributed it to him. So much the more reason for the library to have been mentioned in the supposed letter. Could they both have overlooked a feature so important in the estimation of two learned inhabitants of Alexandria? Would they have taken a pride in seeming better informed on the subject of baths and kitchen-gardens than about the library?

If, however, the letter be authentic, as its existence tends to make us believe, then let us pay attention to the caliph's answer, who commands his troops to respect every thing the city contains.

We, therefore, run no great risk in drawing the conclusion, from all these premises, that the library of the Ptolemies no longer existed in 640 at the taking of Alexandria by the Saracens.

We may add fresh proofs on the authority of two writers, nearly contemporary with Omar. One of these, John Philoponos, (who has been erroneously confounded by Gibbon and others with John the Grammarian mentioned by Abulfarage.) says, in his commentaries on Aristotle's *Analytica*, that the *ancient libraries* contained forty different books of this *Analytica*. He does not, it is true, expressly mention the library of Alexandria, but he lived and wrote in that city where, doubtless, they were always designated as *the libraries*, and he, therefore, could refer to no other in this passage. Besides, we know that Aristotle's writings had been carefully collected in the library of the Ptolemies. (See Athenæus, Strabo, and Plutarch's *Life of Sylla*.)

But were any doubts remaining we may consult Philoponos's master, Ammonius Hermæas, in his observations on Aristotle's *Categories*. He lived in Alexandria prior to the invasion of the Saracens. "It is reported of Ptolemy Philadelphos," says he, "that he took great pains to collect together the writings of Aristotle, liberally rewarding those who brought him such; which was the cause that many persons presented him manuscripts falsely attributed to Aristotle; consequently, no less than forty different books of the *Analytica* were to be met with in the great library."

It is clear that Ammonius here adverts to the library of Alexandria; therefore Philoponos alludes to it likewise. What he designates as the *ancient libraries* is the same as Ammonius calls the *great library*. They both speak of it as of a thing past and gone, and no longer in existence, and do doubt can be entertained on this head. We may even imagine that he alludes to the library of the Serapeum; for Philadelphos, who took so much pains to gather together the writings of Aristotle, would doubtlessly have placed them in a collection that was his own work, and which he valued especially.

If we examine the probabilities of the case, we shall find them all militating against Abulfarage's account, and the existence of the library in the days of Omar and Amrou. The books of the ancients were written either on *parchment* or on leaves of *papyrus*. Those of the Alexandrian library, in particular, must have been principally of the latter species, the papyrus being an Egyptian plant. Now these leaves of the papyrus were very liable to fall to pieces or to be destroyed by insects, especially in the hot, damp atmosphere of Alexandria; it was, therefore, necessary frequently to renew such copies. Now is it to be imagined that all the pains necessary for the preservation of such a library would have been conscientiously taken after the dynasty of the Ptolemies had ceased to reign, and in the midst of the war and revolts that followed, during which all taste for learning and science, as it is well known, was completely obliterated? The parchment manuscripts, which were probably not numerous, might resist somewhat longer; but all the rest, after two or three centuries, had doubtless become food for the worms.

Abulfarage does not affix any number to the books which, according to him, were burned; but he informs us that they served during six months to heat the baths of the town. We know that there were 4000 baths—only think of books serving as fuel to heat 4000 baths during six months! If we take into consideration that the volumes, or *rolls*, of the ancients could scarcely be compared in bulk to our folios, and that the number of volumes, at the very highest computation, could scarcely amount to more than 300,000 or 400,000, it must be confessed that the daily portion of each bath establishment must have been slender indeed. And what materials to serve for heating boilers! Old parchment manuscripts and rolls of papyrus! Of a verity, there must have resulted from such fuel the most Sabæan odors, for the benefit of the 4000 baths and the whole city! We can believe that these ingredients might serve to make a most insupportable smoke; but notwithstanding the proverb that affirms, "where there is smoke, there is fire," we doubt their powers of heating water! This latter piece of absurdity, is, perhaps, not one of the least valid reasons against the authenticity of Abulfarage's account.

#### IV.—CONJECTURES ON THE ULTIMATE FATE OF THE LIBRARY.

If it be true, as we have every reason to think, that in 640, at the taking of Alexandria by Amrou, the celebrated library no longer existed, we may inquire in what manner it had been dispersed and destroyed since 415, when Oroses affirms that he saw it?

In the first place, we must observe that Oroses only mentions some presses which he saw in the *temples*. It was not, therefore, the library of the Ptolemies as it once existed in the Serapeum.

Let us call to mind, moreover, that ever since the first Roman emperors, Egypt had been the theatre of incessant civil warfare, and we shall be surprised that any traces of the library could still exist in later times.

Under Commodus, the Serapeum caught fire but without being entirely destroyed; the li-

brary, however, could scarcely escape uninjured.

It is well known what devastations Caracalla's evil spirit led him to commit in hapless Alexandria. The museum was pulled down.

Under Aurelian, the whole of the Bruchion was demolished. This emperor afterwards took possession of the city, and gave it up to be pillaged by his soldiers.

Then came the long train of feuds occasioned by Arianism.

And lastly, Theodosius the Great, in compliance with the exhortations of Theophilus, caused the Serapeum to be reduced to ashes, A.D. 391. It is certain that all the edifices adjoining the temple became this time a prey to the flames. This loss must, therefore, be laid at the door of the Christians, and, unfortunately, it is scarcely a matter of doubt that the blind zeal of the primitive ages induced the unenlightened intellects of those times to seek the destruction of books and monuments, or any thing that seemed likely to recall or perpetuate the worship of idols.

If any remains of the library escaped from the general conflagration, it is probable that the second Theodosius, quite as great a bibliopolist as the Ptolemies, would have taken possession of them himself.

Now, if any such remains existed in Alexandria, what became of them during the civil wars that were carried on within its walls between Cyrillus and Orestes, and during the revolts that took place under the emperor Marianus? In all probability, they were broken up and distributed in various directions. The monks obtained some for their convents, and the emperors of the East had some brought to Constantinople and other towns, where they established schools. It is beyond a doubt that towards the beginning of the fourth century a great quantity of ancient books were disseminated over Egypt. Leo Africanus relates that the Caliph Mahmoud despatched several persons to Syria, Armenia, and Egypt, with orders to collect and purchase ancient books, and that they returned loaded with inestimable treasures.

Lastly, be it remembered that, under Heraclius, the Persians took and pillaged Alexandria, which they abandoned shortly after. Then followed the Arabians, who, as we see, could not have met with the ancient library, unless, indeed, its preservation had been effected by one of those miracles, of which, unfortunately, no example has ever been met with in the annals of literature.

#### V.—IS THE LOSS TO SCIENCE AN IMPORTANT ONE?

Gibbon replies in the negative. He regrets, he says, infinitely more the Roman libraries which must have perished at the invasion of the northern barbarians. We have only fragments of three great Roman historians, while we may justly be surprised at the number of pieces of Greek literature that have floated down to us on the surface of the vast stream of devastation that overrun so many countries. We possess its classical works, and these *chefs d'œuvre* of genius, to which the opinions of antiquity have unanimously assigned the first rank. Aristotle,



Galen, and Pliny, had read, compared, and made use of the writings of their predecessors, and they give us no good reason to imagine that any great and important truth, or any useful discovery, that might excite modern curiosity, has been lost. With regard to the literature of the barbarians, it is to be presumed that the exclusive pride of Greek literature would have forbid any Ethiopian, Indian, Chaldean, or Phœnician books to enter this library. And it is doubtful whether such exclusion was any real loss to philosophy.

Without entirely siding against Gibbon on this subject, we cannot doubt but that our literary riches would have been increased were the library of the Serapeum still in existence. Whatever cause may have destroyed it, whether worms or fire, carelessness or fanaticism, certain it is that it would have offered us a complete and correct Aristotle, who might then, perhaps, be entirely intelligible; a Menander, all the lost portions of Æschylus and Euripides, the poems of Empedocles and Stesichoros, a multitude of philosophical writings by Theophrastes and Epicurus, and a hundred others, and a quantity of historical works, which every thing leads us to believe are lost to us for ever. Surely this is sufficient to excite the regret of all friends to science or the Muses.

We admit, however, that while deploring the loss of the great library of the Serapeum, we may remain indifferent as to what Amrou burned, if indeed he burned anything, which we are induced to believe he did not. It is sufficiently proved that in his time the collection of the Ptolemies no longer existed; but we know that, during the two or three centuries preceding the invasion of the Mussulmans, there had appeared a frightful quantity of polemical writings, the offspring of *Gnosticism*, *Arianism*, *Monophysitism*, *Monoteletism*, &c., all of which reft the empire, and especially Alexandria. In all probability, the house of the patriarch and the churches were full of these writings; and, if these served to light fires to warm the baths, it must be confessed that for once, at least, they were turned to some useful account.

### THE EMIGRANTS OF SAN TOMMASO.

Written while waiting the solemnization of a High Mass, performed for the Belgian Emigrants, previous to Embarkation for America.

BY MRS. GORE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

GIVE them your parting prayers!—not *much* to grant

To brethren banish'd from their native shore,—  
Desp'rate with penury,—subdued by want,—  
Cast forth like Ishmael from the patriarch's door.

His sterile portion in the earth is theirs,—

The desert's loneliness, and drought, and fear;—  
Sons of the *free* woman!—Bestow your prayers!—  
“KYRIE ELEISON!—Lord of Mercy—hear!”

Yours are the flocks, the herds, the fertile fields,  
The pleasant pastures by their fathers trod;  
The corn, and wine, and oil, their birthright yields,  
The hallow'd hearths,—the temples of their  
God!

Theirs, the savanna by the mountain-side,  
Mocking their labors with its threats of dearth;  
No traces of their fathers' steps to guide  
Their trembling children o'er that trackless  
earth.

When from the floating ark of refuge driven  
The pilot dove flew forth across the main,  
At evening-tide, free as the winds of Heaven,  
The weary wanderer sought its home again.  
But *these* go forth, and must return no more,  
No homeward path across the opposing wave!  
There where their anchor bites the dreary shore,  
There, is their savage dwelling,—there, their  
grave!

Talk not of splintering masts or raging skies,—  
The troubled ocean of a tropic clime;  
Within the port a direr peril lies,  
Where war the maddening waves of want and  
crime,  
Loud roars the storm on yon wild shore afar,  
Man against man incensed in hungry strife;  
Oh! worse than all the elements at war,  
The fierce contentions of a lawless life!

Bright the effulgence of a southern sky,  
Beauteous the blossoms with its verdure blent;  
Strange birds on starry wings glance radiant by,  
New stars adorn the Antarctic firmament.  
But on no kindred thing descends the ray,—  
No hearts they love those fragrant wonders  
bless,—  
“KYRIE ELEISON!—Lord of Mercy!—may  
Thy hand be with them in the wilderness!”

The pristine curse still blights that hateful spot!  
No legends consecrate its joyless home,—  
Traditionary links that bind our lot  
With ages past, and ages yet to come!—  
Tree, rock, or stream—what memories endear?—  
No tyrant perish'd there,—no hero bled!—  
Mute is the olden time whose voice might cheer,  
The daily struggle for their bitter bread!

Climb they the mountain!—From the vale beneath  
No hum of men,—nor village chime ascends;  
O'er Nature's breathless form,—how fair in death—  
The solemn pall of Solitude extends.  
Or, higher yet, when from the topmost bound  
Illimitable space their eyes survey,  
Still—still—that vast horizon circlet round  
But coiling serpents and the beast of prey!

Ye disinherited of earth and sea!—  
High in your Heaven of Heavens, a better land  
May yet be yours,—where no contentions be,  
No trampling foot of pride,—no grasping hand.  
Raise, raise your hopes unto that brighter sphere,—  
Expand your sails, and seek that happier home  
“KYRIE ELEISON!—Lord of Mercy, hear  
The sufferers' fervent prayer,—‘THY KINGDOM  
COME!’”

## A SUMMER HOUR IN POPE'S GARDEN AT TWICKENHAM.

POPE, BOLINGBROKE, ARBUTHNOT, AND SWIFT.

From Fraser's Magazine.

"My thoughts, in what order soever they flow, shall be communicated to you just as they pass through my mind—just as they used to be when we conversed together on this, or any other subject; when we sauntered alone, or as we have often done, with good Arbuthnot, and the jocose Dean of St. Patrick, among the multiplied scenes of your little garden."—*Lord Bolingbroke to Pope.*

*Bolingbroke.*—You see me once more betaking myself to the green enclosures of Twickenham, relinquishing the note of the syren Pleasure, for the sweeter tune of that blackbird which scatters the dew from the trembling bough upon this trim border of yours; and instead of following the shadow of ambition along the path of political enterprise, delighting my eye with the pursuit of my own shadow over the grass, where the Queen of Faëry might have pitched her tent. Here I am once more,—

"Fond to forget the statesman in the friend."

*Swift.*—But the shadows of ambition and yourself are alike in this,—that, however earnestly you may follow them, you will never overtake either.

*Pope.*—As statesman, or as friend, you are always welcome; and now, especially at this time, I am rejoiced to talk with you in my garden. You are acquainted with my simple, and, to speak in character, my Arcadian manners. I have some time ago resolved to dine at two o'clock, and I not only make but keep my resolution. If I comply afterwards with the importunate kindness of my friends, it is in *attending*, not in *partaking* their dinners. So, you see, by this sort of amicable compromise between my comfort and my interest, I may contrive to retain some of the advantages which Dr. Young was enumerating to me the other day; when he said that a dinner with a certain famous lawyer has procured him invitations for a whole week beside, and that a single airing in a nobleman's chariot has supplied him with a citizen's coach on every future occasion.

*Arbuthnot.*—The allurements must, indeed, be very powerful which could draw one from such a scene upon such an evening. The nobleman's chariot and the citizen's coach would carry you into no spectacle of life so full of beauty and interest. To you, especially, it is alive with eloquence and wisdom; every leaf writes a moral upon the grass, as the wind scatters the reflection which the light had thrown.

*Bolingbroke.*—You speak the truth. Every shadowy branch of that lime-tree preaches a sermon. There is no state of positive repose in the world. The earth itself is in motion; little things and great things obey the same law; and this smooth grass-plot in this village of Twickenham, on which we are now treading down the daisies, is revolving round the sun not less rapidly than the mighty forest-world of America. As it is in the *natural*, so it is in the *political* calendar. The evening and the morning compose the day of empire and the day of nature. They shine, and they grow dark. Look at monarchies,—objects, one would think, that destiny might stand and stare at, but not shake. Consider the smallest bodies upon earth,—objects, one would suppose, too slight for destiny to observe or discern. And yet destiny, if we speak to the Atheist, or God, if we speak to the Christian, is no more troubled, as I remember to have read in one of the Elizabethan preachers, to *make a monarchy ruinous, than to make a hair gray*. In the elements around us we recognize the same principle of fluidity and change; air condensed becomes water,—air rarefied becomes fire. So it is in the elements of society. A merchant with all his speculations condensed into gold, *becomes a lord*,—or, with all his treasures blown into air, disappears in fire and smoke. And, after all, it may be a consolation to us to remember, if there were any thing permanent—any thing released from the obedience to this principle of motion, that we, after all, should gain nothing by it, because, though our possessions might endure, we could not live to enjoy them; and if our goods were not among movables, we ourselves are, and, even though they might continue with us, we could not stay with them.

*Pope.*—In this circular motion of all things, and in this universal fluidity and change, which you have brought forward with a gravity that even Atterbury himself would envy, you might have excepted the *philosophic mind* from the operations of this new law of gravitation. As you have led us to Paul's Cross, I may endeavor to illustrate my remark by an image which I read long ago in the black folio of some divine of the seventeenth century, like all his brethren of those days, rich in conceits, controversy, and Greek. As a watch, he says, though altogether it may be tossed up and down with the agitation of him who carries it, yet does not on that account suffer any perturbation in the frame, or any disorder in the working of the spring and wheels within, so the true heart of philosophic dignity, though it may be agitated by the toss-



ings and joltings which it meets with in the press and tumult of busy life, yet undergoes no derangement in the beautiful adjustment and regular action of its machinery; not a wheel is impeded or stopped. I dwell with a peculiar interest upon every tribute to the charms of philosophy and reflection, since, as I once wrote to Atterbury, contemplative life is not only *my scene*, but *my habit*. With regard to ambition, as exemplified in worldly distinction and celebrity, it has *always seemed to me rather stooping than climbing*.

*Swift*.—It is certainly very pleasing to live in a garden, and hear blackbirds, and talk about philosophy. I have a garden of my own in Ireland.

*Arbuthnot*.—Which you never walk in if you can find one with English flowers in it.

*Swift*.—A man who encloses himself in his own domain to the exclusion of the common pursuits and interests of society, resembles a person who always lives with his wife and children, and never sees company; or a boy who constantly walks out with his sisters, and is therefore always feminine. Then again, a man's thoughts are stunted in their growth by the confinement: to imitate your rural language, the glasses are too small for the flowers, and if they shut out the wind and dust, they shut out also the rain and the sun. Did you ever know an editor of an author a fair judge of his merits or his defects? Like a husband who has sat opposite to his wife during twenty years, the physiognomy of the author has become so natural to him that, however plain may be his features, he thinks them attractive.

*Pope*.—I have myself experienced some of the feeling you mention in translating Homer and commentating Shakspeare. I think that every writer is bound to guard against the seduction of indulging that unmitigated admiration for the author whom he illustrates, which is the common failing of editorship. No infection spreads more rapidly than an epidemic of praise. No poet, or historian, or philosopher, who ever lived since poetry, and history, and philosophy, were studied and known, deserves a panegyric without a shade. There should be some discord in the harmony. It is the peculiar characteristic of the brightest genius to have its lustre darkened. "The moon and stars shine with unsullied radiance, the sun alone exhibits spots on its disk." He would be no real friend to the memory of Shakspeare who should proclaim his transcendent excellences to the exclusion of his transcendent defects. He had both in excess, and was a giant in error as he was a giant in merit. I would not seek to banish an intellectual Aristides from the re-

public of letters simply because he was always called *the Just*; but I am confident that we shall not esteem the charm and the virtues of his mind and understanding the less because they were shaded by the faults and infirmities of humanity. Shakspeare lived in a corrupt atmosphere of thought, and his poetical complexion exhibits some signs of the influence of that atmosphere upon the constitution of his mind. We ought to rejoice that the vigorous health of his faculties enabled him to throw off so much of that pernicious and enervating influence, and to retain so much of beauty, and purity, and grace.

*Bolingbroke*.—How happy I should be in the belief that the commentating upon Shakspeare, or any other book, may at some future period warm you into the enthusiasm of tracing, from its commencement in our literature, the history of that noble art in which you so eminently excel.

*Pope*.—I have often entertained the idea of composing, not a grave and elaborate history of English poetry—which would demand more antiquarian research than I shall ever possess the opportunity of making—but of painting a series of portraits of my *elder brethren*,—of presenting to the student a gallery of pictures of some of the most famous contributors to our poetical literature; or, in other words, to pass before his eyes a succession of sketches of the far-spreading landscape of imagination, as it darkened and brightened in the light and shade of a setting or a rising civilization. I wish that some one of taste and diligence would take up the thread I have thrown out. According to that plan, he would be obliged to pass over unrecorded many names dear to the memory and dear to the heart. Let me illustrate my thought. Follow the traveller to the hill-top in the rich glow of a summer evening; he does not gaze upon the little valleys of verdant stillness, or the cottage-gardens sweet with the hum of bees, or the glimmering paths overarched by interlacing boughs; but runs his eye over the distant scene, lingering only upon the gray tower of the hamlet church, or the shadowy ramparts of the moss-grown castle, or the gilded pinnacles of the remote metropolis. And if you watch that traveller, you behold an emblem of the critic I have delineated. He passes over many green paths of sequestered meditation, many little gardens of fancy enriched with soft and delicate thoughts, that he may survey the wide and magnificent landscape of imagination, and the mightier structures of intellectual art, built up by the magicians of a former age, and still piercing the mist and cloud of

time, with their gates of glory and their pinnacles of gold.

*Swift.*—You talk of warming him; he is on fire already.

*Pope.*—You travel over a rough and melancholy road from the death of Chaucer to the middle of the reign of Henry VIII.; it winds over a succession of barren downs and perilous swamps. The Muse could find no green and peaceful spot to pitch her tent amid the tempestuous elements of rude and warring societies. The minstrel sang with the sword flashing in his eyes. Such was the state of literature in England. The sceptre dropped from the iron fingers of the Third Edward into the feeble grasp of his grandson. The usurpation of Bolingbroke, the rebellion of Northumberland, and the terrible strife of the Roses succeeded. The storm cleared away with the rising star of Henry VIII., and literature once more appeared with the rainbow of peace about her head. A gulf of darkness divides the epoch of Henry from the reign of Elizabeth. You may cross it at a leap. Some beams of that rich orb of imagination which had gone down with Chaucer, cast a luminous shadow from behind the hills; but it was too weak and too remote to disperse the vapors that hung heavy and dark over the landscape. At length the air grew sweet and clear, and Spenser smiled upon the desolate gardens of fiction. The jocund day of poetry

“Stood tiptoe on the misty mountain-top,”

and Shakspeare kindled the slumbering elements of the drama into life and beauty.

*Bolingbroke.*—I suppose in such a treatise as you suggest you would dwell upon the philosophy of your subject; you would show the solemn and august character of poetry; you would assert its claims to be included in the essential elements of a true education.

*Pope.*—I should. Poetry, said Aristotle, is something more philosophical and excellent than history. “A true poetic style,” is the remark of a modern writer, “will be generally found to be impregnated with something, which, under its highest pressure, can cast out a stronger flame and a more ethereal emanation than the most vivid coloring of real life.” The two assertions are convertible propositions in critical geometry—Poetry, being the concentrated richness and bloom of many seeds of thought, gradually growing up into height and beauty, deserves to occupy the most prominent place in the garden of literature. Nor should it be considered merely as an object of curious loveliness, to be stooped over for a moment by an eye dazzled and fatigued with the contemplation of

the surrounding beds. This flower—thus rising, as it were, upon the stem of grace—is not only precious for its wonderful mechanism of color, and perfume, but it is precious also for the charm which it works upon the intellectual eyesight. Like the fabled plant of antiquity, it purifies and brightens the vision of the understanding. An eminent sculptor confessed that the Medicean Venus enabled him to discover beauties in nature which he had never perceived before; and in the same manner poetry opens a new world of loveliness to the student. To eyes, sprinkled and enlightened by this flower, no scene is barren, and no tree is leafless; every fountain shines with the face of its guardian Naiad, and every wood is musical with the pipe of its sylvan spirit.

*Bolingbroke.*—And with the philosophy of poetry would be intimately associated its criticism. The reader of a poem, like the visitor to a picture-gallery, requires to be taught how to examine *works of art*.

*Pope.*—I think that criticism may be the instrument of manifesting genius; and it may effect this manifestation in two ways. (1.) By removing the obscurity or the false impression which the mist of time, or, (2.) the malignity of jealousy, may have imparted to it. It is not always that the loftiest imagination possesses the correspondent faculty of language; and then, like the sun in a vapory sky, while it kindles masses of cloud into gorgeous colors and splendor, its unity and beauty of lustre are not perceived. Criticism, by scattering these vapors, enables the intellectual light to shine out; it gives it an atmosphere, transparent, pure, adapted to the weaker eyesight of common understandings. Every antiquated word is a cloud that hides to the vulgar eye the glory of the image; as these clouds melt away, the heaven of the imagination becomes luminous; and this will probably explain why it is that those authors are usually the most popular and admired,—not who have the noblest *conceptions*, but who reveal those conceptions in the most lucid *medium of words*. And thus we may apply to poetical or philosophical loveliness, Dr. Young's panegyric on feminine beauty:—

“This, like the sun, irradiates all between;  
The body charms, because the soul is seen.”

*Bolingbroke.*—Perhaps the *false impression*, which the malice of envy or ignorance may have imparted to the production of an author, is even more injurious to its reputation than the thickest gloom of centuries. Our illustrious Newton, whose adventurous footsteps seemed to strike fire into the remotest solitude of science, has ascertained that



if a star be contemplated through a glass, tarnished however slightly by the smoke of a lamp or torch, it glimmers into a speck of light. The stars of literature undergo a similar eclipse and diminution, when beheld through the tinted glass of jealousy or hatred.

*Arbuthnot.*—Nay, even through misapprehension;—Scaliger was unable to comprehend the Latin of a Scottish gentleman who had addressed him, and he gravely apologized to him for not understanding the language of Scotland.

*Pope.*—Among the uses of criticism may be recollected the light which it throws over the design of an author. Few men build their verse or their argument according to their original plan. My own Sylph machinery was an after-thought. The light of criticism enables the reader to comprehend in one view the long *perspective of imagination*, to see what parts of the majestic outline have been embodied, what parts omitted, what parts modified or changed. This knowledge can only be obtained after a laborious survey of criticism, after a careful induction and comparison of particulars.

*Arbuthnot.*—I have remarked that any attempts to improve the building when completed, have almost constantly resulted in diminishing its effect. The architecture assumes a composite form—an Elizabethan chimney tapers above a Norman gateway. Second and third editions of books, if amended, are generally inferior to the first. But while I deprecate these extensive alterations, I respect the sentiment which suggests them.

*Bolingbroke.*—Yes, truly; I can enter into the feeling which induced Virgil to direct that the MS. of his great poem might be destroyed. There is, you know, in the Laurentian library, a room by Michael Angelo, and the staircase, said to be his work, has still the scaffolding remaining at one part of it which he erected. Now, so it is with the *Aeneid* and with the architecture of genius in general. Whether it be from accident, or indolence, or wilfulness, or premature death, some of the scaffolding is always hanging about the magnificent fabrics of invention and learning. The board, and the ladder, and the rope, deform the stateliness and grace of the palaces of fancy. Look, for example, at the edifice reared after so many years of patient industry by our own Milton. Who can fail to perceive that the illustrations drawn from science and mythology—the intricate theses spun out of the cobwebs of schoolmen and the perplexities of polemics—are so many remains of the tools and the materials which he had collected for his toil—so many proofs that the architect had not the disposition or the opportuni-

ty to remove his scaffolding when he had completed his building? Or take a still apter specimen in the dramas of Skakspeare. His plays, in five stories, were run up with the swiftness of a speculator in Parnassus, who had only a few plots of ground in eligible situations and upon short leases. He was too idle to remove the machinery of his labor from the eye of the beholder. It litters the balcony of Juliet, it appears in the battle-field of Richard.

*Arbuthnot.*—How strikingly apparent is that contrast of different styles in the poem of Spenser,—the Ionic grace of the classic temple clusters, with all its florid luxuriance, over the solemn melancholy of the cathedral; the old and new worlds of fiction illuminate and darken each other,—

“Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,  
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn.”

*Pope.*—You were wise to sweeten to my ear a censure of Spenser with a couplet of my own. The *Faërie Queene* I have always loved. And I confess that the union of antique and modern images has never appeared to me so startling or unpleasing. The effect of his pictures depends upon the manner in which you contemplate them. If you stand close to a cathedral window, when there is no light upon it, and minutely analyze each robe, and feature, and posture of the figures delineated upon it, your eye will be offended with the want of delicacy in the expression and harmony in the coloring. It is so with regard to the representations which Spenser has given of scenery and life. His poem comprises a succession of paintings, which present certain features and dresses to the eye; they look cold and watery unless the light of his moral plays over the surface; then every feature glows and brightens; and all the pageant wakes and lives. He designated his work *a perpetual allegory, or dark conceit*. The sunshine of truth illuminates this allegory, as the sunshine of summer gilds the window of the cathedral.

*Arbuthnot.*—But the improbability of his descriptions; the drawing, so out of proportion; the coloring, so heightened beyond reality.—How do you vindicate these?

*Pope.*—By denying the assertion. His figures and scenery were drawn and colored with the intention of being contemplated at *a certain distance, and under certain lights*. There are pictures whose charm reveals itself only as the spectator recedes from the canvass. The cathedral window was never painted in order that a curious lover of art might fix a ladder to the roof and spell it, as he would a new grammar. Then, consider

that what is so unnatural to you was perfectly natural to Spenser. He was like a man who had lived so long in an Eastern climate that his countenance had begun to assume its hue. He had walked among Faeries and Genii, and slumbered in enchanted palaces, and wandered over Elysian fields, until he felt himself naturalized. When he goes back into antiquity, he ceases to be Spenser; and the spirit of the *individual* is merged in that of the *age*.

*Bolingbroke.*—And so it must always be, as it always has been. He who would impart immortality to *his book* must impart *himself*. He must put his heart and his blood into it. In the manifestation of genius there is no *selfishness*. The image of the writer must not be reflected upon the stream of thought, but his fancy must descend, like some costly essence, into the lowest depths, and mingle with, and color, and sweeten, every drop in the stream. It was this union, this identification of the poet with his poem, that communicated so still and awful a grandeur to the creations of classic genius. Who cannot perceive that the great heart of Æschylus throbs with the agonies of Prometheus, when the vulture flaps his heavy wings upon the crags of Caucasus? We recognise the same *suppression of individual insulated consciousness* in the tragedies of Shakspeare; or, if you turn to a sister art, in the pictures of Raphael. And this is one reason why the productions of Greek imagination, in particular, seem to have been exempted from the common law of literary mortality. The dust of oblivion has never been scattered on them, they have never been buried. Sophocles lives in *Œdipus*, Euripides speaks in *Orestes*;—uninjured and undimmed by the darkness, and hurricanes, and convulsions of so many centuries, they shine, stars in the pure firmament of thought; nor is their brightness stationary; “they journey on from clime to clime, and from age to age, shedding the light of beauty upon generation after generation.”

*Arbuthnot.*—And if the *writer* of the book is to forget *himself*, so, in like manner, must the *reader*.

*Pope.*—Or the author will have forgotten himself in vain. In both there must be not merely a *mutilation* but an *annihilation* of personality. As the poet passes out of himself into the character which he delineates, so the reader must identify himself with the character when it is portrayed; and he must not only go out of himself, but out of his age, “he must forget himself, and his prejudices, and predilections and associations, and give up his thoughts to the work he is perusing, and try to take his stand on the author’s point of view.”

*Bolingbroke.*—Horace has long ago indicated, with that inimitable grace which was peculiar to him, this transmigration of the reader into the scene described; but he attributes it entirely to the sorcery of the magician, subduing time and space to his service. Sometimes, indeed, the spell of genius is so mighty that it compels the eyes of thought to close upon the present, that they may open upon the past; but, for the most part, the *consent* of the intellectual system is required to the death of the thoughts with regard to things immediately affecting it.

*Arbuthnot.*—There is a certain description of biography which combines with these fascinations of fiction the more endearing charms of truth. Read Plutarch’s life of *Theseus*; does it not breathe the romance of Spenser? You see the glitter of arms, and hear the clanging trumpet, as in the *Knight’s Tale* of Chaucer. Of all our poets, Shakspeare seems to have appreciated most fully the *poetical* character of Plutarch.

*Bolingbroke.*—I think your eulogy of Plutarch is well deserved. Of biography lying between fiction and truth, and receiving lights and shades from each, he is the most pleasing illustrator. In gazing upon these delineations of eminent persons, whether of ancient or modern times, the eye of the reader is pleased and refreshed. He discovers in them a resemblance to those portraits of the Venetian or Lombard schools, in which the physiognomy is heightened by every splendor and embellishment of costume; while a beautiful background of landscape subdues and softens the composition into a gentle harmony and grace. The difference between that biography which is too far removed from poetry to receive any of its lustre and heat, and that biography which is lighted and kindled by it, is not unlike the difference which we trace between a portrait by Vandyck and a portrait by Titian, where the accuracy and truth of the first are illuminated into a higher order of power and intellect by the second.

*Pope.*—A great painter with the pen, like the painter with the pencil, works his miracles of art with the slightest touches; what a wrinkle in a cloak, or a sword brought prominently forward, is to the artist, the unpremeditated word, or the brilliant repartee, is to the historian. You have spoken of Vandyck, of whom our own Clarendon may offer no unapt illustration; but if you seek for a Rembrandt of the pen, would you not look for him in *Tacitus*? If you examine his wonderful delineations of nature with attention, you perceive that, while his portraits are presented to the eye with every circumstance to awaken fear and dismay, there hangs, never-



theless, about them a dimness and obscurity peculiarly striking; an awful outline seems to be drawn with a few strokes, leaving the beholder or the reader (which, in this case, are terms convertible) much to fill up.

*Pope.*—My friend Dr. Warburton told me that he had been recommending a very ingenious friend of his to cultivate his talent for a description of literature, of which we have no adequate specimen in our language. I mean that form of intellectual comparison and contrast which we call *parallels*. There seems, however, to be one defect inherent in the very nature of the composition itself, and that is the necessity, or at any rate, the almost irresistible temptation, to obtain, or produce, a strong *opposition in design and coloring*. The portrait of *all light* hangs by the portrait of *all shade*, and we seem to contemplate a Rembrandt by the side of a Titian, and to see a bandit of Salvator scowling over a cottager of Ostade. But if the style have its defects, they are redeemed by many charms and advantages. What a beautiful parallel might be drawn between Cowley and Spenser! They were both remarkable for their personal beauty, and especially for a certain delicacy of expression almost feminine. I have heard that the face of Cowley was peculiarly prepossessing; his hair, of a bright color, was rich and flowing; his eyes were full and brilliant; his forehead was exquisitely smooth, and his mouth is said to have been charming. It is interesting, also, to observe how far he was in advance of his own age in every critical opinion. His own writings do not reflect his clear perception of poetical excellence. "There is not," he said, "so great a lie to be found in any poet as the *vulgar conceit of men that lying is essential to good poetry*."

*Bolingbroke.*—How fortunate would it have been for his fame had he put his theory into action! If you could now say of him as a distinguished person of our own time has observed of himself, that

"He stooped to truth, and moralized his song."

It is the naturalness, the almost domestic simplicity, of his manner, that gives so hearty a freshness to Chaucer. The student who walks out into the fields of song, when the morning dew is upon the grass, is delighted to hear the sweet and joyous bird spring from beneath his feet into the air, which he makes to resound with his melody.

*Pope.*—The descriptions which are *natural* in Homer and Chaucer become *picturesque* in Latin writers. It is a noticeable fact in all early books of genius, that they do not so much *delineate* as *indicate*. They

touch the figure into the canvass roughly and vividly, but without arranging the background and the accessories. Look at Homer's picture of wolves:—

Λαρυντες γλωσσήσιν αραιησιν μελαν ὄδωρ  
Ακρον.

You see the minuteness and the rapidity of his observation in the simple circumstance which he introduces to give *emphasis* to his sketch the *slender tongue*. The *natural* precedes the *picturesque*; the first the characteristic of an uninitiated, the second of a refined, age.

*Bolingbroke.*—What, then, do you strictly understand by the *picturesque* in composition?

*Pope.*—I understand every thing that relates to an arrangement of objects with a particular reference to the *general effect of the picture*—to what the French call the *coup d'œil*, and including, of course, the number and position of the figures, the composition and costume of the groups, the distribution of light and shade. Of this art Tasso was a great master, Shakspeare learned it by intuition, Spenser presents some noble specimens of it, Virgil is pre-eminent, and Claudian frequently reminds me of Rubens himself.

*Bolingbroke.*—And in prose you might point to Livy, the Virgil without metre, and whose histories are only so many episodes in the great epoch of his country. In the historian, as in the poet, we trace the same eye of taste and imagination tinging every scene with its own soft and enchanting light. If you call Tacitus the Rembrandt, you must admit that Livy is the Correggio of his art.

*Pope.*—There are shadows of flowers upon the stream of Livy, but there is gold in the magnificent tide of Tully. One writes to the eye, the other to the understanding; yet not without a profound insight into the machinery of the human will, and a thrilling mastery over the passions. I love him, also, for his deep conviction of another and an enduring existence. The radiancy of a *future* life seems, in his page, to dart its kindling heat and lustre through the shadows of the present. For my own part I feel so strong, so lively an impression of the immortality of the soul, that, as I have often remarked to you upon various occasions, I *seem* to feel it within me as by intuition. Nor can I sit with patience and hear this doctrine of consolation, not to say of dignity, derided and condemned. I think that even in some cases I might be induced to give my suffrage against the liberty of unlicensed printing. I confess with the eloquent Hooker, that I

would put a chain upon these blaspheming tongues; I would not suffer them to spit their venom upon the innocent passers-by, and utter every word of contumely which the evil spirit that agitates and rends them may inspire.

*Bolingbroke.*—Nay, let criticism possess its *rack*, but not its *inquisition*. If you wish to strengthen an opinion, *tie it down*. Like this green bough, which I now bend with my finger, it will retain its altered position only while the hand of authority is applied to it, and will spring back again with a vigor increased by restraint, when that hand is withdrawn.

## PUNCH'S GUIDE TO GOVERNMENT SITUATIONS.

From the Charivari.

A FEW years ago a delusive little Treatise was published under the title of "How to keep House upon a hundred a-year," which certainly told the public how the house might be kept, but not the family that lived in it.

Seeing a book advertised with the title of "A Guide to Government Situations," we bought the work, and, armed with its talismanic power, we rushed to the Treasury, where we requested to be shown a few Government situations, intending to walk into the most eligible, with the aid of our Guide Book. We presumed, in our simplicity, that places under Government might possibly be something like the 5000 straw bonnets thrown into the linen-drapers' windows at this time of the year, with the generous intimation, that they are to be (almost) GIVEN AWAY; and, indeed, we began to suppose that Government situations were plentiful enough, if people only knew where to go for them. We have, however, been cruelly deceived; for the only situation under Government into which the "Guide" seemed likely to get us, was that of first gentleman in waiting at the station-house.

Considering it possible that others may be subjected to a disappointment similar to that we ourselves experienced, we beg leave to offer to the public a guide of our own, which we think will be more efficacious than the one we have already alluded to.

### THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

The Chief-Secretaryship of this department is a very lucrative place. It would be difficult to offer any guide to it, for the individuals who have held it have reached it through so many crooked ways—such an endless variety of ins and outs, such constant shifting and changing from side to side—that it would be quite impossible to follow them. The same may be said of the Secretaryship of State for the Colonies.

### LAW DEPARTMENT.

The Chancellorship is, of course, the highest prize in this branch of the public service, and any

Guide to Government Situations would be incomplete, if it did not point out the way to the wool-sack. Lord Brougham's short and easy method is to go and sit upon it whenever he can, so as to be prepared to push off the legitimate occupant on the first opportunity, or to take his place, in the event of his leaving it. The Attorney and Solicitor-Generalships are prizes worth having; and perhaps one of the safest roads to legal promotion, particularly in Ireland, would be to get a brief for the Crown, and challenge the opposite counsel. Country Commissionerships of Bankrupts, which are worth about a thousand a-year, seem to be very easily obtained, if we may judge by the manner in which these situations have been hitherto filled. It may be sufficient for the purposes of our Guide to state, that the only qualification that seems to be actually indispensable, is an utter ignorance of the law of Bankruptcy. We have arrived at this conclusion merely from a close observation of the qualities for which the new Commissioners of Bankruptcy have hitherto been distinguished. We should say, from our experience in this matter, that to know any thing whatever about the subject of his duties would be fatal to the pretensions of a candidate for the highly lucrative offices alluded to.

### CUSTOM-HOUSE DEPARTMENT.

This branch of the public service has, hitherto, been doubly eligible, for there has been not only the salary attached to the various places, but the pickings have been very considerable. The same pickings exist in other departments, to which we recommend the applicant for a Government situation to turn his attention, because the Custom-house perquisites have been in a great degree curtailed by the very awkward exposures that have recently transpired. This branch of the public service has been spoilt for the present, as a source of large emolument; but there are numerous other departments where the spirit of impertinent curiosity has not yet been able to penetrate.

### EXCHEQUER DEPARTMENT.

In order to obtain the full benefit of the resources opened out by employment in this department, it was formerly desirable to cultivate an imitative style of hand-writing, and to form connections on the Stock Exchange. This branch of the public service was worked to the full extent of its capabilities by Mr. Beaumont Smith, who was, unfortunately, not permitted to enjoy the fruits of his ingenuity.

In concluding our Guide to Government Situations, we most earnestly express to the person in want of one, our most sincere, our most ardent, and our most heartfelt wish, that—he may get it.

THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL of the Palatinate will be celebrated, this year, at Deux-Ponts, under the direction of M. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and last three days, the 30th and 31st of July and the 1st of August. The performers will be from 1,800 to 2,000 in number; and the programme includes Mozart's Symphony in D major, Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, and Spohr's Overture in A flat major; Mendelssohn's Oratorio of 'St. Paul,' Cherubini's 'Requiem,' and Handel's Cantata of 'Alexander's Feast.'—*Athenæum*.



## A NIGHT FOR HISTORY.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.

From the Metropolitan.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON, in his "Decline and Fall of the Irish Nation," a work of great historical merit, as containing the only authentic record of the most striking epoch in our history, gives a picturesque and touching description of the Last Night in the House of Commons. Whatever were the faults of the Admiralty Judge, the purity of his parliamentary conduct was unimpeachable. An Irishman in feeling, and imbued with the most inveterate hostility to the enterprise of the English minister, he looked on the Union as conceived in the spirit of a sordid selfishness, and executed with all the concentrated powers of political debauchery, corruption, and crime. It is, at least, one earnest proof of his sincerity, that he died as he had lived; and it was the consolation and pride of his last days to prepare for the Irish people that memorial of their greatness and degradation. He brought together all his recollections,—and they were numerous and vivid,—in painting that Last Night, and he filled the canvass with the brilliancy and precision of a master. It is the last striking scene in his book. None can peruse that page without deep and mournful interest. That the Irish Commons were not the representatives of the free opinion of the nation, has been so often and truly insisted on, and posterity has so confirmed the accusation, that none has dared to defend them; but that they were, for that reason, fit objects for annihilation, is a question which admits of some doubt. True, they were not models of purity or independence, and like many more fortunate patriots of our own times, postponed the interests of their country to their own on many occasions, but still the material prosperity of the people rapidly increased under their influence. The Secretary of Hong Kong tells a different story, but the proverbial stubbornness of facts is opposed to his allegations; and if his tables of British commerce with the Flowery empire be inlaid with the same number of errors to produce an effect, we are inclined to believe that he will soon return to project new railways, or lend a disinterested hand to the passing of private bills. It is surprising how English writers fall so mercilessly foul of our old representatives, forgetting all the turpitude of their own. One would imagine that the English Commons, from all time, were an incorruptible congress of Doric legislators, sitting, most Homerically, on polished stones—venerable and virtuous Ge-

rontes, who had never known place or pension or bribe. Shippen was incorruptible where all were corrupt, and his name passed into a proverb. The improved character of the times generated a different and less objectionable system; but down to the close of the last century, it may be safely affirmed that the plague of corruption stained alike "both their houses." Our departed friends in College Green were the creation of profligate times, and followed the example of their betters—they erred only with their epoch. Infamous as they were, they did occasional good, and their praises still hang on the lips of the unthinking, who sigh for even such a restoration. "Architecture," says Mr. Sheil, "has left its solemn attestation" of the fact that Ireland had a parliament; and the "Old House at Home" has become a standing ornament in our processional flags and banners, and its glories, marmorean and legislative, chanted in song and recited in glowing prose. Sir Jonah's "Last Night" was, during the repeal fever of last year, a universal favorite. Often did we hear it on summer eves arresting the progress of the passer by on Carlisle Bridge, as the "true and faithful account" filled the warm air, and the warmer hearts of the enthusiastic crowd. It was recited, in a highly sustained key, by one of those cyclic rhapsodists who migrated at the era of the Round Towers or some such period of hoar antiquity, from the East into Ireland, and was listened to with as much wondering eagerness as the lays of Homer in ancient Greece. That the recital, like the "massacre of Mullaghmast," tended to create discontent and disaffection among her Majesty's Irish subjects, was evident. It must have reached the law officers, and we now admire their generosity to suffer the patriotic *Zosimus*\* to provide a frugal supper at the expense of the public tranquillity.

\* Gibbon has made the reader of his work acquainted with one *Zosimus*, the Greek historian of the lower empire. We shall introduce him to another. The Dublin wags have given our hero this second baptism, to which he answers more readily than the name recognized by his godfathers and godmothers. Such is the power of habit. He is an old blind man, who earns a precarious livelihood by reciting the heroic deeds of our forefathers—the battles of Clonskeage, Clontarf, and Ventry Harbor, varied occasionally with a miraculous page from the lives of St. Columb Kill and St. Bridget. His beat lies from the College, over Carlisle Bridge, to the Rotundo, where he halts, and returns without declination to the point of departure. Of all the rhapsodical tribe, he has the most numerous and attentive class of listeners, and many a penny is dropped into his hat for the intellectual enjoyment he conveys. Unlike the Homeric rhapsodists, he is a great original, and manufactures, from the loom of his inventive brain, the most rare and interesting products of

But what has all this to do with our "Night for History?" Surely we cannot intend to serve up the staple products of Sir Jonah, and the monologues of our ballad singers, with the simple difference of a new condiment. Not at all. There are nights of great celebrity besides that, which have not yet found a sacred bard or historian. The night which we have chosen, the 15th of February, 1844, has already attracted the rival blocks of the *Illustrated News* and *Pictorial Times*, but beyond that, there is no record of the memorable event. That night will be remembered among the "great facts" of our times, when leagues and clubs shall have passed away and be forgotten. Some will say that it is a common affair—a simple trial by jury to try a common offence of misdemeanor—Mr. O'Connell, the cynosure of a day, dared to overshadow the land by his influence, and sought to evade the law by his sagacity—he was arrested by that power which he aspired to disdain, and paid the penalty of his rashness or intrepidity by a verdict. Such may be their philosophy—it is not ours. Very differently, as it appears to our shallow knowledge of the future, will after generations regard the night of the fif-

teenth. Sometimes he enlightens his admiring audience with a chapter from astronomy, a signal accomplishment for one who had never seen sun or star, and the disquisition on the solar system is accordingly wonderfully curious. But it is in the field of native history that he shines with peculiar splendor. Fion M'Coul and his masticated thumb—the Fion Erin, or the chivalry of Pagan Ireland—Usheen harmonized by M'Pherson into Ossian—Goul M'Mourn and the whole tribe of Celtic demigods, are his usual theme. On these he descants with flowing power, and most impressive earnestness. He scorns the hackneyed ways of the ballad-singer—his style is recitation, and his subjects always dramatically moulded. If, according to Aristotle, tragic power consists in exciting the emotions of pity and terror, then is *Zosimus* among the first of tragic composers, for we have seen him excite these faculties more forcibly and promptly than the best finished tragedy. When he descends to comic narrative, his vein is the choicest, and his success quite as unequivocal. There is in his vocation one peculiarity—he never sells printed papers—his stories being the unwritten "mint and coinage" of his imagination. You pay simply for hearing him, if you are disposed to be charitable, and at the same time compensate for a very refined pleasure. Unhappily, the universality of his attainments in science, history, and poetry, have not much improved his worldly condition, and like another of the illustrious blind,

With his hat in his hand

He begs for a mite through his own classic land.

He is called *Zosimus*, from some incongruous tale of that name, which had a long and profitable run. What other country than Ireland could furnish such a character?

By us, who have been involved in the whirlpool, the importance of the transaction is but little felt. We are too near to appreciate its effects. It is the remark of an eloquent writer, that the traveller who wanders through a picturesque and rugged country, though struck with the beauty of every new valley, or the grandeur of every cliff that he passes, has no notion at all of its general configuration, or even of the relative situation of the objects he has been admiring, and will understand all those things and his own route among them, far better from a small map on a scale of half an inch to a mile, which represents neither thickets nor hamlets, than from the most painful efforts to combine the indications of the strongest memory. They who live in a period of great historical interest, labor exactly under the same difficulty. They are too near the scene—too deeply interested in each successive event—and too much agitated by their constant rapidity to form a correct judgment of the total result. It is with them as with troops in a battle field. They fight on, unconscious of triumph or defeat—obedient to, but with scarcely a knowledge of, the general movements in which their fate is involved. The peasant who witnesses the conflagration of war from a distant and secure eminence, has a much clearer knowledge of the work of death than they who are personally concerned. We are the soldiers. The heat and tumult of the field in which we have been engaged, incapacitates us perhaps from giving a sober and impartial description; but Time, the corrector, has softened down much anger and exasperation, and they, to whose minds our former testimony wore the air of bias, will now acknowledge that we erred on the side of truth. We may have embarrassed or fatigued our readers by this tedious prologue, but our apology is, that if it be wearisome or unnecessary, it is quite as good as any we can offer in our detailed account of the night of the eventful verdict. Few will dispute that it is one for history, and also one of much interest, whatever degree of importance the future may attach to it.

After the Chief had drawn his memorable charge to a close, which has since challenged the attention of the House of Commons, and to which in one respect they have not rendered justice—its clearness and ability, however doubtful the spirit which animated it—when, on a whole review of the evidence, he calculated on a just verdict, the jury received the issue with minds ill at ease, for theirs was a task of danger and of difficulty. In order to strengthen them for a hard night's



labor, Judge Crampton generously declared that they should be provided with "temperate" refreshment, after the fashion of Milton's banquet in *Paradise Lost*. The jury did not relish the judicial frugality. Biscuits and spring water were but an unsubstantial repast after an eight hours' mortification in a jury-box. Mr. Holmes conceived a bottle of sherry would accelerate a verdict, for Irishmen never work so well as when under the influence of gentle excitement. The suggestion was worthy "the consideration of the Court:" but intoxicating liquors did not come within the *genus* temperate, and their passions or prejudices, if any they had, would cool in the sobriety of the pump. It was also intimated by the Court, that one of their lordships would attend at the punctual hour of a quarter before nine, to receive the verdict, or explain what was doubtful. Three hours only to deliberate on the prodigious mass of evidence which occupied the same number of weeks to unfold! It would take that time to digest the gigantic proportions of the indictment, omitting the whole files of newspapers, and the perplexing variety of oral and documentary evidence adduced in its support! A common larceny case would attract the attention of a jury for that limited period. In our profound ignorance we estimated the deliberations of the twelve true men at two revolutions of the day and night, for that was the magic number which pervaded the proceedings, every thing was on so sumptuous a scale of long talk—but the Court, more far-seeing than ourselves, more intelligent too in the ways of the jury-box, were thoroughly accurate in their limitation. They knew the verdict as well as if Mr. Bourne had then read forth—"On the first count you say that Daniel O'Connell, John O'Connell, &c. are Guilty." The charge went as home to the conviction of the box as a point blank discharge to a target. Mr. Henn took some slight objections, of which the principal was that there was not evidence to show that the Repeal Association was in the County of the City of Dublin, which he considered very material, but had the effect of curling Judge Crampton's lip into a smile. His book was stowed away, but "he would take a note of it," and register the same at his leisure. He looked at Mr. Henn, and asked with his eyes—"Are you really serious—Do you remember Browne's testimony?"

There was now a general dispersion, and also an active diversity of opinion among our learned brothers—chiefly of the junior class, as to all they had heard and seen on that day. If the crown had its accusers, the accused

had their defenders. On one side the charge was weighed down with the load of panegyric offerings, on the other it was of that embalmed description which was to be found in Howell, and which Mr. Macaulay has since, with more particularity, associated with the constitutional models of the seventeenth century. One declared that what the Chief stated might be law, but it was not in accordance with the constitution; whereupon his riper adversary objected that the constitution was nothing else than the law; and that he foolishly distinguished between convertible terms. Such was the hot war waged on this side and on that, in the court, in the hall, and even the robing-room. In less orderly times, the stunted thickets of the Park would have echoed with the explosions of John Rigby, or John *Jason* Rigby's patent detonators; and it was perhaps a merciful provision that this eminent dispenser of justice by the pistol was then in the box to dispense justice according to law. Having disposed of our own immediate circle, we return for awhile to the Court. Of the traversers' counsel, Mr. Sheil and Sir Colman O'Loughlin remained to watch the proceedings to their fatal or fortunate close. Nor were they alone in their vigils, for a number of sympathizing friends held on, resolved to lose not a minute in the Night for History. We remained faithful to the post as a Roman Triarian for an additional hour, when we learned that "the cakes and ale" had passed into the jury-room, and we took a temporary departure to indulge in less temperate nourishment. In the hall, the restless and anxious crowd still were gathered round the barrier. There they continued, immovable from the pressure since the opening of the hall, and as each counsel retired, he was asked the chances of an acquittal—they could not seduce their tongues to pronounce the cruel word "conviction." He who consoled them with a hope, was saluted with a prolonged benediction, whilst a hint at condemnation did not, in the language of the Christmas Carol, "agree with the boys at all."

At half-past eight we returned to our destination. As we proceeded along the quays, there were symptoms on every side of the stirring of men's minds. Jarveys were flying with all the eager rapidity of Olympic chariots, and, like them, they evaded mutual destruction by the most delicate management of the charioteers. Single horsemen, accoutred for country expresses, mixed with the car squadron, while the flagged footway, along which we moved, was a scene of equal pressure. Every lamp-post had its throng of anxious citizens, discussing the law of con-

spiracy, and the chances of an acquittal. There was some one of the body whose opinions they regarded with reverence, and whose eloquent tongue discoursed most learnedly on all the features of the case. Of these leaders, the most conspicuous and oratorical was the celebrated Mr. Flood,\* a personage well known in the region of the Four Courts. He harangued a delighted group in the corner where the book-stall is located, and closed his appeal with a sly hint to the pockets of his audience, who had more prayers than pence to bestow. With much labor we worked our way through the quadrangle, and, having bedecked our head with frizzled whalebone, as the only passport to the favor of the police, we entered the Queen's Bench in safety, which in that hour, so unseasonable for gentlemen fond of *post-prandial* re-

\* Mr. Flood is of quite a different genus from *Zosimus*. One is a product of past, the other of present civilization. We do not know whether he bears any kindred to the illustrious statesman of that name, but he is a surpassing statesman and legislator. He once had the high honor of being put forward to represent the University. The circumstances are these. During the election, a mob of students congregated in the square, venting all sorts of execration on the Whigs. Mr. Flood, from the very peculiar structure of his hat, with the wings curled tightly up like the tail of Cruikshank's cur-dog, attracted attention when fun and excitement were the pursuit. He was soon surrounded. "I came here," quoth he, "to support the constitution in church and state." Loud cries of bravo. "I came here to offer myself to the enlightened electors of this University." Whereupon, without more to do, he was elevated on the shoulders of a multitude, and placed on a projection of one of the columns of the Examination Hall. A gownsman then came forward, and proposed the "illustrious Henry Flood as a fit and proper person to represent this Protestant University in the Imperial Parliament." A seconder was not wanted—a crowd competed for the honor. These preliminaries being settled, he proceeded at much length to advocate a miscellany of rights and privileges very inconsonant with the spirit of the times, but exceedingly flattering to the prejudices of his audience. The shrewd fellow could well distinguish between a hawk and a hand-saw. His cunning dexterity was inimitable. He wound up with the necessity of reverting to the old and honored principles of the constitution, and among these was one which engrossed much of his attention—the payment of members. The question was put—Mr Flood was unanimously elected—cheered and chaired, and took leave of his constituents with an instalment of his parliamentary wages in his pocket. Since then his politics have changed—he will now never cease until Ireland has a native parliament! During the trials, his attention was incessant, and his knowledge a fountain of information to the humbler classes of politicians. He is not quite so mad as unthinking folk give him credit for, since he contrives to smoke his cigar and take his grog, to which he is but too partial, at other people's expense. Like Power on "His Last Legs," his hat is his fortune—its grotesque drollery constitutes his livelihood.

pose, was in a high state of density. The gentry of the press were unusually abundant, and, at the left of the Clerk of the Crown, our attention was directed to a queen's messenger, who certainly looked as if the "speed of thought" was not in his limbs, for his dimensions exhibited the true corporate proportion. The bar seats were long the prey of the alien. A very mixed and most questionable society had evicted the *noblesse de la robe*, and in vain did they apply to pompous inspectors of police to clear the forum. It was in vain. The grenadiers of Napoleon purged the Hall of Five Hundred, but we defy them to make an impression on the attorneys' clerks—at least the new police were laughed to scorn. In vain, too, did we shake our wigs and look angry, but the mob of ill-mannered gentlemen were not for a moment disturbed. Never did we witness such an absence of respect. The occasion might have produced some show of solemnity even in the most graceless minds, but that audience, neither "few nor fitting," yielded to an extravagant boisterousness, inconsistent with the place and time. They indulged deeply, we presume, in after dinner potations, to "bear them stiffly up" against the dread event, and, as it is the characteristic of an Irishman to enjoy a joke, even in the midst of his sorrows, the mirth of one touched his neighbor, and the entire audience soon grew reeling ripe for merriment. As her majesty's counsel entered, the riot abated, and the tumult soon subsided into a more decorous repose.

The crown and traversers' counsel arrived at the same time, all unwigged and unrobed, except the Attorney and Solicitor-General, who appeared in plenary working costume. They both looked pictures of contentment, even at that stage of conjecture, for the deeds then being accomplished in the jury-room cast their shadows into court, and in their mind's eye they saw that it was done. Looking at the uncovered array on both sides, a phrenologist would have had a fine field for speculation. The glossy bald heads of some, and the thinly-honored crowns of others—the full majestic forehead of one, and the narrow seat of cunning and craft of another—afforded an ample study for the disciples of Gall, in the mysteries of whose dangerous philosophy we are wholly unversed. Remarkable amongst the "palaces of thought" was the bald, round, shining dome of Mr. Holmes, looking a *Cato Major* among degenerate men—just such a character as might have filled a curule chair in the Capitol when *Papirius* provoked the massacre of the senate. He was not so grave, however,



as either of the noble Romans with whom we have compared him, for he cracked nuts of humor with all around him. The Attorney-General alone did not enjoy the kernels. He had his own thoughts, and communed with them. His eye was far away over water, and conjured up Mr. Sergeant Murphy's unprofessional unfairness, and the bursting of Mr. Roebuck's gall-bladder. Carara marble was not more immovable. The next to arrest the eye on that side was Mr. Brewster. The frost of centuries seemed to whiten the locks that still clustered round his posterior lobe, and the contrast between the venerable antiquity of his head and the strong, coarse, and vigorous expression of his countenance was peculiarly striking. He was habited in a light wrapper, a sort of cross between a tweed and gossamer, to follow the phraseology of tailors, buttoned tight and throat-ward, and looked a veritable *Bully Bottom*. His impatience could scarcely suffice him to sit, but he longed for a release from his labors, and a corresponding reward for his meritorious services. *Baron Brewster* would be such a delightful alliteration! Close to his eye, which did double duty in winking and perusing, he held a treatise on criminal law, to meet or make objections. His attention was directed to a question which he sagaciously anticipated—the reception of the verdict, should it be tendered after midnight. We knew this by the turn of the leaves, and gave him credit for additional acuteness, though Mr. Napier, perhaps, might divide the credit of the anticipation; for he it was who worked the indictment through, and on one occasion prevented a fatal termination to the labors of the crown. He was not present on this night, lest his precise and virtuous observance of the Sabbath should be infringed by a single minute after twelve. He is as righteous as a Puritan of the revolution in the rites of the seventh day.

Counsel on the other side beguiled the time as best they could. Conundrums were the expedient devised to lighten the coming sorrows of a conviction. One of the most eminent busied his invention in taxing the powers of discovery of his fellow-laborers in this field of investigation. He handed round a slip of paper, with this startling interrogatory—"Why did Mr. O'Connell make so bad a speech?" Various were the solutions of the mystic scroll. One repeated the scriptural adage, that he who is his own counsel has a fool for his client; another something else; but the genius of Mr. Monahan untied the perplexing knot—"Because he was speaking against his own conviction." In

such wise did the grave and learned apprentices while away the hour. Mr. Henn, with his majestic front and locks of iron-gray, was listening to the pleasantries of the member for Dungarven, whose nimbleness of tongue and hand afforded a strong contrast to the calm and dignified demeanor of Mr. Henn. Mr. Hatchel was of the conundrum group. Spurzheim would have realized a theory on his skull, whose configuration indicated that a draught from the Circean cup of enjoyment was *haud alienum a Scævola studiis*. We only speak as the poorest pretenders to craniokopy. Mr. Whiteside took post near the Attorney-General, and no fire resulted from the close contact of two such inflammable spirits. He turned from side to side, put on his hat with a most rakish air, and whipped it off again, threw his arm over the neighboring bench, and in a second more into the recesses of his breeches pocket. He was as restless as a caged panther. Many eyes were directed towards him, and perhaps he sought to gratify the general curiosity in the number and diversity of his attitudes.

A silence is proclaimed, the precursor of judicial authority, and Mr. Justice Crampton ascends the bench, without wig or cassock, looking a little agitated. A messenger is despatched to the jury-room, announcing his lordship's arrival to receive the verdict. The fall of a grain of shot would have been audible in that crowded court. It was an interval of profound apprehension and anxiety. All faces were turned towards the box. The footfalls of the jury were sought to be caught with erect and straining ears. The hinge at last creaks and the foreman appears—alone. What can this be? Is there a difference of opinion? Does he require additional instruction? He addresses the judge—"We are not yet ready, my lord." "Very well," was the reply; "I shall retire, and return when you are." Not yet ready! Words of unambiguous meaning, and suggestive of the inference that they soon would;—and with what object? To our minds they were conclusive and determinate, and contained "conviction" in the most legible characters. Some still hoped, and some despaired; but, hope or despair, there was the dark shadow, and the event was no longer doubtful. The words were taken down, and despatched through a swift messenger to Mr. O'Connell, and no doubt his interpretation accorded with ours. Messrs. Brewster and Martley exchanged the happiest looks, and Mr. Smith remained unusually tranquil. He made no sign of rejoicing. The bench was now vacated for a short space, and the check of authority being relaxed, the old intemperate merriment flowed

in its absurd course. Some called for a speech, some for a song, others for a recitation—any thing to quicken the dull current of time. When the crier insisted on *hearing* silence, his demand provoked a burst of laughter. For two tedious hours we continued victims to our curiosity, and impatient sufferers under this wild and senseless confusion. It resembled nothing so much as the first night of a pantomime. In the hall the tumult thickened, but under the pressure of very different feelings. The scene there was one of restlessness and sadness; and whenever the universal hum swelled into an uproar, and an “unextinguishable shout arose,” it was when tidings of an agreeable nature were conveyed to their ears. The jury did not relish such popular manifestations; they struck gratingly on their minds; and, in order to avoid contact with a midnight multitude, laboring with such excitement and exasperation, they resolved to remain within until the last moment, calculating on dispersion and a safe return to their homes. But it was a vain calculation. There they would have immovably remained through the longest and coldest of winter nights; and at the hour of retreat estimated by the tremulous jury, the crowds not only did not diminish, but were each moment increased by the flow of fresh auxiliaries. As the laborer and artisan concluded his night’s work, he rushed down to the Four Courts. Sleep would reflect dishonor on “unlimited patriotism” under circumstances so vital and absorbing. He could not lay his head on his pallet in peace whilst O’Connell’s fate was in the balance. He would outwatch “Bootes and the Bear,” and go home with the reflection, whatever comfort it might bring to his troubled soul, that he had done his duty to his country—for that was his idea of the sacred obligation.

It was now within a quarter of twelve, and Judge Crampton re-appeared. The jury also came forth to make the fatal announcement. The impatience was much cooled down by the first revelation, and as the jurors passed into the box, all read the catastrophe in their countenances. To them it was a painful and trying moment, and they seemed fully impressed with a sense of its importance. That there existed difficulty was unquestionable—the apportionment of the counts, and classification of the accused according to their degrees of legal guilt, was troublesome to unprofessional minds—but danger there was none to their personal safety. The sense, however, was apparent. There was now on every side silence deep as death. A suspension of breath attested the profound interest of all. The Clerk of the Crown received the

issue paper, and read, “We find Daniel O’Connell, Richard Barrett, and Charles Gavan Duffy, *guilty* on the third count,” and so on through several others, omitting any finding on the first and second. This was construed into an acquittal of the general accusation by some very interested friend of the traversers, whereupon he rushed out, and announced the great salvation. The responding cry was terrible. Mr. Whiteside’s venerable friends, *Ollam Fodlah* and *Dathy*, trembled on their granite pedestals, the jury looked dismayed at this sudden tumult, the proceedings were stayed for a moment until the cause was investigated. The original verdict was a curious one. All this time Mr. Moore was exceedingly vigilant, hoping for some fissure wherein to insert his head and shoulders. At first there seemed to be a disagreement on the first count, but that expectation was soon dissipated. In reply to a question from the Court, one of the jurors answered, “We are all perfectly agreed.” The first count was passed over because they did not comprehend its multifarious contents, overt acts and all, and because of the simplicity and unity of the third, they deemed that an excellent one to begin with. His lordship informed them that they must find on every count and subdivision of a count, specifying which of the traversers were guilty or not guilty, and other technical orders not very palatable to the jury at that unseasonable hour, and added his lordship, “If you wish to be discharged this night you must haste, as it approaches twelve.” They trooped off with surprising speed, and after a brief and silent interval, Mr. Moore informed his lordship that the *dies non juridicus* had already set in, and he objected to the reception of the verdict. His lordship was of a contrary opinion. In capital cases he had received verdicts under similar circumstances, and *a fortiori*, in simple misdemeanors. Besides, he was not quite certain as to Mr. Moore’s horological correctness, but, on a general comparison of watches, the mean time was decidedly in favor of the soundness of the objection. There now remained but one avenue of escape for the Court and unconscious jury. The consent of both sides would have remedied the evil. His lordship applied to the Crown, and all Mr. Attorney-General would say was, that the matter was altogether in the power and discretion of the Court, and that he would leave it in such safe hands. The suggestion meant this—“If your lordship obtains the consent of the other side I shall be truly delighted, for a steamer is waiting at Kingston to bear a royal messenger with the verdict to Whitehall.” Mr. Moore was now applied to—he said nothing, and shifted his



spectacles—Mr. Henn studied the mysteries of palmistry—Mr. Whiteside was of the same eloquent opinion. They were all old and cautious cock-sparrows, and would not take the limed twig. They knew Mr. Attorney quite as well as he them, and the sly judge laughed at the pushing of the pin on both sides. He complained in moving language of the cruelty to be inflicted, and interposed the touching question, "Will neither side assist me?" Not we, certainly, mutely intimated the flinty souls in opposition. The jury could expect no favor from our side, and Sunday being a day of repentance as well as prayer, perhaps their hearts might incline, in that solemn interval, to the side of justice and mercy. A lock up may be a benefit, it cannot produce greater injury. The jury were now called into court, the disagreeable communication made, that they must remain in the custody of the sheriff until nine o'clock on Monday, which to his lordship was very painful, but such is the law, and that must be obeyed. Eight was the hour first named, at which Mr. Sheil stood horribly aghast, and Mr. Moore demurred *ore tenus*. The Attorney-General did not join in that demurrer, and the Court granted the additional hour.—It was now close on one o'clock, and we made our escape from the heat and fatigue into the hall. The entire circle was one dense and compact mass of heads. With their faces all upturned, and lit indistinctly with the light of a few lamps, there was something peculiarly impressive in beholding such a multitude, on such an occasion, and at such an hour.—Not long since it was the intoxication of joy, and now, when the real fact was ascertained, and their chief was convicted, all was despondency and despair. The signal had passed through the sleepless city, and as we emerged into the area expresses started in hot haste to all the adjacent towns. Thus ended an important section of our historical night, but it is not yet altogether closed.

By one of those curious fictions of law which are intelligible to professional, but altogether beyond the reach of ordinary reason, our courts usurp the privilege of Joshua, and keep the sun revolving round his centre for an entire term—in other words, the term, for certain purposes, is considered but as a single day. We, like the famous Arbitration Courts, do not dispute or infringe the just prerogatives of the Court, but we may be excused in the partial exercise of the privilege. All we ask for our "Night," without which the events would be incomplete and unsatisfactory, is, to take the proceedings of Monday, being, as the lawyers say, *in pari materia*, in connection with the preceding Saturday. Our consid-

erate brethren of the bar will at once acknowledge the reasonableness of the request, but we apprehend some difficulty in persuading the uninitiated into so moderate a concession. They will justly say, a night is a night, and a day cannot be any portion thereof. All quite true and logical—altogether too unanswerable, if we were not a barrister and an *Irishman*, who has had the privilege of bull-making from immemorial time. Not to argue the matter further, we accept the paternity of the bull. Let whoever will bring his action into the Court of Common Sense, and we shall undertake to plead a justification; but the jury must be *de medietate*, with a moiety of lawyers, and we fear not the result. There will, at least, be a disagreement. Well, then, we were in our old position at an early hour on Monday morning. The excitement was not so intense, but enough was manifested to prove the deep interest felt by all in the issue. The doom of the "conspirators" was fixed, but a hope still lingered that his usual fortune would not desert their chief. He had so often baffled the law, and extricated himself from urgent peril, that it was believed the mysterious chapter might still contain some accidents to aid him in his present distress. It is surprising how men will hope when human ability appears utterly incapable to realize the wish. There was a soul-felt assurance still prevailing that Mr. O'Connell would not fall, and persons of intelligence believed that he bore about him a charmed life which was law proof. Not so did he himself conceive, for he rose on that day with the painful consciousness that he was to spend the night in a prison! We sat between light and darkness, the best illustration we can afford of opposite feelings. On our left was a desperate hostility to O'Connell—on our right burning enthusiasm and devotion. Left was busied in canvassing the choice of a prison for the illustrious conspirator. Kilmainham was excellent, because it was covered by the Royal Barracks—Newgate the most agreeable, because it would afford the spectacle of multitudinous pilgrims journeying to Green Street as to another Mecca or Benares; but for safety Carrickfergus was preferred; and he had it on the indubitable authority of a friend of Lord R.—n that hammocks were already slung in that fortress, and a deal table and chair allowed for each prisoner, while the Fox frigate under Sir Henry Blackwood, and the Lynx brig commanded by Lieutenant Nott, had positive orders to weigh anchor from Scatterry on the day before, and sail with all speed round the coast, so as to be in the bay on the arrival of Mr. O'Connell. This circumstantial account was colocoitida to the right. My patriotic

neighbor laughed in the bitterness of his spirit at this ridiculous invention, and repeated the challenge of the *Courier Français*, "Will the Government dare imprison O'Connell?" We joined the latter in his well-weighed incredulity about the two-legged stools and royal frigates. Another hour, however, will unfold all. There is yet another interval between the accused and fate. A less period has revolutionized an empire. Who can tell man's destiny?

Shortly before nine a thrilling cheer, which could spring from but one cause, if we except the opening of the Irish parliament by her Majesty, announced the arrival of the grand Conspirator, and he entered the court with his "bosom's lord," as he is wont to say, sitting "lightly on his throne." Whenever difficulties environ him, this is his favorite quotation. He was surrounded by a large "troop," or if that be dangerous, "group" of friends and supporters. He looked—we cannot tell how he felt—brimfull of fun, and the story of the bag of marbles seemed not altogether without foundation. The tale is this, and not inapposite. We may narrate it, as their lordships are not yet in court. When the indictment was found, an old friend came to condole with Mr. O'Connell on the dismal future which awaited him. He talked of advanced years—and insinuated, in fact, the old circle of decline, disease, and death.—"This is but poor consolation you bring me," was the reply. "But compose your mind, and be as much at ease as I am. Did you ever play at marbles? When I was a boy, I was passionately fond of *plumping in the ring*. I was a capital hand, and won largely. The fruits of my success I treasured up in a bag, to win additional successes, or compensate for future losses. No miser ever treasured up his hoard more devoutly than I did that bag of marbles. It was stolen, and I grieved.—Now believe me when I tell you that the loss of my marbles afflicted me more than any punishment the government can inflict. I am quite at ease on that point." He came into court prepared to hear the Attorney-General address the Chief Justice.

"I charge you by the law,  
Of which you are a well deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment,"

which was sufficient to cast a gloom over a more youthful heart than his, but he did not appear to fear it. He was more cheerful than his friends. One only overflowed with ecstasy at the happy thought of immurement. It was Tom Steele. Nothing could surpass his exultation at the impending martyrdom. The disappointment of a free condition was to him

truly mortifying. He gloated at the prospect of gaol birds and remorseless turnkeys. His cry was to "get in," the wiser starling's was to "get out." The Court are seated for the last time. Judge Crampton read over, for the benefit of his brothers, the proceedings of Saturday night, and entered into a minute disquisition on the duties of the jury in finding on the several issues. They, however, were very reluctant to return, and hoped that the verdict then handed down complied with his lordship's injunctions in all necessary particulars. It varied from their first verdict in omitting from the several counts the words "illegally and seditiously," as applicable to the repeal meetings, thus establishing their legality, but in all other respects there was no material difference. The Conspiracy was the great question, and that was "proven." On being discharged, they made the very rational application of payment for their arduous services, to which the Attorney-General said nothing. A barren compliment to their fidelity was all that the Court could give, and that was cheerfully and deservedly given.—The Lords of the Treasury ought to listen to their petition.

Now the dreaded moment arrived—the catastrophe to wind up so many stirring scenes—the judgment of the Court. The Chief sat looking alternately at the Attorney-General and Mr. O'Connell—but the latter had by far the greater portion of his scrutinizing glances. After some moments of suspense, Judge Crampton began to play with his note-book, and look on all sides for his bag. The true solution of this dramatic performance was, "Mr. Attorney-General, the Court are anxious to know whether you press for sentence." Mr. Attorney was silent. At length the Chief asked whether any thing further remained to be done, to which Mr. Solicitor tranquilly replied, "No, my lord!" whereupon the Court was adjourned to the 15th of April. Whatever were the feelings of Mr. O'Connell, you might easily see that a heavy burthen was now removed from his mind. He was congratulated by his friends, and returned their pledges with unaffected delight. He was free for two months more, and that was solid comfort, compared with the morning prospect of a prison. Many attributed this unexpected check to the desire of the Government not to bear with undue severity on Mr. O'Connell—to give him, in fact, a *locus penitentiae*, and afford him time to reflect on the perils which awaited him, should he continue in the old career. Others are of opinion that as the law was vindicated by a conviction, their object was gained, and judgment was never intended to follow. The speeches of Mr. Smith



and Sir W. Follett in the debate on the state of Ireland, have uprooted the last, and judgment still impends. The first may be among the benevolent intentions with which Downing Street is paved, but there remains a less questionable reason, that the Crown could not press or the Court pass sentence. The Court had power by statute to fix a day for the trials, and if there had been a verdict within term, sentence would of course follow—but the Court not sitting *in banc*, their functions ceased with the verdict. What in contemplation of law is a trial? Does it or does it not include judgment? or does it terminate with the discharge of the jury? We are not disposed to argue that question now, for it falls not within our labors, but the seven wise heads representing the accused were, if the occasion offered. It was that which Mr. Henn was explaining to the attractive circle, and from the unanimous inclination of their brows, all seemed of the same opinion. Mr. Smith very prudently avoided the difficulty, and perhaps their lordships were not displeased at their fortunate release from immediate judgment. The convicted certainly are not displeased, and they stand indebted to a subtle distinction of law for their freedom. If the law be a sword to strike, it is also a shield to protect. Cherish it, for it is good.

Such are the prominent incidents of our "Night" with its legal incorporation. Many more there were which might afford amusement or interest, but they are not necessary elements in our design, and therefore omitted. Our fear is that we may appear to have introduced too many whose minuteness we have invested with too much importance, and exaggerated the little into the great. Some, too, may accuse us with coloring the entire with those suspicious hues which are ever at the service of the palette of the partisan. These objections demand a separate consideration, for we wish that our "Night for History" should stand free from all unworthy motives or accusations. Our vindication, we promise, shall be triumphant. In order to effect this we must go a little deeper than the surface, and speculate in a fashion of our own, on the philosophy of history. There is one fault inseparable from the condition of a cotemporary writer who treats of matters which have fallen under his immediate observation—and that is, that they are shaped according to his own peculiar views, and under the pressure of his own particular opinions. And the is, that too many circumstances are either omitted or only cursorily noticed to invest his account with the interest of a full and faithful narrative, and also that too many are detailed and uselessly analyzed to let it pass

for an essay on the result of memorable transactions. A narrative of this kind may be literally true and accurate in all the lesser delineations of circumstances and characters,—but it rarely, if at all, succeeds in catching those bolder and grander and more prominent features of the historical landscape which attract the calm eye of the distant observer. A work embodying a great national event, should be written at a long, and even a remote distance from the times to which it relates. On the other hand, the materials which are to supply the laboratory of the future historian, should be gathered and garnered up while the circumstances are still fresh on the memory, and before time has rubbed away the agreeable hues which confer on them all their value. They should be discolored with no unfair bias, and as near as possible to the impartial; for absolute impartiality is a quality with whose possession we often flatter ourselves, but which is among those rare virtues more to be coveted than enjoyed. What men call impartial is, in truth, but a modification of the partial.

When we read of some momentous transaction in bygone times, the first feeling which invariably occupies us, is regret in not being able to be better acquainted with the subordinate circumstances in which it originated. We are anxious that the particulars should be more full and the actors more individualized, and we blame the historian for the incompleteness of his memorial in these respects. The cause of the defect is, that separate acts of the drama, or incidents, in themselves unimportant, absorbed their attention, and they paid no regard to the combined effect of the whole, in which after times could find grandeur and interest. Local coloring and that living characterization, which are to history what colors are to a painting, are the inventions of later times. The innumerable memoirs, biographies, and anecdotal compilations of French activity, have raised their modern history to the first rank in Europe. Would it not add vastly to the interest with which we peruse the history of the Reformation, if it were enriched with more minute particulars, such as *Jonas* gives of the closing hours of Luther? Is not the same true of Gregory the Great or Columbus—of Faust or Roger Bacon—or the other extraordinary men, of whose lives we know nothing beyond the incidents immediately connected with their discoveries? Viewing history in this light, we do aver that our labor has a true and positive use. We admit, in all candor, that we have dealt with details of a very minute description—we have perhaps lamented or rejoiced with exaggerated feelings over

occurrences devoid of any peculiar interest or influence—perhaps, too, a large share of these particulars may, in a few years hence, become matters of the utmost indifference, and the entire proceeding be regarded very differently from that in which it presents itself to us. All this may be very possible—but our apology is that we write not a philosophical history, or any history at all. We study no grand effect, in which only the broad outlines of events are preserved, and the details left to be gathered from the nature of their results. Ours aspires to no higher rank than a simple, unadorned narrative of the exact circumstances as they have happened, leaving to whatever writer may hereafter occupy himself with the transaction, as an ingredient in the history of our times, to draw his own conclusions. An humbler task it is, but not without utility—for what is the press without the grapes or olives?—to supply the material for his alembic. They have engrossed public attention—they are identified with a struggle between two races which has been maintained for centuries, and when and where it will terminate we cannot foresee—they constitute at least an important chapter in Irish, without which English history cannot be written. Hence their value, as well as the necessity of instantly recording them, because from their minuteness, their memory might otherwise vanish in the interval which is to elapse before the issue of the contest, of which they formed a part, can be ascertained. Some may smile at the tedious particularity with which we have set down our recollections. What interest can there be in knowing how this counsel spoke, or that counsel sat—how Mr. Brewster winked or the Agitator laughed? Did such persons ever look at a well-painted landscape? How often does a single leaf give a tone and character to the entire, for truthfulness and natural effect? They may see very distinctly to the tips of their noses, but beyond that they have no vision.

The consequences of the verdict are still undeveloped. Within a few brief days all will be known. The fifteenth will bring good or evil fortune to the convicted, and all await the opening day of term with the old impatience still strong on their minds. Politics are banished from our quiet pages, unless where they are inseparably connected with circumstances which must be noticed—and which, therefore, it becomes impossible to avoid. So far, however, we may trespass on this *publicus ager* as to hope that the government will not repudiate the only sound and safe policy open to them. There is no virtue so generous as forgiveness. It is ever present to the mind of the recipient—the trib-

ute which nature exacts from all—lesser or larger, according to the moral feelings of him to whom the good service is rendered. Monarchs have been popular in proportion as they dealt mildly and mercifully with the excesses of their subjects. Statesmen have been remembered as great benefactors who advised lenient courses. Acts of oblivion have done more to consolidate the powers of despots than the most powerful armies. The hearts of the people are the solid and unshaken basis of the throne. There it rests, not on piles or quicksands, but on a foundation strong as the earth itself. It is peace we want, and not disorder—the tranquillizing of men's minds, and not their fermentation—attachment, and not alienation. "Better is a dry morsel and quietness than a house full of sacrifices with strife." We have been so often reminded by some of the public writers in our own country of undue partiality to liberal opinions—"a true bill," we confess—and as such expression is inapposite, we yield to the reproof, and suffer events to pursue their destined march.

#### "THE AUTHOR OF PELHAM."

LITTLE HATHENEUM CLUBB,  
GOAT AND HOYSTER TAVERN,

Upper Anna-Maria Buildings, North Carolina Place,  
Association Road, Hoxton New Town, March 15, 1844.

KIND PUNCH,

SIR—Me and the frequenters of this clubb (all of littary tastes) wishes to know which is the *reel* name of a sellabrated littary barronet and Son of the Mews, (has his translation of Skillers poems ham-  
ply justifies) viz. is he

Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer? or  
Sir Edward George Earl Bulwer Lytton? or  
Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer Lytton?

or

Sir Edward Lytton Earl Bulwer? or  
Sir Edward Lytton Earl George Bulwer? or  
Sir Edward Bulwer Earl Lytton George? or  
Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton Lytton Bulwer Bulwer Earl? or *vica versy*, or quite the contry, or dubble yer all round, or which ways?

Has we're going to put up his bust (hover the Duch clock) in the clubb-room, we natrally wish to have his tittles correct to be wrote under neath the work of hart.

Your obeadient servant and reglar reader,

BONOSMORES.

P. S. 1. We doant wish to be hansered in joax but *seriatim* in earnest. 2. Halso, wich do you consider the best and holdest hactor, Mr. Braham or Mr. Widdicomb? or is Mr. Charles Kean the best, and is tradgidy or commady his forte or his piano?

N. B. Philosophicle discussn every Tuesday: me in the chair.

[For a reply to the above queries we refer our intelligent correspondent to Mr Grant of the Great Metropolis.]—*Charivari*.



DECLARATION OF WAR BETWEEN TWO  
OF THE GREAT POWERS OF EUROPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

READER.—did you ever hear the history of Zingarelli's journey to Paris?

No. Then listen.

The name, if not the man, must be familiar to you, as the master of Bellini and Mercadante, and director of the Conservatorio at Naples; and as regards his musical works, those who will not plead guilty to having heard his glorious "Ombra Adorata" from the lips of Madame Catalani, thirty years ago, at least, need not be ashamed of the admiration it excited in their bosoms when performed more recently by the far more exquisite genius of Malibran. The "Romeo e Giulietta" of Zingarelli is one of the few operas belonging to the early years of the present century that retains possession of the stage.

Zingarelli was in the prime of life, and Chapel-master at the Duomo of Milan, when the death of that great master of harmony, Guglielmi, caused him to be elected to the grand mastership of his order,—and as first Chapel-master of the Vatican, the musician soon began to fancy himself endued with a portion of papal infallibility, and to fulminate his bulls against the heresies of the musical and all other worlds. While filling this important office, he composed some of the finest masses extant; and it is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon the beauty of his "Miserere," without accompaniments, or his celebrated funeral mass for the obsequies of Louis de Medicis, the foreign minister at the court of Naples.

But while occupying the papal chair of the world of Harmony, Zingarelli not only

Bore like the Turk no brother near the throne,

but endured with some impatience that there should be other thrones and dominions to interfere with his authority. Italian to the heart's core, he could never persuade himself to regard Napoleon as other than a Corsican or half-breed; and on the birth of his son by the Austrian arch-duchess, the nomination of the heir of the empire as King of the Romans filled him with disgust and indignation. From that day Zingarelli threw down the gauntlet and declared war, single-handed, against Napoleon.

On occasion of the auspicious event of the birth of an heir, a *Te Deum* was sung in all the cities of the empire; and a notice preparatory to that effect having been issued by the Comte de Tournon, the prefect of Rome, the Sacred College and united clergy of the Holy See—cardinals, bishops, abbots, priests, deacons, sacristans—made their appearance duly in St. Peter's for the celebration of the solemn rite.

But when assembled,—where was the music?—The organs were there,—but where the organist?—Where the Maestro di Cappella?—Where Zingarelli?—and the echoes of the Vatican answered in their most grumbling voices—"WHERE?"

Cited before the Sacred College to answer for

his absence, Zingarelli admitted without shame or compunction that he had given a holiday to his choristers—that he had locked up the music of the *Te Deum*—that he had purposely absented himself from his post!—He knew nothing about the King of the Romans—not he!—he acknowledged no king but Cæsar.—He was Chapel-master of St. Peter's, to sing to the praise and glory of God, and not to the praise and glory of Napoleon!

To read these words now, makes little impression, for Waterloo has been fought, and St. Helena inflicted; and after being precipitated to the dust by Wellington, the early greatness and authority of Napoleon is "like the baseless fabric of a vision." But when the King of Rome was born to him, Napoleon Bonaparte was the most powerful potentate of modern times; and few, even of antiquity, instituted such complete autocracy. It was something, therefore, to fling a challenge in his teeth, and call him out in the face of Europe. No wonder that the cheeks of their eminences glowed with horror and indignation as they listened, even to the hue of the scarlet hats of cardinalship.

A report was of course duly forwarded to Paris of the recalcitrancy of the Chapel-master, and the shame and confusion to which it had given rise. Nor was so much as a water-carrier in Rome surprised when, at the close of three weeks, an order arrived to forward the offending musician to Paris, a close prisoner. According to the strict letter of his instructions, the prefect was entitled to throw him into a police-van, and deliver him from station to station, till he reached the French capital. But if Fouché did not know better, Monsieur de Tournon did! Aware of the Quixotic character with which he had to deal, and ascertain Zingarelli would proceed as straight to Paris if left on parole, as Regulus to Carthage, he advised him to step into the diligence, that he might answer for himself to the infuriated emperor; and for the future, dismiss his crotchets from his hand, and stick to his quavers.

Arrived in Paris, Zingarelli took up his quarters, with cool self-possession, in the house of his friend and brother musician, Grétry, signifying to Fouché that he had the honor to wait his orders; and every day did Grétry expect to see the gendarmes arrive at his door to possess themselves of the person of the culprit.

For a whole week, however, not the slightest notice was taken. But on the eighth day arrives the almoner of Cardinal Fesch, with a purse containing three thousand francs in gold (120*l.*) for the travelling expenses of Zingarelli, and a courteous request that he will enjoy freely the various amusements of the capital.

Two months afterwards an equally courteous desire is intimated through the same channel, that he will devote his leisure to a composition of a mass for the chapel royal; and so Zingarelli, whose animosities were becoming a little subdued by the influence of the Parisian atmosphere, and the sight of the arts of peace flourishing—in spite of his own and European warfare—as they had never done in France since the time of Louis le Grand, or in Italy since the days of the Medici, sat so earnestly to work, that in six days his composition was achieved.

This mass was executed on the 12th of January, 1812, at the royal chapel of the Tuileries; and at the close of the performance, five thousand francs, or two hundred guineas, were placed in the hands of the defeated enemy.

But this did not suffice. At that period the *Concerts Spirituels* were in their glory; and it was the custom to celebrate the festival of Easter with sacred music at the Palace of the Elysée, in a style rivalling the former renowned perfection of the Abbaye de Longchamps. Zingarelli was accordingly commissioned to compose new music for five verses of the *Stabat Mater*; and when Good Friday arrived, an orchestra, in which, amongst others, figured Crescentini, Nourrit, Laës, and Madame Brancher, made its appearance at the Elysée in presence of their Imperial Majesties, to do honor to the new *chef-d'œuvre*.

The effect was miraculous, and rapturous was the applause of that discerning and most brilliant court. The verse beginning "*Vidit Suum dulcem natum*," had been assigned to Crescentini, who, in honor of so august an assembly, chose to accompany himself on the organ; and so exquisite was his performance, so admirable the accord between the harmonious tones of the instrument and voice of the sublime musician, that every breath was suspended while he sang.

A signal given by the emperor that the verse should be repeated, was hailed with general thankfulness.

Another liberal gratuity was now forwarded to Zingarelli, accompanied by an intimation that whenever he felt disposed to resume his duties at Rome, his passport and travelling expenses were at his disposal!

Now we appeal to the unbiassed opinion of the reader, whether, among the numberless enemies whom Napoleon honored with a drubbing, he ever achieved a more complete victory than over the author of "*Romeo e Giulietta*!"

Zingarelli, indeed, when bantered on the subject of his forced march to Paris, used to exclaim, to the day of his death, "all the same, I did not give way. I was never asked to acknowledge the King of Rome; and the *Te Deum* was never sung!"

But no one more truly lamented the downfall of the princely patron of the arts by whom he had been so nobly forced into a pacification; and though he refused a triumphal song to the birth of a King of the Romans, he poured forth his notes of sadness, unbidden, for the untimely death of the Duc de Reichstadt.

The greatest joy of the veteran composer, was to witness the growing triumphs of Bellini! But he could never assign any exact identity to that ill-fated young man. While others spoke of the director of the Conservatorio as the "master of Bellini"—he persisted in believing that the indulgence of Europe was chiefly directed towards the author of "*Pirata*" and "*Norma*," as "the pupil of—Zingarelli!"

## THERE IS ONE MAGIC CIRCLE; OR, THE PALACE AND COT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

From the Metropolitan.

In yon pile of renown, dear to ages of glory,  
Whose walls are enrich'd with the trophies of old,  
Where the windows are blazon'd with legend and story,  
And cornice and roof are all fretted with gold;  
There is *one magic circle*, where care may not enter,  
Where state for a season may throw off its load;  
The hearth, the bright hearth, is the shrine and the centre  
Of union and bliss in that gorgeous abode.

In yon cottage of peace, where the smoke is ascending,  
The setting sun lingers, and throws his last look;  
There the thrush and the blackbird their wild notes are blending,  
There murmurs the breeze, and there ripples the brook.  
The rose, in the glory which Nature has lent her,  
Vies there with the brightest, and blossoms as sweet;  
And the hearth, the dear hearth, is the shrine and the centre  
Of union and bliss in that lowly retreat.

Oh! the palace shines brighter, 'mid splendor and pleasure,  
When these purest of joys are its highest renown,  
And the cottage is blest, when it boasts for its treasure  
These richest of gems, as the glory and crown.  
Yes, there's *one magic circle*, where care may not enter,  
Or if for a season, how soon 'tis forgot!  
The hearth, the bright hearth, is the shrine and the centre  
Of endearment and peace, both in palace and cot.

WRITTEN FROM A HILL COMMANDING A VIEW OF THE VALE OF BERKELEY.

FROM UNPUBLISHED POEMS, BY THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

From the Court Journal.

From yonder vale those well-known sounds arise,  
Which touch the heart, and fill my glance with tears—

Striking the chord that in my bosom lies,  
Attuned by all life's early hopes and fears.  
The meadow gale which breathes upon my brow  
Is fresh and sweet in all its healthful powers,  
As when, in other days, it used to blow  
Upon the morn of manhood's dawning hours!

Untouch'd, unchang'd, this lovely vale will be,  
Long after I my pilgrimage have done;  
Long after lips have ceased to speak of me,  
Long after love, light, life, and hope are gone.  
It is unwise to seek that which endears,  
Or find new friends as old ones fall away;  
Both love and friendship end alike in tears,  
As death may break or falsehood bring decay.



## BARÈRE'S MEMOIRS.

From the Edinburgh Review.

An exceedingly interesting, stirring, keen article, abounding in severity, but exercised on a fair subject, and withal, as we think, from the pen of Macaulay.—ED.

*Mémoires de Bertrand Barère*; publiés par MM. HIPPOLYTE CARNOT, Membre de la Chambre des Députés, et DAVID d'Angers, Membre de l'Institut: précédés d'une Notice Historique par H. CARNOT. 4 Tomes. Paris: 1843.

THIS book has more than one title to our serious attention. It is an appeal, solemnly made to posterity by a man who played a conspicuous part in great events, and who represents himself as deeply aggrieved by the rash and malevolent censure of his contemporaries. To such an appeal we shall always give ready audience. We can perform no duty more useful to society, or more agreeable to our own feelings, than that of making, as far as our power extends, reparation to the slandered and persecuted benefactors of mankind. We therefore promptly took into our consideration this copious apology for the life of Bertrand Barère. We have made up our minds; and we now propose to do him, by the blessing of God, full and signal justice.

It is to be observed that the appellant in this case does not come into court alone. He is attended to the bar of public opinion by two compurgators who occupy highly honorable stations. One of these is M. David of Angers, member of the Institute, an eminent sculptor, and if we have been rightly informed, a favorite pupil, though not a kinsman, of the painter who bore the same name. The other, to whom we owe the biographical preface, is M. Hippolyte Carnot, member of the Chamber of Deputies, and son of the celebrated Director. In the judgment of M. David and of M. Hippolyte Carnot, Barère was a deserving and an ill-used man, a man who, though by no means faultless, must yet, when due allowance is made for the force of circumstances and the infirmity of human nature, be considered as on the whole entitled to our esteem. It will be for the public to determine, after a full hearing, whether the editors have, by thus connecting their names with that of Barère, raised his character or lowered their own.

We are not conscious that, when we opened this book, we were under the influence of any feeling likely to pervert our judgment. Undoubtedly we had long entertained a most unfavorable opinion of Barère; but to this opinion we were not tied by any passion or by any interest. Our dislike was a reason-

able dislike, and might have been removed by reason. Indeed our expectation was, that these Memoirs would in some measure clear Barère's fame. That he could vindicate himself from all the charges which had been brought against him, we knew to be impossible; and his editors admit that he has not done so. But we thought it highly probable that some grave accusations would be refuted, and that many offences to which he would have been forced to plead guilty would be greatly extenuated. We were not disposed to be severe. We were fully aware that temptations such as those to which the members of the Convention and of the Committee of Public Safety were exposed must try severely the strength of the firmest virtue. Indeed our inclination has always been to regard with an indulgence, which to some rigid moralists appears excessive, those faults into which gentle and noble spirits are sometimes hurried by the excitement of conflict, by the maddening influence of sympathy, and by ill-regulated zeal for a public cause.

With such feelings we read this book, and compared it with other accounts of the events in which Barère bore a part. It is now our duty to express the opinion to which this investigation has led us.

Our opinion then is this, that Barère approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the idea of consummate and universal depravity. In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred, and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt, preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony. In almost every particular sort of wickedness he has had rivals. His sensuality was immoderate; but this was a failing common to him with many great and amiable men. There have been many men as cowardly as he, some as cruel, a few as mean, a few as impudent. There may also have been as great liars, though we never met with them or read of them. But when we put every thing together, sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity, the result is something which in a novel we should condemn as caricature, and to which, we venture to say, no parallel can be found in history.

It would be grossly unjust, we acknowledge, to try a man situated as Barère was by a severe standard. Nor have we done so. We have formed our opinion of him by comparing him, not with politicians of stainless character, not with Chancellor D'Aguesseau, or General Washington, or Mr. Wilberforce, or Earl Grey, but with his own colleagues of the Mountain. That party included a considerable number of the worst men that ever

lived; but we see in it nothing like Barère. Compared with him, Fouché seems honest; Billaud seems humane; Herbéré seems to rise into dignity. Every other chief of a party, says M. Hippolyte Carnot, has found apologists; one set of men exalts the Girondists; another set justifies Danton; a third deifies Robespierre; but Barrère has remained without a defender. We venture to suggest a very simple solution of this phenomenon. All the other chiefs of parties had some good qualities, and Barère had none. The genius, courage, patriotism, and humanity of the Girondist statesmen, more than atoned for what was culpable in their conduct, and should have protected them from the insult of being compared with such a thing as Barère. Danton and Robespierre were indeed bad men; but in both of them some important parts of the mind remained sound. Danton was brave and resolute, fond of pleasure, of power, and of distinction, with vehement passions, with lax principles, but with some kind and manly feelings, capable of great crimes, but capable also of friendship and of compassion. He, therefore, naturally finds admirers among persons of bold and sanguine dispositions. Robespierre was a vain, envious, and suspicious man, with a hard heart, weak nerves, and a gloomy temper. But we cannot with truth deny that he was in the vulgar sense of the word, disinterested, that his private life was correct, or that he was sincerely zealous for his own system of politics and morals. He, therefore, naturally finds admirers among honest but moody and bitter democrats. If no class has taken the reputation of Barère under its patronage, the reason is plain: Barère had not a single virtue, nor even the semblance of one.

It is true that he was not, as far as we are able to judge, originally of a savage disposition; but this circumstance seems to us only to aggravate his guilt. There are some unhappy men constitutionally prone to the darker passions, men all whose blood is gall, and to whom bitter words and harsh actions are as natural as snarling and biting to a ferocious dog. To come into the world with this wretched mental disease is a greater calamity than to be born blind or deaf. A man who, having such a temper, keeps it in subjection, and constrains himself to behave habitually with justice and humanity towards those who are in his power, seems to us worthy of the highest admiration. There have been instances of this self-command; and they are among the most signal triumphs of philosophy and religion. On the other hand, a man who, having been blessed by nature with a bland disposition, gradually

brings himself to inflict misery on his fellow-creatures with indifference, with satisfaction, and at length with a hideous rapture, deserves to be regarded as a portent of wickedness; and such a man was Barère. The history of his downward progress is full of instruction. Weakness, cowardice, and fickleness were born with him; the best quality which he received from nature was a good temper.—These, it is true, are not very promising materials; yet out of materials as unpromising, high sentiments of piety and of honor have sometimes made martyrs and heroes. Rigid principles often do for feeble minds what stays do for feeble bodies. But Barère had no principles at all. His character was equally destitute of natural and of acquired strength. Neither in the commerce of life, nor in books, did we ever become acquainted with any mind so unstable, so utterly destitute of tone, so incapable of independent thought and earnest preference, so ready to take impressions and so ready to lose them. He resembled those creepers which must lean on something, and which, as soon as their prop is removed, fall down in utter helplessness. He could no more stand up, erect and self-supported, in any cause, than the ivy can rear itself like the oak, or the wild vine shoot to heaven like the cedar of Lebanon. It is barely possible that, under good guidance and in favorable circumstances, such a man might have slipped through life without discredit. But the unseaworthy craft, which even in still water would have been in danger of going down from its own rottenness, was launched on a raging ocean, amidst a storm in which a whole armada of gallant ships was cast away. The weakest and most servile of human beings, found himself on a sudden an actor in a Revolution which convulsed the whole civilized world. At first he fell under the influence of humane and moderate men, and talked the language of humanity and moderation. But he soon found himself surrounded by fierce and resolute spirits, scared by no danger and restrained by no scruple. He had to choose whether he would be their victim or their accomplice. His choice was soon made. He tasted blood and felt no loathing: he tasted it again, and liked it well. Cruelty became with him, first a habit, then a passion, at last a madness. So complete and rapid was the degeneracy of his nature, that within a very few months after the time when he had passed for a good-natured man, he had brought himself to look on the despair and misery of his fellow-creatures, with a glee resembling that of the fiends whom Dante saw watching the pool of seething pitch in Malebolge. He had many as-



sociates in guilt; but he distinguished himself from them all by the Bacchanalian exultation which he seemed to feel in the work of death. He was drunk with innocent and noble blood, laughed and shouted as he butchered, and howled strange songs and reeled in strange dances amidst the carnage. Then came a sudden and violent turn of fortune. The miserable man was hurled down from the height of power to hopeless ruin and infamy. The shock sobered him at once. The fumes of his horrible intoxication passed away. But he was now so irrecoverably depraved, that the discipline of adversity only drove him further into wickedness. Ferocious vices, of which he had never been suspected, had been developed in him by power. Another class of vices, less hateful perhaps, but more despicable, was now developed in him by poverty and disgrace. Having appalled the whole world by great crimes perpetrated under the pretence of great zeal for liberty, he became the meanest of all the tools of despotism. It is not easy to settle the order of precedence among his vices; but we are inclined to think that his baseness was, on the whole, a rarer and more marvellous thing than his cruelty.

This is the view which we have long taken of Barère's character; but, till we read these Memoirs, we held our opinion with the diffidence which becomes a judge who has only heard one side. The case seemed strong, and in parts unanswerable: yet we did not know what the accused party might have to say for himself; and, not being much inclined to take our fellow-creatures either for angels of light or for angels of darkness, we could not but feel some suspicion that his offences had been exaggerated. That suspicion is now at an end. The vindication is before us. It occupies four volumes. It was the work of forty years. It would be absurd to suppose that it does not refute every serious charge which admitted of refutation. How many serious charges, then, are here refuted? Not a single one. Most of the imputations which have been thrown on Barère he does not even notice. In such cases, of course, judgment must go against him by default. The fact is, that nothing can be more meagre and uninteresting than his account of the great public transactions in which he was engaged. He gives us hardly a word of new information respecting the proceedings of the committee of public safety; and, by way of compensation, tells us long stories about things which happened before he emerged from obscurity, and after he had again sunk into it. Nor is this the worst. As soon as he ceases to write trifles, he begins to write lies; and such lies! A man who has never

been within the tropics does not know what a thunder storm means; a man who has never looked on Niagara has but a faint idea of a cataract; and he who has not read Barère's Memoirs may be said not to know what it is to lie. Among the numerous classes which make up the great genus *Mendacium*, the *Mendacium Vasconicum*, or Gascon lie, has, during some centuries, been highly esteemed as peculiarly circumstantial and peculiarly impudent; and among the *Mendacia Vasconica*, the *Mendacium Barerianum* is without doubt, the finest species. It is indeed a superb variety, and quite throws into the shade some *Mendacia* which we were used to regard with admiration. The *Mendacium Wrazallianum*, for example, though by no means to be despised, will not sustain the comparison for a moment. Seriously, we think that M. Hippolyte Carnot is much to blame in this matter. We can hardly suppose him to be worse read than ourselves in the history of the Convention, a history which must interest him deeply, not only as a Frenchman, but also as a son. He must, therefore, be perfectly aware that many of the most important statements, which these volumes contain are falsehoods, such as Cornille's Dorante, or Molière's Scapin, or Colin d'Harleville's Monsieur de Crac would have been ashamed to utter. We are far, indeed, from holding M. Hippolyte Carnot answerable for Barère's want of veracity. But M. Hippolyte Carnot has arranged these Memoirs, has introduced them to the world by a laudatory preface, has described them as documents of great historical value, and has illustrated them by notes. We cannot but think that, by acting thus, he contracted some obligations of which he does not seem to have been at all aware; and that he ought not to have suffered any monstrous fiction to go forth under the sanction of his name without adding a line at the foot of the page for the purpose of cautioning the reader.

We will content ourselves at present with pointing out two instances of Barère's wilful and deliberate mendacity; namely, his account of the death of Marie Antoinette, and his account of the death of the Girondists. His account of the death of Marie Antoinette is as follows:—'Robespierre in his turn proposed that the members of the Capet family should be banished, and that Marie Antoinette should be brought to trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal. He would have been better employed in concerting military measures which might have repaired our disasters in Belgium, and might have arrested the progress of the enemies of the Revolution in the west.'—(Vol. ii. p. 312.)

Now, it is notorious that Marie Antoinette was sent before the Revolutionary Tribunal, not at Robespierre's instance, but in direct opposition to Robespierre's wishes. We will cite a single authority, which is quite decisive. Bonaparte, who had no conceivable motive to disguise the truth, who had the best opportunities of knowing the truth, and who, after his marriage with the Archduchess, naturally felt an interest in the fate of his wife's kinswoman, distinctly affirmed that Robespierre opposed the trying of the queen.\* Who, then, was the person who really did propose that the Capet family should be banished, and that Marie Antoinette should be tried? Full information will be found in the *Moniteur*.† From that valuable record it appears that, on the first of August 1793, an orator deputed by the Committee of Public Safety addressed the Convention in a long and elaborate discourse. He asked, in passionate language, how it happened that the enemies of the republic still continued to hope for success. 'Is it,' he cried, 'because we have too long forgotten the crimes of the Austrian woman? Is it because we have shown so strange an indulgence to the race of our ancient tyrants? It is time that this unwise apathy should cease; it is time to extirpate from the soil of the republic the last roots of royalty. As for the children of Louis the conspirator, they are hostages for the Republic. The charge of their maintenance shall be reduced to what is necessary for the food and keep of two individuals. The public treasure shall no longer be lavished on creatures who have too long been considered as privileged. But behind them lurks a woman who has been the cause of all the disasters of France, and whose share in every project adverse to the Revolution has long been known. National justice claims its rights over her. It is to the tribunal appointed for the trial of conspirators that she ought to be sent. It is only by striking the Austrian woman that you can make Francis and George, Charles and William, sensible of the crimes which their ministers and their armies have committed.' The speaker concluded by moving, that Marie Antoinette should be brought to judgment, and should, for that end, be forthwith transferred to the Conciergerie; and that all the members of the house of Capet, with the exception of those who were under the sword of the law, and of the two children of Louis, should be banished from the French territory. The motion was carried without debate.

Now who was the person who made this speech and this motion? It was Barère him-

self. It is clear, then, that Barère attributed his own mean insolence and barbarity to one who, whatever his crimes may have been, was in this matter innocent. The only question remaining is, whether Barère was misled by his memory, or wrote a deliberate falsehood.

We are convinced that he wrote a deliberate falsehood. His memory is described by his editors as remarkably good, and must have been bad indeed if he could not remember such a fact as this. It is true that the number of murders in which he subsequently bore a part was so great, that he might well confound one with another, that he might well forget what part of the daily hecatomb was consigned to death by himself, and what part by his colleagues. But two circumstances make it quite incredible that the share which he took in the death of Marie Antoinette should have escaped his recollection. She was one of his earliest victims. She was one of his most illustrious victims. The most hardened assassin remembers the first time that he shed blood; and the widow of Louis was no ordinary sufferer. If the question had been about some milliner butchered for hiding in her garret her brother who had let drop a word against the Jacobin club—if the question had been about some old nun, dragged to death for having mumbled what were called fanatical words over her beads—Barère's memory might well have deceived him. It would be as unreasonable to expect him to remember all the wretches whom he slew, as all the pinches of snuff that he took. But though Barère murdered many hundreds of human beings, he murdered only one Queen. That he, a small country lawyer, who, a few years before, would have thought himself honored by a glance or a word from the daughter of so many Cæsars, should call her the Austrian woman, should send her from jail to jail, should deliver her over to the executioner, was surely a great event in his life. Whether he had reason to be proud of it or ashamed of it, is a question on which we may perhaps differ from his editors; but they will admit, we think, that he could not have forgotten it.

We, therefore, confidently charge Barère with having written a deliberate falsehood; and we have no hesitation in saying, that we never, in the course of any historical researches that we have happened to make, fell in with a falsehood so audacious, except only the falsehood which we are about to expose.

Of the proceeding against the Girondists, Barère speaks with just severity. He calls it an atrocious injustice perpetrated against the legislators of the republic. He complains that distinguished deputies, who ought to have been readmitted to their seats in the

\* O'Meara's *Voice from St. Helena*, ii. 170.

† *Moniteur*, 2d, 7th, and 9th of August, 1793.



Convention, were sent to the scaffold as conspirators. The day, he exclaims, was a day of mourning for France. It mutilated the national representation; it weakened the sacred principle, that the delegates of the people were inviolable. He protests that he had no share in the guilt. 'I have had,' he says, 'the patience to go through the *Moniteur*, extracting all the charges brought against deputies, and all the decrees for arresting and impeaching deputies. Nowhere will you find my name. I never brought a charge against any of my colleagues, or made a report against any, or drew up an impeachment against any.'\*

Now, we affirm that this is a lie. We affirm that Barère himself took the lead in the proceedings of the Convention against the Girondists. We affirm that he, on the twenty-eighth of July 1793, proposed a decree for bringing nine Girondist deputies to trial, and for putting to death sixteen other Girondist deputies without any trial at all. We affirm that, when the accused deputies had been brought to trial, and when some apprehension arose that their eloquence might produce an effect even on the Revolutionary Tribunal, Barère did, on the 8th of Brumaire, second a motion for a decree authorizing the tribunal to decide without hearing out the defence; and, for the truth of every one of these things so affirmed by us, we appeal to that very *Moniteur* to which Barère has dared to appeal.†

What M. Hippolyte Carnot, knowing, as he must know, that this book contains such falsehoods as those which we have exposed, can have meant, when he described it as a valuable addition to our stock of historical information, passes our comprehension. When a man is not ashamed to tell lies about events which took place before hundreds of witnesses, and which are recorded in well-known and accessible books, what credit can we give to his account of things done in corners? No historian who does not wish to be laughed at will ever cite the unsupported authority of Barère as sufficient to prove any fact whatever. The only thing, as far as we can see, on which these volumes throw any light, is the exceeding baseness of the author.

So much for the veracity of the Memoirs. In a literary point of view, they are beneath criticism. They are as shallow, flippant, and affected, as Barère's oratory in the Convention. They are also, what his oratory in the Convention was not, utterly insipid. In

fact, they are the mere dregs and rinsings of a bottle, of which even the first froth was but of very questionable flavor.

We will now try to present our readers with a sketch of this man's life. We shall, of course, make very sparing use indeed of his own Memoirs; and never without distrust, except where they are confirmed by other evidence.

Bertrand Barère was born in the year 1755, at Tarbes in Gascony. His father was the proprietor of a small estate at Vieuzac, in the beautiful vale of Argelès. Bertrand always loved to be called Barère de Vieuzac, and flattered himself with the hope that, by the help of this feudal addition to his name, he might pass for a gentleman. He was educated for the bar at Toulouse, the seat of one of the most celebrated parliaments of the kingdom, practised as an advocate with considerable success, and wrote some small pieces, which he sent to the principal literary societies in the south of France. Among provincial towns, Toulouse seems to have been remarkably rich in indifferent versifiers and critics. It gloried especially in one venerable institution, called the Academy of the Floral Games. This body held every year a grand meeting, which was a subject of intense interest to the whole city, and at which flowers of gold and silver were given as prizes for odes, for idyls, and for something that was called eloquence. These bounties produced of course the ordinary effect of bounties, and turned people who might have been thriving attorneys and useful apothecaries into small wits and bad poets. Barère does not appear to have been so lucky as to obtain any of these precious flowers; but one of his performances was mentioned with honor. At Montauban he was more fortunate. The Academy of that town bestowed on him several prizes, one for a panegyric on Louis the Twelfth, in which the blessings of monarchy and the loyalty of the French nation were set forth; and another for a panegyric on poor Franc de Pompidon, in which, as may easily be supposed, the philosophy of the eighteenth century was sharply assailed. Then Barère found an old stone inscribed with three Latin words, and wrote a dissertation upon it, which procured him a seat in a learned Assembly, called the Toulouse Academy of Sciences, Inscriptions, and Polite Literature. At length the doors of the Academy of the Floral Games were opened to so much merit. Barère, in his thirty-third year, took his seat as one of that illustrious brotherhood, and made an inaugural oration which was greatly admired. He apologizes for recounting these triumphs of

\* Vol. ii. 407.

† *Moniteur*, 31st of July 1793, and Nonidi, first Decade of Brumaire, in the year 2.

his youthful genius. We own that we cannot blame him for dwelling long on the least disgraceful portion of his existence. To send in declamations for prizes offered by provincial academies, is indeed no very useful or dignified employment for a bearded man; but it would have been well if Barère had always been so employed.

In 1785 he married a young lady of considerable fortune. Whether she was in other respects qualified to make a home happy, is a point respecting which we are imperfectly informed. In a little work, entitled *Melancholy Pages*, which was written in 1797, Barère avers that his marriage was one of mere convenience, that at the altar his heart was heavy with sorrowful forebodings, that he turned pale as he pronounced the solemn 'Yes,' that unbidden tears rolled down his cheeks, that his mother shared his presentiment, and that the evil omen was accomplished. 'My marriage,' he says, 'was one of the most unhappy of marriages.' So romantic a tale, told by so noted a liar, did not command our belief. We were, therefore, not much surprised to discover that, in his Memoirs, he calls his wife a most amiable woman, and declares that, after he had been united to her six years, he found her as amiable as ever. He complains, indeed, that she was too much attached to royalty and to the old superstition; but he assures us that his respect for her virtues induced him to tolerate her prejudices. Now Barère, at the time of his marriage, was himself a Royalist and a Catholic. He had gained one prize by flattering the Throne, and another by defending the Church. It is hardly possible, therefore, that disputes about politics or religion should have embittered his domestic life till some time after he became a husband. Our own guess is, that his wife was, as he says, a virtuous and amiable woman, and that she did her best to make him happy during some years. It seems clear that, when circumstances developed the latent atrocity of his character, she could no longer endure him, refused to see him, and sent back his letters unopened. Then it was, we imagine, that he invented the fable about his distress on his wedding day.

In 1788 Barère paid his first visit to Paris, attended reviews, heard Laharpe at the Lycæum, and Condorcet at the Academy of Sciences, stared at the envoys of Tippoo Saib, saw the Royal Family dine at Versailles, and kept a journal in which he noted down adventures and speculations. Some parts of this journal are printed in the first volume of the work before us, and are certainly most characteristic. The worst vices

of the writer had not yet shown themselves; but the weakness which was the parent of those vices appears in every line. His levity, his inconsistency, his servility, were already what they were to the last. All his opinions, all his feelings, spin round and round like a weathercock in a whirlwind. Nay, the very impressions which he receives through his senses are not the same two days together. He sees Louis the Sixteenth, and is so much blinded by loyalty as to find his Majesty handsome. 'I fixed my eyes,' he says, 'with a lively curiosity on his fine countenance, which I thought open and noble.' The next time that the King appears, all is altered. His Majesty's eyes are without the smallest expression; he has a vulgar laugh which seems like idiocy, an ignoble figure, an awkward gait, and the look of a big boy ill brought up. It is the same with more important questions. Barère is for the parliaments on the Monday and against the parliaments on the Tuesday, for feudality in the morning and against feudality in the afternoon. One day he admires the English constitution; then he shudders to think that, in the struggles by which that constitution had been obtained, the barbarous islanders had murdered a king, and gives the preference to the constitution of Bearn. Bearn, he says, has a sublime constitution, a beautiful constitution. There the nobility and clergy meet in one house and the Commons in another. If the houses differ, the King has the casting vote. A few weeks later we find him raving against the principles of this sublime and beautiful constitution. To admit deputies of the nobility and clergy into the legislature is, he says, neither more nor less than to admit enemies of the nation into the legislature.

In this state of mind, without one settled purpose or opinion, the slave of the last word, royalist, aristocrat, democrat, according to the prevailing sentiment of the coffee-house or drawing-room into which he had just looked, did Barère enter into public life. The States-General had been summoned. Barère went down to his own province, was there elected one of the representatives of the Third Estate, and returned to Paris in May 1789.

A great crisis, often predicted, had at last arrived. In no country, we conceive, have intellectual freedom and political servitude existed together so long as in France, during the seventy or eighty years which preceded the last convocation of the Orders. Ancient abuses and new theories flourished in equal vigor side by side. The people, having no constitutional means of checking even the



most flagitious misgovernment, were indemnified for oppression by being suffered to luxuriate in anarchical speculation, and to deny or ridicule every principle on which the institutions of the state reposed. Neither those who attribute the downfall of the old French institutions to the public grievances, nor those who attribute it to the doctrines of the philosophers, appear to us to have taken into their view more than one half of the subject. Grievances as heavy have often been endured without producing a revolution; doctrines as bold have often been propounded without producing a revolution. The question, whether the French nation was alienated from its old polity by the follies and vices of the Viziers and Sultanas who pillaged and disgraced it, or by the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau, seems to us as idle as the question whether it was fire or gunpowder that blew up the mills at Hounslow. Neither cause would have sufficed alone. Tyranny may last through ages where discussion is suppressed. Discussion may safely be left free by rulers who act on popular principles. But combine a press like that of London, with a government like that of St. Petersburg, and the inevitable effect will be an explosion that will shake the world. So it was in France. Despotism and License, mingling in unblest union, engendered that mighty Revolution in which the lineaments of both parents were strangely blended. The long gestation was accomplished; and Europe saw, with mixed hope and terror, that agonizing travail and that portentous birth.

Among the crowd of legislators which at this conjuncture poured from all the provinces of France into Paris, Barère made no contemptible figure. The opinions which he for the moment professed were popular, yet not extreme. His character was fair; his personal advantages are said to have been considerable; and, from the portrait which is prefixed to these Memoirs, and which represents him as he appeared in the Convention, we should judge that his features must have been strikingly handsome, though we think that we can read in them cowardice and meanness very legibly written by the hand of God. His conversation was lively and easy; his manners remarkably good for a country lawyer. Women of rank and wit said that he was the only man who, on his first arrival from a remote province, had that indescribable air which it was supposed that Paris alone could give. His eloquence, indeed, was by no means so much admired in the capital as it had been by the ingenious academicians of Montauban and Toulouse.

His style was thought very bad; and very bad, if a foreigner may venture to judge, it continued to the last. It would, however, be unjust to deny that he had some talents for speaking and writing. His rhetoric, though deformed by every imaginable fault of taste, from bombast down to buffoonery, was not wholly without force and vivacity. He had also one quality which, in active life, often gives fourth-rate men an advantage over first-rate men. Whatever he could do, he could do without effort, at any moment, in any abundance, and on any side of any question. There was, indeed, a perfect harmony between his moral character and his intellectual character. His temper was that of a slave; his abilities were exactly those which qualified him to be a useful slave. Of thinking to purpose, he was utterly incapable; but he had wonderful readiness in arranging and expressing thoughts furnished by others.

In the National Assembly he had no opportunity of displaying the full extent either of his talents or of his vices. He was indeed eclipsed by much abler men. He went, as was his habit, with the stream, spoke occasionally with some success, and edited a journal called the *Point du Jour*, in which the debates of the Assembly were reported.

He at first ranked by no means among the violent reformers. He was not friendly to that new division of the French territory which was among the most important changes introduced by the Revolution, and was especially unwilling to see his native province dismembered. He was entrusted with the task of framing Reports on the Woods and Forests. Louis was exceedingly anxious about this matter; for his majesty was a keen sportsman, and would much rather have gone without the Veto, or the prerogative of making peace and war, than without his hunting and shooting. Gentlemen of the royal household were sent to Barère, in order to intercede for the deer and pheasants. Nor was this intercession unsuccessful. The reports were so drawn, that Barère was afterwards accused of having dishonestly sacrificed the interests of the public to the tastes of the court. To one of these reports he had the inconceivable folly and bad taste to prefix a punning motto from Virgil, fit only for such essays as he had been in the habit of composing for the Floral Games—

“Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.”

This literary foppery was one of the few things in which he was consistent. Royalist or Girondist, Jacobin or Imperialist, he was always a Trissotin.

As the monarchical party became weaker and weaker, Barère gradually estranged himself more and more from it, and drew closer and closer to the republicans. It would seem that, during this transition, he was for a time closely connected with the family of Orleans. It is certain that he was entrusted with the guardianship of the celebrated Pamela, afterwards Lady Edward Fitzgerald; and it was asserted that he received during some years a pension of twelve thousand francs from the Palais Royal.

At the end of September 1791, the labors of the National Assembly terminated, and those of the first and last Legislative Assembly commenced.

It had been enacted that no member of the National Assembly should sit in the Legislative Assembly; a preposterous and mischievous regulation, to which the disasters which followed must in part be ascribed. In England, what would be thought of a parliament which did not contain one single person who had ever sat in parliament before? Yet it may safely be affirmed, that the number of Englishmen who, never having taken any share in public affairs, are yet well qualified, by knowledge and observation, to be members of the legislature, is at least a hundred times as great as the number of Frenchmen who were so qualified in 1791. How, indeed, should it have been otherwise? In England, centuries of representative government have made all educated people in some measure statesmen. In France, the National Assembly had probably been composed of as good materials as were then to be found. It had undoubtedly removed a vast mass of abuses; some of its members had read and thought much about theories of government; and others had shown great oratorical talents. But that kind of skill which is required for the constructing, launching, and steering of a polity, was lamentably wanting; for it is a kind of skill to which practice contributes more than books. Books are indeed useful to the politician, as they are useful to the navigator and to the surgeon. But the real navigator is formed on the waves; the real surgeon is formed at bedsides; and the conflicts of free states are the real school of constitutional statesmen. The National Assembly had, however, now served an apprenticeship of two laborious and eventful years. It had, indeed, by no means finished its education; but it was no longer, as on the day when it met, altogether rude to political functions. Its later proceedings contain abundant proof that the members had profited by their experience. Beyond all doubt, there was not in France any equal number of per-

sons possessing in an equal degree the qualities necessary for the judicious direction of public affairs; and, just at this moment, these legislators, misled by a childish wish to display their own disinterestedness, deserted the duties which they had half learned, and which nobody else had learned at all, and left their hall to a second crowd of novices, who had still to master the first rudiments of political business. When Barère wrote his *Memoirs*, the absurdity of this Self-denying Ordinance had been proved by events, and was, we believe, acknowledged by all parties. He accordingly, with his usual mendacity, speaks of it in terms implying that he had opposed it. There was, he tells us, no good citizen who did not regret this fatal vote. Nay, all wise men, he says, wished the National Assembly to continue its sittings as the first Legislative Assembly. But no attention was paid to the wishes of the enlightened friends of liberty; and the generous but fatal suicide was perpetrated. Now the fact is, that Barère, far from opposing this ill-advised measure, was one of those who most eagerly supported it; that he described it from the tribune as wise and magnanimous; and that he assigned, as his reasons for taking this view, some of those phrases in which orators of his class delight, and which, on all men who have the smallest insight into politics, produce an effect very similar to that of ipecacuanha. 'Those,' he said, 'who have framed a constitution for their country, are, so to speak, out of the pale of that social state of which they are the authors; for creative power is not in the same sphere with that which it has created.'

M. Hippolyte Carnot has noticed this untruth, and attributes it to mere forgetfulness. We leave it to him to reconcile his very charitable supposition with what he elsewhere says of the remarkable excellence of Barère's memory.

Many members of the National Assembly were indemnified for the sacrifice of legislative power, by appointments in various departments of the public service. Of these fortunate persons Barère was one. A high Court of Appeal had just been instituted. This court was to sit at Paris; but its jurisdiction was to extend over the whole realm, and the departments were to choose the judges. Barère was nominated by the department of the Upper Pyrenees, and took his seat in the Palace of Justice. He asserts, and our readers may, if they choose, believe, that it was about this time in contemplation to make him Minister of the Interior, and that, in order to avoid so grave a responsibility, he obtained permission to pay a visit



to his native place. It is certain that he left Paris early in the year 1792, and passed some months in the south of France.

In the mean time, it became clear that the constitution of 1791 would not work. It was, indeed, not to be expected, that a constitution new both in its principles and its details would at first work easily. Had the chief magistrate enjoyed the entire confidence of the people, had he performed his part with the utmost zeal, fidelity, and ability, had the representative body included all the wisest statesmen of France, the difficulties might still have been found insuperable. But, in fact, the experiment was made under every disadvantage. The King, very naturally, hated the constitution. In the Legislative Assembly were men of genius and men of good intentions, but not a single man of experience. Nevertheless, if France had been suffered to settle her own affairs without foreign interference, it is possible that the calamities which followed might have been averted. The King who, with many good qualities, was sluggish and sensual, might have found compensation for his lost prerogatives in his immense civil list, in his palaces and hunting grounds, in soups, Perigord pies, and Champagne. The people, finding themselves secure in the enjoyment of the valuable reforms which the National Assembly had, in the midst of all its errors, effected, would not have been easily excited by demagogues to acts of atrocity; or, if acts of atrocity had been committed, those acts would probably have produced a speedy and violent reaction. Had tolerable quiet been preserved during a few years, the constitution of 1791 might perhaps have taken root, might have gradually acquired the strength which time alone can give, and might, with some modifications which were undoubtedly needed, have lasted down to the present time. The European coalition against the Revolution extinguished all hope of such a result. The deposition of Louis was, in our opinion, the necessary consequence of that coalition. The question was now no longer, whether the King should have an absolute Veto or a suspensive Veto, whether there should be one chamber or two chambers, whether the members of the representative body should be re-eligible or not; but whether France should belong to the French. The independence of the nation, the integrity of the territory were at stake; and we must say plainly, that we cordially approve of the conduct of those Frenchmen who, at that conjuncture, resolved, like our own Blake, to play the men for their country, under whatever form of government their country might fall.

It seems to us clear that the war with the Continental coalition was, on the side of France, at first a defensive war, and therefore a just war. It was not a war for small objects, or against despicable enemies. On the event were staked all the dearest interests of the French people. Foremost among the threatening powers appeared two great and martial monarchies, either of which, situated as France then was, might be regarded as a formidable assailant. It is evident that, under such circumstances, the French could not, without extreme imprudence, entrust the supreme administration of their affairs to any person whose attachment to the national cause admitted of doubt. Now, it is no reproach to the memory of Louis to say, that he was not attached to the national cause. Had he been so, he would have been something more than man. He had held absolute power, not by usurpation, but by the accident of birth and by the ancient polity of the kingdom. That power he had, on the whole, used with lenity. He had meant well by his people. He had been willing to make to them, of his own mere motion, concessions such as scarcely any other sovereign has ever made except under duress. He had paid the penalty of faults not his own, of the haughtiness and ambition of some of his predecessors, of the dissoluteness and baseness of others. He had been vanquished, taken captive, led in triumph, put in ward. He had escaped; he had been caught; he had been dragged back like a runaway galley-slave to the oar. He was still a state prisoner. His quiet was broken by daily affronts and lampoons. Accustomed from the cradle to be treated with profound reverence, he was now forced to command his feelings, while men who, a few months before, had been hackney writers or country attorneys, sat in his presence with covered heads, and addressed him in the easy tone of equality. Conscious of fair intentions, sensible of hard usage, he doubtless detested the Revolution; and, while charged with the conduct of the war against the confederates, pined in secret for the sight of the German eagles and the sound of the German drums. We do not blame him for this. But can we blame those who, being resolved to defend the work of the National Assembly against the interference of strangers, were not disposed to have him at their head in the fearful struggle which was approaching? We have nothing to say in defence or extenuation of the insolence, injustice, and cruelty, with which, after the victory of the republicans, he and his family were treated. But this we say, that the French had only one alternative, to deprive him of the powers

of first magistrate, or to ground their arms and submit patiently to foreign dictation. The events of the tenth of August sprang inevitably from the league of Pilnitz. The King's palace was stormed; his guards were slaughtered. He was suspended from his regal functions; and the Legislative Assembly invited the nation to elect an extraordinary Convention, with the full powers which the conjuncture required. To this Convention the members of the National Assembly were eligible; and Barère was chosen by his own department.

The Convention met on the twenty-first of September 1792. The first proceedings were unanimous. Royalty was abolished by acclamation. No objections were made to this great change, and no reasons were assigned for it. For certainly we cannot honor with the name of reasons such apophthegms, as that kings are in the moral world what monsters are in the physical world; and that the history of kings is the martyrology of nations. But though the discussion was worthy only of a debating-club of schoolboys, the resolution to which the Convention came seems to have been that which sound policy dictated. In saying this, we do not mean to express an opinion that a republic is, either in the abstract the best form of government, or is, under ordinary circumstances, the form of government best suited to the French people. Our own opinion is, that the best governments which have ever existed in the world have been limited monarchies; and that France, in particular, has never enjoyed so much prosperity and freedom as under a limited monarchy. Nevertheless, we approve of the vote of the Convention which abolished kingly government. The interference of foreign powers had brought on a crisis which made extraordinary measures necessary. Hereditary monarchy may be, and we believe that it is, a very useful institution in a country like France. And masts are very useful parts of a ship. But, if the ship is on her beam-ends, it may be necessary to cut the masts away. When once she has righted, she may come safe into port under jury rigging, and there be completely repaired. But, in the mean time, she must be hacked with unsparing hand, lest that which, under ordinary circumstances, is an essential part of her fabric, should, in her extreme distress, sink her to the bottom. Even so there are political emergencies in which it is necessary that governments should be mutilated of their fair proportions for a time, lest they be cast away for ever; and with such an emergency the Convention had to deal. The first object of a good Frenchman should have been to save

France from the fate of Poland. The first requisite of a government was entire devotion to the national cause. That requisite was wanting in Louis; and such a want, at such a moment, could not be supplied by any public or private virtues. If the King was set aside, the abolition of kingship necessarily followed. In the state in which the public mind then was, it would have been idle to think of doing what our ancestors did in 1688, and what the French Chamber of Deputies did in 1830. Such an attempt would have failed amidst universal derision and execration. It would have disgusted all zealous men of all opinions; and there were then few men who were not zealous. Parties fatigued by long conflict, and instructed by the severe discipline of that school in which alone mankind will learn, are disposed to listen to the voice of a mediator. But when they are in their first heady youth, devoid of experience, fresh for exertion, flushed with hope, burning with animosity, they agree only in spurning out of their way the daysman who strives to take his stand between them and to lay his hand upon them both. Such was in 1792 the state of France. On one side was the great name of the heir of Hugh Capet, the thirty-third king of the third race; on the other side was the great name of the republic. There was no rallying-point save these two. It was necessary to make a choice; and those, in our opinion, judged well who, waving for the moment all subordinate questions, preferred independence to subjugation, the natal soil to the emigrant camp.

As to the abolition of royalty, and as to the vigorous prosecution of the war, the whole Convention seemed to be united as one man. But a deep broad gulf separated the representative body into two great parties.

On one side were those statesmen who are called, from the name of the department which some of them represented, the Girondists, and, from the name of one of their most conspicuous leaders, the Brissotines. In activity and practical ability, Brissot and Gensonné were the most conspicuous among them. In parliamentary eloquence, no Frenchman of that time can be considered as equal to Vergniaud. In a foreign country, after the lapse of half a century, some parts of his speeches are still read with mournful admiration. No man, we are inclined to believe, ever rose so rapidly to such a height of oratorical excellence. His whole public life lasted barely two years. This is a circumstance which distinguishes him from our own greatest speakers, Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Windham, Canning. Which of these celebrated men would now be remembered as an



orator, if he had died two years after he first took his seat in the House of Commons? Condorcet brought to the Girondist party a different kind of strength. The public regarded him with justice as an eminent mathematician, and, with less reason, as a great master of ethical and political science; the philosophers considered him as their chief, as the rightful heir, by intellectual descent and by solemn adoption, of their deceased sovereign D'Alembert. In the same ranks were found Guadet, Isnard, Barbaroux, Buzot, Louvet, too well known as the author of a very ingenious and very licentious romance, and more honorably distinguished by the generosity with which he pleaded for the unfortunate, and by the intrepidity with which he defied the wicked and powerful. Two persons whose talents were not brilliant, but who enjoyed a high reputation for probity and public spirit, Pétion and Roland, lent the whole weight of their names to the Girondist connexion. The wife of Roland brought to the deliberations of her husband's friends masculine courage and force of thought, tempered by womanly grace and vivacity. Nor was the splendor of a great military reputation wanting to this celebrated party. Dumourier, then victorious over the foreign invaders, and at the height of public favor, must be reckoned among the allies of the Gironde.

The errors of the Brissotines were undoubtedly neither few nor small; but when we fairly compare their conduct with the conduct of any other party which acted or suffered during the French Revolution, we are forced to admit their superiority in every quality except that single quality which, in such times, prevails over every other, decision. They were zealous for the great social reform which had been effected by the National Assembly; and they were right. For though that reform was, in some respects, carried too far, it was a blessing well worth even the fearful price which has been paid for it. They were resolved to maintain the independence of their country against foreign invaders; and they were right. For the heaviest of all yokes is the yoke of the stranger. They thought that, if Louis remained at their head, they could not carry on with the requisite energy the conflict against the European coalition. They therefore concurred in establishing a republican government; and here, again, they were right. For in that struggle for life and death, it would have been madness to trust a hostile or even a half-hearted leader.

Thus far they went along with the revolutionary movement. At this point they stopped; and, in our judgment, they were right

in stopping, as they had been right in moving. For great ends, and under extraordinary circumstances, they had concurred in measures which, together with much good, had necessarily produced much evil; which had unsettled the public mind; which had taken away from government the sanction of prescription; which had loosened the very foundations of property and law. They thought that it was now their duty to prop what it had recently been their duty to batter. They loved liberty, but liberty associated with order, with justice, with mercy, and with civilization. They were republicans; but they were desirous to adorn their republic with all that had given grace and dignity to the fallen monarchy. They hoped that the humanity, the courtesy, the taste, which had done much in old times to mitigate the slavery of France, would now lend additional charms to her freedom. They saw with horror crimes exceeding in atrocity those which had disgraced the infuriated religious factions of the sixteenth century, perpetrated in the name of reason and philanthropy. They demanded, with eloquent vehemence, that the authors of the lawless massacre which, just before the meeting of the Convention, had been committed in the prisons of Paris, should be brought to condign punishment. They treated with just contempt the pleas which have been set up for that great crime. They admitted that the public danger was pressing; but they denied that it justified a violation of those principles of morality on which all society rests. The independence and honor of France were indeed to be vindicated, but to be vindicated by triumphs and not by murders.

Opposed to the Girondists was a party, which, having been long execrated throughout the civilized world, has of late—such is the ebb and flow of opinion—found not only apologists, but even eulogists. We are not disposed to deny that some members of the Mountain were sincere and public-spirited men. But even the best of them, Carnot for example and Cambon, were far too unscrupulous as to the means which they employed for the purpose of attaining great ends. In the train of these enthusiasts followed a crowd, composed of all who, from sensual, sordid, or malignant motives, wished for a period of boundless license.

When the Convention met, the majority was with the Girondists, and Barère was with the majority. On the King's trial, indeed, he quitted the party with which he ordinarily acted, voted with the Mountain, and spoke against the prisoner with a violence such as few members even of the Mountain showed.

The conduct of the leading Girondists on

that occasion was little to their honor. Of cruelty, indeed, we fully acquit them; but it is impossible to acquit them of criminal irresolution and disingenuousness. They were far, indeed, from thirsting for the blood of Louis; on the contrary, they were most desirous to protect him. But they were afraid that, if they went straight forward with their object, the sincerity of their attachment to republican institutions would be suspected. They wished to save the King's life, and yet to obtain all the credit of having been regicides. Accordingly, they traced out for themselves a crooked course, by which they hoped to attain both their objects. They first voted the King guilty. They then voted for referring the question respecting his fate to the whole body of the people. Defeated in this attempt to rescue him, they reluctantly, and with ill suppressed shame and concern, voted for the capital sentence. Then they made a last attempt in his favor, and voted for respiting the execution. These zigzag politics produced the effect which any man conversant with public affairs might have foreseen. The Girondists, instead of attaining both their ends, failed of both. The Mountain justly charged them with having attempted to save the King by underhand means. Their own consciences told them, with equal justice, that their hands had been dipped in the blood of the most inoffensive and most unfortunate of men. The direct path was here, as usual, the path not only of honor but of safety. The principle on which the Girondists stood as a party was, that the season for revolutionary violence was over, and that the reign of law and order ought now to commence. But the proceeding against the King was clearly revolutionary in its nature. It was not in conformity with the laws. The only plea for it was, that all ordinary rules of jurisprudence and morality were suspended by the extreme public danger. This was the very plea which the Mountain urged in defence of the massacre of September, and to which, when so urged, the Girondists refused to listen. They therefore, by voting for the death of the King, conceded to the Mountain the chief point at issue between the two parties. Had they given a manful vote against the capital sentence, the regicides would have been in a minority. It is probable that there would have been an immediate appeal to force. The Girondists might have been victorious. In the worst event, they would have fallen with unblemished honor. Thus much is certain, that their boldness and honesty could not possibly have produced a worse effect than was actually produced by their timidity and their stratagems.

Barère, as we have said, sided with the Mountain on this occasion. He voted against the appeal to the people, and against the respite. His demeanor and his language also were widely different from those of the Girondists. Their hearts were heavy, and their deportment was that of men oppressed with sorrow. It was Vergniaud's duty to proclaim the result of the roll-call. His face was pale, and he trembled with emotion, as in a low and broken voice he announced that Louis was condemned to death. Barère had not, it is true, yet attained to full perfection in the art of mingling jests and conceits with words of death; but he already gave promise of his future excellence in this high department of Jacobin oratory. He concluded his speech with a sentence worthy of his head and heart. 'The tree of liberty,' he said, 'as an ancient author remarks, flourishes when it is watered with the blood of all classes of tyrants.' M. Hippolyte Carnot has quoted this passage, in order, as we suppose, to do honor to his hero. We wish that a note had been added to inform us from what ancient author Barère quoted. In the course of our own small reading among the Greek and Latin writers, we have not happened to fall in with trees of liberty and watering-pots full of blood; nor can we, such is our ignorance of classical antiquity, even imagine an Attic or Roman orator employing imagery of that sort. In plain words, when Barère talked about an ancient author, he was lying, as he generally was when he asserted any fact, great or small. Why he lied on this occasion we cannot guess, unless it was to keep his hand in.

It is not improbable that, but for one circumstance, Barère would, like most of those with whom he ordinarily acted, have voted for the appeal to the people and for the respite. But, just before the commencement of the trial, papers had been discovered which proved that, while a member of the National Assembly, he had been in communication with the Court respecting his Reports on the Woods and Forests. He was acquitted of all criminality by the Convention; but the fiercer Republicans considered him as a tool of the fallen monarch; and this reproach was long repeated in the journal of Marat, and in the speeches at the Jacobin club. It was natural that a man like Barère should, under such circumstances, try to distinguish himself among the crowd of regicides by peculiar ferocity. It was because he had been a royalist that he was one of the foremost in shedding blood.

The King was no more. The leading Girondists had, by their conduct towards



him, lowered their character in the eyes both of friends and foes. They still, however, maintained the contest against the Mountain, called for vengeance on the assassins of September, and protested against the anarchical and sanguinary doctrines of Marat. For a time they seemed likely to prevail. As publicists and orators they had no rivals in the Convention. They had with them, beyond all doubt, the great majority both of the deputies and of the French nation. These advantages, it should seem, ought to have decided the event of the struggle. But the opposite party had compensating advantages of a different kind. The chiefs of the Mountain, though not eminently distinguished by eloquence or knowledge, had great audacity, activity, and determination. The Convention and France were against them; but the mob of Paris, the clubs of Paris, and the municipal government of Paris, were on their side.

The policy of the Jacobins, in this situation, was to subject France to an aristocracy infinitely worse than that aristocracy which had emigrated with the Count of Artois—to an aristocracy not of birth, not of wealth, not of education, but of mere locality. They would not hear of privileged orders; but they wished to have a privileged city. That twenty-five millions of Frenchmen should be ruled by a hundred thousand gentlemen and clergymen, was insufferable; but that twenty-five millions of Frenchmen should be ruled by a hundred thousand Parisians, was as it should be. The qualification of a member of the new oligarchy was simply that he should live near the hall where the Convention met, and should be able to squeeze himself daily into the gallery during a debate, and now and then to attend with a pike for the purpose of blockading the doors. It was quite agreeable to the maxims of the Mountain, that a score of draymen from Santerre's brewery, or of devils from Hébert's printing-house, should be permitted to drown the voices of men commissioned to speak the sense of such cities as Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Lyons; and that a rabble of half-naked porters from the Faubourg St. Antoine, should have power to annul decrees for which the representatives of fifty or sixty departments had voted. It was necessary to find some pretext for so odious and absurd a tyranny. Such a pretext was found. To the old phrases of liberty and equality were added the sonorous watchwords, unity and indivisibility. A new crime was invented, and called by the name of federalism. The object of the Girondists, it was asserted, was to break up the great nation into little in-

dependent commonwealths, bound together only by a league like that which connects the Swiss cantons or the United States of America. The great obstacle in the way of this pernicious design was the influence of Paris. To strengthen the influence of Paris ought therefore to be the chief object of every patriot.

The accusation brought against the leaders of the Girondist party was a mere calumny. They were undoubtedly desirous to prevent the capital from domineering over the republic, and would gladly have seen the Convention removed for a time to some provincial town, or placed under the protection of a trusty guard, which might have overawed the Parisian mob; but there is not the slightest reason to suspect them of any design against the unity of the state. Barère, however, really was a federalist, and, we are inclined to believe, the only federalist in the Convention. As far as a man so unstable and servile can be said to have felt any preference for any form of government, he felt a preference for federal government. He was born under the Pyrenees; he was a Gascon of the Gascons, one of a people strongly distinguished by intellectual and moral character, by manners, by modes of speech, by accent, and by physiognomy, from the French of the Seine and of the Loire; and he had many of the peculiarities of the race to which he belonged. When he first left his own province he had attained his thirty-fourth year, and had acquired a high local reputation for eloquence and literature. He had then visited Paris for the first time. He had found himself in a new world. His feelings were those of a banished man. It is clear also that he had been by no means without his share of the small disappointments and humiliations so often experienced by men of letters who, elated by provincial applause, venture to display their powers before the fastidious critics of a capital. On the other hand, whenever he revisited the mountains among which he had been born, he found himself an object of general admiration. His dislike of Paris, and his partiality to his native district, were therefore as strong and durable as any sentiments of a mind like his could be. He long continued to maintain, that the ascendancy of one great city was the bane of France; that the superiority of taste and intelligence which it was the fashion to ascribe to the inhabitants of that city were wholly imaginary; and that the nation would never enjoy a really good government till the Alsatian people, the Breton people, the people of Bearn, the people of Provence, should have each an independent existence,

and laws suited to its tastes and habits. These communities he proposed to unite by a tie similar to that which binds together the grave Puritans of Connecticut, and the dissolute slave-drivers of New Orleans. To Paris he was unwilling to grant even the rank which Washington holds in the United States. He thought it desirable that the congress of the French federation should have no fixed place of meeting, but should sit sometimes at Rouen, sometimes at Bordeaux, sometimes at his own Toulouse.

Animated by such feelings, he was, till the close of May 1793, a Girondist, if not an ultra-Girondist. He exclaimed against those impure and bloodthirsty men who wished to make the public danger a pretext for cruelty and rapine. 'Peril,' he said, 'could be no excuse for crime. It is when the wind blows hard, and the waves run high, that the anchor is most needed; it is when a revolution is raging, that the great laws of morality are most necessary to the safety of a state.' Of Marat he spoke with abhorrence and contempt; of the municipal authorities of Paris with just severity. He loudly complained that there were Frenchmen who paid to the Mountain that homage which was due to the Convention alone. When the establishment of the Revolutionary Tribunal was first proposed, he joined himself to Vergniaud and Buzot, who strongly objected to that odious measure. 'It cannot be,' exclaimed Barère, 'that men really attached to liberty will imitate the most frightful excesses of despotism!' He proved to the Convention, after his fashion, out of Sallust, that such arbitrary courts may indeed, for a time, be severe only on real criminals, but must inevitably degenerate into instruments of private cupidity and revenge. When, on the tenth of March, the worst part of the population of Paris made the first unsuccessful attempt to destroy the Girondists, Barère eagerly called for vigorous measures of repression and punishment. On the second of April, another attempt of the Jacobins of Paris to usurp supreme dominion over the republic, was brought to the knowledge of the Convention; and again Barère spoke with warmth against the new tyranny which afflicted France, and declared that the people of the departments would never crouch beneath the tyranny of one ambitious city. He even proposed a resolution to the effect, that the Convention would exert against the demagogues of the capital the same energy which had been exerted against the tyrant Louis. We are assured that, in private as in public, he at this time uniformly spoke with strong aversion of the Mountain.

His apparent zeal for the cause of humanity and order had its reward. Early in April came the tidings of Dumourier's defection. This was a heavy blow to the Girondists. Dumourier was their general. His victories had thrown a lustre on the whole party; his army, it had been hoped, would, in the worst event, protect the deputies of the nation against the ragged pikemen of the garrets of Paris. He was now a deserter and an exile; and those who had lately placed their chief reliance on his support were compelled to join with their deadliest enemies in execrating his treason. At this perilous conjuncture, it was resolved to appoint a Committee of Public Safety, and to arm that committee with powers, small indeed when compared with those which it afterwards drew to itself, but still great and formidable. The moderate party, regarding Barère as a representative of their feelings and opinions, elected him a member. In his new situation he soon began to make himself useful. He brought to the deliberations of the Committee, not indeed the knowledge or the ability of a great statesman, but a tongue and a pen which, if others would only supply ideas, never paused for want of words. His mind was a mere organ of communication between other minds. It originated nothing; it retained nothing; but it transmitted every thing. The post assigned to him by his colleagues was not really of the highest importance; but it was prominent, and drew the attention of all Europe. When a great measure was to be brought forward, when an account was to be rendered of an important event, he was generally the mouthpiece of the administration. He was therefore not unnaturally considered, by persons who lived at a distance from the seat of government, and above all by foreigners who, while the war raged, knew France only from Journals, as the head of that administration of which, in truth, he was only the secretary and the spokesman. The author of the History of Europe, in our own Annual Registers, appears to have been completely under this delusion.

The conflict between the hostile parties was meanwhile fast approaching to a crisis. The temper of Paris grew daily fiercer and fiercer. Delegates appointed by thirty-five of the forty-eight wards of the city appeared at the bar of the Convention, and demanded that Vergniaud, Brissot, Gaudet, Gensonné, Barbaroux, Buzot, Pétion, Louvet, and many other deputies, should be expelled. This demand was disapproved by at least three-fourths of the Assembly, and, when known in the departments, called forth a general cry of in-



dignation. Bordeaux declared that it would stand by its representatives, and would, if necessary, defend them by the sword against the tyranny of Paris. Lyons and Marseilles were animated by a similar spirit. These manifestations of public opinion gave courage to the majority of the Convention. Thanks were voted to the people of Bordeaux for their patriotic declaration, and a commission consisting of twelve members was appointed for the purpose of investigating the conduct of the municipal authorities of Paris; and was empowered to place under arrest such persons as should appear to have been concerned in any plot against the authority of the Convention. This measure was adopted on the motion of Barère.

A few days of stormy excitement and profound anxiety followed; and then came the crash. On the thirty-first of May the mob of Paris rose; the palace of the Tuileries was besieged by a vast array of pikes; the majority of the deputies, after vain struggles and remonstrances, yielded to violence, and suffered the Mountain to carry a decree for the suspension and arrest of the deputies whom the wards of the capital had accused.

During this contest, Barère had been tossed backwards and forwards between the two raging factions. His feelings, languid and unsteady as they always were, drew him to the Girondists; but he was awed by the vigor and determination of the Mountain. At one moment he held high and firm language, complained that the Convention was not free, and protested against the validity of any vote passed under coercion. At another moment he proposed to conciliate the Parisians by abolishing that commission of twelve which he had himself proposed only a few days before; and himself drew up a paper condemning the very measures which had been adopted at his own instance, and eulogizing the public spirit of the insurgents. To do him justice, it was not without some symptoms of shame that he read this document from the tribune, where he had so often expressed very different sentiments. It is said that, at some passages, he was even seen to blush. It may have been so; he was still in his novitiate of infamy.

Some days later he proposed that hostages for the personal safety of the accused deputies should be sent to the departments, and offered to be himself one of those hostages. Nor do we in the least doubt that the offer was sincere. He would, we firmly believe, have thought himself far safer at Bordeaux or Marseilles than at Paris. His proposition, however, was not carried into effect; and he remained in the power of the victorious Mountain.

This was the great crisis of his life.—Hitherto he had done nothing inexpressible, nothing which marked him out as a much worse man than most of his colleagues in the Convention. His voice had generally been on the side of moderate measures. Had he bravely cast in his lot with the Girondists, and suffered with them, he would like them have had a not dishonorable place in history. Had he, like the great body of deputies who meant well, but who had not the courage to expose themselves to martyrdom, crouched quietly under the dominion of the triumphant minority, and suffered every motion of Robespierre and Billaud to pass unopposed, he would have incurred no peculiar ignominy. But it is probable that this course was not open to him. He had been too prominent among the adversaries of the Mountain, to be admitted to quarter without making some atonement. It was necessary that, if he hoped to find pardon from his new lords, he should not be merely a silent and passive slave. What passed in private between him and them cannot be accurately related; but the result was soon apparent. The Committee of Public Safety was renewed. Several of the fiercest of the dominant faction, Couthon for example, and St. Just, were substituted for more moderate politicians; but Barère was suffered to retain his seat at the Board.

The indulgence with which he was treated excited the murmurs of some stern and ardent zealots. Marat, in the very last words that he wrote, words not published till the dagger of Charlotte Corday had avenged France and mankind, complained that a man who had no principles, who was always on the side of the strongest, who had been a royalist, and who was ready, in case of a turn of fortune, to be a royalist again, should be entrusted with an important share in the administration.\* But the chiefs of the Mountain judged more correctly. They knew indeed, as well as Marat, that Barère was a man utterly without faith or steadiness; that if he could be said to have any political leaning, his leaning was not towards them; that he felt for the Girondist party that faint and wavering sort of preference of which alone his nature was susceptible; and that, if he had been at liberty to make his choice, he would rather have murdered Robespierre and Danton than Vergniaud and Gensonné.—But they justly appreciated that levity which made him incapable alike of earnest love and of earnest hatred, and that meanness which made it necessary to him to have a master.

\* See the *Publiciste* of the 14th of July 1793. Marat was stabbed on the evening of the 13th.

In truth, what the planters of Carolina and Louisiana say of black men with flat noses and woolly hair, was strictly true of Barère. The curse of Canaan was upon him. He was born a slave. Baseness was an instinct in him. The impulse which drove him from a party in adversity to a party in prosperity was as irresistible as that which drives the cuckoo and the swallow towards the sun when the dark and cold months are approaching. The law which doomed him to be the humble attendant of stronger spirits, resembled the law which binds the pilot-fish to the shark. 'Ken ye,' said a shrewd Scotch lord, who was asked his opinion of James the First; 'Ken ye a John Ape? If I have Jacko by the collar, I can make him bite you; but if you have Jacko, you can make him bite me.' Just such a creature was Barère. In the hands of the Girondists he would have been eager to proscribe the Jacobins; he was just as ready, in the gripe of the Jacobins, to proscribe the Girondists. On the fidelity of such a man the heads of the Mountain could not, of course, reckon; but they valued their conquest as the very easy and not very delicate lover in Congreve's lively song valued the conquest of a prostitute of a different kind. Barère was, like Chloe, false and common; but he was, like Chloe, constant while possessed; and they asked no more. They needed a service which he was very competent to perform. Destitute as he was of all the talents both of an active and of a speculative statesman, he could with great facility draw up a report, or make a speech on any subject and on any side. If other people would furnish facts and thoughts, he could always furnish phrases; and this talent was absolutely at the command of his owners for the time being. Nor had he excited any angry passion among those to whom he had hitherto been opposed. They felt no more hatred to him than they felt to the horses which dragged the cannon of the Duke of Brunswick and of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg. The horses had only done according to their kind, and would, if they fell into the hands of the French, drag with equal vigor and equal docility the guns of the republic, and therefore ought not merely to be spared, but to be well fed and curried. So was it with Barère. He was of a nature so low, that it might be doubted whether he could properly be an object of the hostility of reasonable beings. He had not been an enemy; he was not now a friend. But he had been an annoyance; and he would now be a help.

But though the heads of the Mountain pardoned this man, and admitted him into partnership with themselves, it was not without ex-

acting pledges such as made it impossible for him, false and fickle as he was, ever again to find admission into the ranks which he had deserted. That was truly a terrible sacrament by which they admitted the apostate into their communion. They demanded of him that he should himself take the most prominent part in murdering his old friends. To refuse was as much as his life was worth. But what is life worth when it is only one long agony of remorse and shame? These, however, are feelings of which it is idle to talk, when we are considering the conduct of such a man as Barère. He undertook the task, mounted the tribune, and told the Convention that the time was come for taking the stern attitude of justice, and for striking at all conspirators without distinction. He then moved that Buzot, Barbaroux, Pétion, and thirteen other deputies, should be placed out of the pale of the law, or, in other words, beheaded without a trial; and that Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, and six others, should be impeached. The motion was carried without debate.

We have already seen with what effrontery Barère has denied, in these Memoirs, that he took any part against the Girondists. This denial, we think, was the only thing wanting to make his infamy complete. The most impudent of all lies was a fit companion for the foulest of all murders.

Barère, however, had not as yet earned his pardon. The Jacobin party contained one gang which, even in that party, was pre-eminent in every mean and every savage vice, a gang so low-minded and so inhuman, that, compared with them, Robespierre might be called magnanimous and merciful. Of these wretches Hébert was perhaps the best representative. His favorite amusement was to torment and insult the miserable remains of that great family which, having ruled France during eight hundred years, had now become an object of pity to the humblest artisan or peasant. The influence of this man, and of men like him, induced the Committee of Public Safety to determine that Marie Antoinette should be sent to the scaffold. Barère was again summoned to his duty. Only four days after he had proposed the decrees against the Girondist deputies he again mounted the tribune, in order to move that the Queen should be brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. He was improving fast in the society of his new allies. When he asked for the heads of Vergniaud and Pétion, he had spoken like a man who had some slight sense of his own guilt and degradation; he had said little, and that little had not been violent. The office of expatiating on the guilt of his old friends he had left to St. Just. Very



different was Barère's second appearance in the character of an accuser. He now cried out for blood in the eager tones of true and burning thirst, and raved against the Austrian woman with the virulence natural to a coward who finds himself at liberty to outrage that which he has feared and envied. We have already exposed the shameless mendacity with which, in these Memoirs, he attempts to throw the blame of his own guilt on the guiltless.

On the day on which the fallen Queen was dragged, already more than half dead, to her doom, Barère regaled Robespierre and some other Jacobins at a tavern. Robespierre's acceptance of the invitation caused some surprise to those who knew how long and how bitterly it was his nature to hate. 'Robespierre of the party!' muttered St. Just. 'Barère is the only man whom Robespierre has forgiven.' We have an account of this singular repast from one of the guests. Robespierre condemned the senseless brutality with which Hébert had conducted the proceedings against the Austrian woman, and, in talking on that subject, became so much excited that he broke his plate in the violence of his gesticulation. Barère exclaimed that the guillotine had cut a diplomatic knot which it might have been difficult to untie. In the intervals between the Beaune and the Champagne, between the ragout of thrushes and the partridge with truffles, he fervently preached his new political creed. 'The vessel of the revolution,' he said, 'can float into port only on waves of blood. We must begin with the members of the National Assembly and of the Legislative Assembly. That rubbish must be swept away.'

As he talked at table he talked in the Convention. His peculiar style of oratory was now formed. It was not altogether without ingenuity and liveliness. But, in any other age or country, it would have been thought unfit for the deliberations of a grave assembly, and still more unfit for state papers. It might, perhaps, succeed at a meeting of a Protestant Association in Exeter Hall, at a Repeal dinner in Ireland, after men had well drunk, or in an American oration on the Fourth of July. No legislative body would now endure it. But in France, during the reign of the Convention, the old laws of composition were held in as much contempt as the old government or the old creed. Correct and noble diction belonged, like the etiquette of Versailles and the solemnities of Notre Dame, to an age which had passed away. Just as a swarm of ephemeral constitutions, democratic, directorial, and consular, sprang from the decay of the ancient

monarchy; just as a swarm of new superstitions, the worship of the Goddess of Reason, and the fooleries of the Theophilanthropists, sprang from the decay of the ancient Church; even so, out of the decay of the ancient French eloquence, sprang new fashions of eloquence, for the understanding of which new grammars and dictionaries were necessary.—The same innovating spirit which altered the common phrases of salutation, which turned hundreds of Johns and Peters into Scævolas and Aristogitons, and which expelled Sunday and Monday, January and February, Lady-day and Christmas from the calendar, in order to substitute Decadi and Primidi, Nivose and Pluviose, Feasts of Opinion and Feasts of the Supreme Being, changed all the forms of official correspondence. For the calm, guarded, and sternly courteous language which governments had long been accustomed to employ, were substituted puns, interjections, Ossianic rants, rhetoric worthy only of a schoolboy, scurrility worthy only of a fishwife. Of the phraseology which was now thought to be peculiarly well suited to a Report or a Manifesto, Barère had a greater command than any man of his time; and, during the short and sharp paroxysm of the revolutionary delirium, passed for a great orator. When the fit was over, he was considered as what he really was, a man of quick apprehension and fluent elocution, with no originality, with little information, and with a taste as bad as his heart. His Reports were popularly called Carmagnoles. A few months ago we should have had some difficulty in conveying to an English reader an exact notion of the state papers to which this appellation was given. Fortunately a noble and distinguished person, whom her Majesty's Ministers have thought qualified to fill the most important post in the empire, has made our task easy. Whoever has read Lord Ellenborough's proclamations is able to form a complete idea of a Carmagnole.

The effect which Barère's discourses at one time produced is not to be wholly attributed to the perversion of the national taste. The occasions on which he rose were frequently such as would have secured to the worst speaker a favorable hearing. When any military advantage had been gained, he was generally deputed by the Committee of Public Safety to announce the good news. The hall resounded with applause as he mounted the tribune, holding the despatches in his hand. Deputies and strangers listened with delight while he told them that victory was the order of the day; that the guineas of Pitt had been vainly lavished to hire machines six feet high, carrying guns; that the flight of

the English leopard deserved to be celebrated by Tyrtæus; and that the saltpetre dug out of the cellars of Paris had been turned into thunder, which would crush the Titan brethren, George and Francis.

Meanwhile the trial of the accused Girondists, who were under arrest at Paris, came on. They flattered themselves with a vain hope of escape. They placed some reliance on their innocence, and some reliance on their eloquence. They thought that shame would suffice to restrain any man, however violent and cruel, from publicly committing the flagrant iniquity of condemning them to death. The Revolutionary Tribunal was new to its functions. No member of the Convention had yet been executed; and it was probable that the boldest Jacobin would shrink from being the first to violate the sanctity which was supposed to belong to the representatives of the people.

The proceedings lasted some days. Gensonné and Brissot defended themselves with great ability and presence of mind against the vile Hébert and Chaumette, who appeared as accusers. The eloquent voice of Vergniaud was heard for the last time. He pleaded his own cause, and that of his friends, with such force of reason and elevation of sentiment that a murmur of pity and admiration rose from the audience. Nay, the court itself, not yet accustomed to riot in daily carnage, showed signs of emotion. The sitting was adjourned, and a rumor went forth that there would be an acquittal. The Jacobins met, breathing vengeance. Robespierre undertook to be their organ. He rose on the following day in the Convention, and proposed a decree of such atrocity, that even among the acts of that year it can hardly be paralleled. By this decree the tribunal was empowered to cut short the defence of the prisoners, to pronounce the case clear, and to pass immediate judgment. One deputy made a faint opposition. Barère instantly sprang up to support Robespierre—Barère, the federalist; Barère, the author of that Commission of Twelve which was among the chief causes of the hatred borne by Paris to the Girondists; Barère, who in these Memoirs denies that he ever took any part against the Girondists; Barère, who has the effrontery to declare that he greatly loved and esteemed Vergniaud. The decree was passed; and the tribunal, without suffering the prisoners to conclude what they had to say, pronounced them guilty.

The following day was the saddest in the sad history of the Revolution. The sufferers were so innocent, so brave, so eloquent, so accomplished, so young. Some of them

were graceful and handsome youths of six or seven and twenty. Vergniaud and Gensonné were little more than thirty. They had been only a few months engaged in public affairs. In a few months the fame of their genius had filled Europe; and they were to die for no crime but this, that they had wished to combine order, justice, and mercy with freedom. Their great fault was want of courage. We mean want of political courage—of that courage which is proof to clamor and obloquy, and which meets great emergencies by daring and decisive measures. Alas! they had but too good an opportunity of proving, that they did not want courage to endure with manly cheerfulness the worst that could be inflicted by such tyrants as St. Just, and such slaves as Barère.

They were not the only victims of the noble cause. Madame Roland followed them to the scaffold with a spirit as heroic as their own. Her husband was in a safe hiding-place, but could not bear to survive her. His body was found on the high-road, near Rouen. He had fallen on his sword. Condorcet swallowed opium. At Bordeaux, the steel fell on the necks of the bold and quick-witted Guadet, and of Barbaroux, the chief of those enthusiasts from the Rhone whose valor, in the great crisis of the tenth of August, had turned back the tide of battle from the Louvre to the Tuileries. In a field near the Garonne was found all that the wolves had left of Pétion, once honored, greatly indeed beyond his deserts, as the model of republican virtue. We are far from regarding even the best of the Girondists with unmixed admiration; but history owes to them this honorable testimony, that being free to choose whether they would be oppressors or victims, they deliberately and firmly resolved rather to suffer injustice than to inflict it.

And now began that strange period known by the name of the Reign of Terror. The Jacobins had prevailed. This was their hour, and the power of darkness. The Convention was subjugated, and reduced to profound silence on the highest questions of state. The sovereignty passed to the Committee of Public Safety. To the edicts framed by that Committee, the representative assembly did not venture to offer even the species of opposition which the ancient Parliament had frequently offered to the mandates of the ancient Kings. Six persons held the chief power in the small cabinet which now domineered over France—Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Collot, Billaud, and Barère.

To some of these men, and of those who adhered to them, it is due to say, that the



fanaticism which had emancipated them from the restraints of justice and compassion, had emancipated them also from the dominion of vulgar cupidity and of vulgar fear; that, while hardly knowing where to find an assignat of a few francs to pay for a dinner, they expended with strict integrity the immense revenue which they collected by every art of rapine; and that they were ready, in support of their cause, to mount the scaffold with as much indifference as they showed when they signed the death-warrants of aristocrats and priests. But no great party can be composed of such materials as these. It is the inevitable law, that such zealots as we have described shall collect around them a multitude of slaves, of cowards, and of libertines, whose savage tempers and licentious appetites, withheld only by the dread of law and magistracy from the worst excesses, are called into full activity by the hope of impunity. A faction which, from whatever motive, relaxes the great laws of morality, is certain to be joined by the most immoral part of the community. This has been repeatedly proved in religious wars. The war of the Holy Sepulchre, the Albigensian war, the Huguenot war, the 'Thirty Years' war, all originated in pious zeal. That zeal inflamed the champions of the church to such a point, that they regarded all generosity to the vanquished as a sinful weakness. The infidel, the heretic, was to be run down like a mad dog. No outrage committed by the Catholic warrior on the miscreant enemy could deserve punishment. As soon as it was known that boundless license was thus given to barbarity and dissoluteness, thousands of wretches who cared nothing for the sacred cause, but who were eager to be exempted from the police of peaceful cities, and the discipline of well-governed camps, flocked to the standard of the faith. The men who had set up that standard were sincere, chaste, regardless of lucre, and perhaps, where only themselves were concerned, not unforgiving; but round that standard were assembled such gangs of rogues, ravishers, plunderers, and ferocious bravoës, as were scarcely ever found under the flag of any state engaged in a mere temporal quarrel. In a very similar way was the Jacobin party composed. There was a small nucleus of enthusiasts; round that nucleus was gathered a vast mass of ignoble depravity; and in all that mass, there was nothing so depraved and so ignoble as Barère.

Then came those days, when the most barbarous of all codes was administered by the most barbarous of all tribunals; when no man could greet his neighbors, or say his prayers, or dress his hair, without danger of commit-

ting a capital crime; when spies lurked in every corner; when the guillotine was long and hard at work every morning; when the jails were filled as close as the hold of a slave-ship; when the gutters ran foaming with blood into the Seine; when it was death to be great-niece of a captain of the royal guards, or half-brother of a doctor of the Sorbonne, to express a doubt whether assignats would not fall, to hint that the English have been victorious in the action of the First of June, to have a copy of one of Burke's pamphlets locked up in a desk, to laugh at a Jacobin for taking the name of Cassius or Timoleon, or to call the Fifth Sans-culottide by its old superstitious name of St. Matthew's Day. While the daily wagon-loads of victims were carried to their doom through the streets of Paris, the Proconsuls whom the sovereign Committee had sent forth to the departments, revealed an extravagance of cruelty unknown even in the capital. The knife of the deadly machine rose and fell too slow for their work of slaughter. Long rows of captives were mowed down with grape-shot. Holes were made in the bottom of crowded barges. Lyons was turned into a desert. At Arras even the cruel mercy of a speedy death was denied to the prisoners. All down the Loire, from Saumur to the sea, great flocks of crows and kites feasted on naked corpses, twined together in hideous embraces. No mercy was shown to sex or age. The number of young lads and of girls of seventeen who were murdered by that execrable government, is to be reckoned by hundreds. Babies torn from the breast were tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin ranks. One champion of liberty had his pockets well stuffed with ears. Another swaggered about with the finger of a little child in his hat. A few months had sufficed to degrade France below the level of New Zealand.

It is absurd to say that any amount of public danger can justify a system like this, we do not say on Christian principles, we do not say on the principles of a high morality, but even on principles of Machiavelian policy. It is true that great emergencies call for activity and vigilance; it is true that they justify severity which, in ordinary times, would deserve the name of cruelty. But indiscriminate severity can never, under any circumstances, be useful. It is plain that the whole efficacy of punishment depends on the care with which the guilty are distinguished. Punishment which strikes the guilty and the innocent promiscuously operates merely like a pestilence or a great convulsion of nature, and has no more tendency to prevent offences, than the cholera, or an earthquake like that

of Lisbon, would have. The energy for which the Jacobin administration is praised was merely the energy of the Malay who maddens himself with opium, draws his knife, and runs a-muck through the streets, slashing right and left at friends and foes. Such has never been the energy of truly great rulers; of Elizabeth, for example, of Oliver, or of Frederick. They were not, indeed, scrupulous. But, had they been less scrupulous than they were, the strength and amplitude of their minds would have preserved them from crimes, such as those which the small men of the Committee of Public Safety took for daring strokes of policy. The great Queen who so long held her own against foreign and domestic enemies, against temporal and spiritual arms; the great Protector who governed with more than regal power, in despite both of royalists and republicans; the great King who, with a beaten army and an exhausted treasury, defended his little dominions to the last against the united efforts of Russia, Austria, and France; with what scorn would they have heard that it was impossible for them to strike a salutary terror into the disaffected, without sending school-boys and school-girls to death by cart-loads and boat-loads!

The popular notion is, we believe, that the leading Terrorists were wicked men, but, at the same time, great men. We can see nothing great about them but their wickedness. That their policy was daringly original is a vulgar error. Their policy is as old as the oldest accounts which we have of human misgovernment. It seemed new in France, and in the eighteenth century, only because it had been long disused, for excellent reasons, by the enlightened part of mankind. But it has always prevailed, and still prevails, in savage and half savage nations, and is the chief cause which prevents such nations from making advances towards civilization. Thousands of deys, of beys, of pachas, of rajahs, of nabobs, have shown themselves as great masters of statecraft as the members of the Committee of Public Safety. Djazzar, we imagine, was superior to any of them in their own line. In fact, there is not a petty tyrant in Asia or Africa so dull or so unlearned as not to be fully qualified for the business of Jacobin police and Jacobin finance. To behead people by scores without caring whether they are guilty or innocent; to wring money out of the rich by the help of jailers and executioners; to rob the public creditor, and to put him to death if he remonstrates; to take loaves by force out of the bakers' shops; to clothe and mount soldiers by seizing on one man's wool and linen, and on another

man's horses and saddles, without compensation, is of all modes of governing the simplest and most obvious. Of its morality we at present say nothing. But surely it requires no capacity beyond that of a barbarian or a child. By means like those which we have described, the Committee of Public Safety undoubtedly succeeded, for a short time, in enforcing profound submission, and in raising immense funds. But to enforce submission by butchery, and to raise funds by spoliation, is not statesmanship. The real statesman is he who, in troubled times, keeps down the turbulent without unnecessarily harassing the well-affected; and who, when great pecuniary resources are needed, provides for the public exigencies without violating the security of property, and drying up the sources of future prosperity. Such a statesman, we are confident, might, in 1793, have preserved the independence of France, without shedding a drop of innocent blood, without plundering a single warehouse. Unhappily, the Republic was subject to men who were mere demagogues, and in no sense statesmen. They could declaim at a club. They could lead a rabble to mischief. But they had no skill to conduct the affairs of an empire. The want of skill they supplied for a time by atrocity and blind violence. For legislative ability, fiscal ability, military ability, diplomatic ability, they had one substitute, the guillotine. Indeed their exceeding ignorance, and the barrenness of their invention, are the best excuse for their murders and robberies. We really believe that they would not have cut so many throats, and picked so many pockets, if they had known how to govern in any other way.

That, under their administration, the war against the European Coalition was successfully conducted, is true. But that war had been successfully conducted before their elevation, and continued to be successfully conducted after their fall. Terror was not the order of the day when Brussels opened its gates to Dumourier. Terror had ceased to be the order of the day when Piedmont and Lombardy were conquered by Buonaparte. The truth is, that France was saved, not by the Committee of Public Safety, but by the energy, patriotism, and valor of the French people. Those high qualities were victorious in spite of the incapacity of rulers whose administration was a tissue, not merely of crimes, but of blunders.

We have not time to tell how the leaders of the savage faction at length began to avenge mankind on each other; how the craven Hébert was dragged wailing and trembling to his doom; how the nobler Danton, moved by a late repentance, strove in



vain to repair the evil which he had wrought, and half redeemed the great crime of September, by manfully encountering death in the cause of mercy.

Our business is with Barère. In all those things he was not only consenting, but eagerly and joyously forward. Not merely was he one of the guilty administration. He was the man to whom was especially assigned the office of proposing and defending outrages on justice and humanity, and of furnishing to atrocious schemes an appropriate garb of atrocious rhodomontade. Barère first proclaimed from the tribune of the Convention, that terror must be the order of the day. It was by Barère that the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris was provided with the aid of a public accuser worthy of such a court, the infamous Fouquier-Tinville. It was Barère who, when one of the old members of the National Assembly had been absolved by the Revolutionary Tribunal, gave orders that a fresh jury should be summoned. 'Acquit one of the National Assembly!' he cried. 'The tribunal is turning against the Revolution.' It is unnecessary to say that the prisoner's head was soon in the basket. It was Barère who moved that the city of Lyons should be destroyed. 'Let the plough,' he cried from the tribune, 'pass over her. Let her name cease to exist. The rebels are conquered; but are they all exterminated? No weakness. No mercy. Let every one be smitten. Two words will suffice to tell the whole. Lyons made war on liberty; Lyons is no more.' When Toulon was taken Barère came forward to announce the event. 'The conquest,' said the apostate Brissotine, won by the Mountain over the Brissotines, must be commemorated by a mark set on the place where Toulon once stood. The national thunder must crush the house of every trader in the town.' When Camille Desmoulins, long distinguished among the republicans by zeal and ability, dared to raise his eloquent voice against the Reign of Terror, and to point out the close analogy between the government which then oppressed France and the government of the worst of the Cæsars, Barère rose to complain of the weak compassion which tried to revive the hopes of the aristocracy. 'Whoever,' he said, 'is nobly born, is a man to be suspected. Every priest, every frequenter of the old court, every lawyer, every banker, is a man to be suspected. Every person who grumbles at the course which the Revolution takes, is a man to be suspected. There are whole castes already tried and condemned. There are callings which carry their doom with them. There are relations of blood which the law regards

with an evil eye. Republicans of France! yelled the renegade Girondist, the old enemy of the Mountain—'Republicans of France! the Brissotines led you by gentle means to slavery. The Mountain leads you by strong measures to freedom. Oh! who can count the evils which a false compassion may produce?' When the friends of Danton mustered courage to express a wish that the Convention would at least hear him in his own defence, before it sent him to certain death, the voice of Barère was the loudest in opposition to their prayer. When the crimes of Lebon, one of the worst, if not the very worst, of the vicegerents of the Committee of Public Safety, had so maddened the people of the Department of the North, that they resorted to the desperate expedient of imploring the protection of the Convention, Barère pleaded the cause of the accursed tyrant, and threatened the petitioners with the utmost vengeance of the government. 'These charges,' he said, 'have been suggested by wily aristocrats. The man who crushes the enemies of the people, though he may be hurried by his zeal into some excesses, can never be a proper object of censure. The proceedings of Lebon may have been a little harsh as to form.' One of the small irregularities thus gently censured was this; Lebon kept a wretched man a quarter of an hour under the knife of the guillotine, in order to torment him, by reading to him, before he was despatched, a letter, the contents of which were supposed to be such as would aggravate even the bitterness of death. 'But what,' proceeded Barère, "is not permitted to the hatred of a republican against aristocracy? How many generous sentiments atone for what may perhaps seem acrimonious in the prosecution of public enemies? Revolutionary measures are always to be spoken of with respect. Liberty is a virgin whose veil it is not lawful to lift.'

After this, it would be idle to dwell on facts which would indeed, of themselves, suffice to render a name infamous, but which make no perceptible addition to the great infamy of Barère. It would be idle, for example, to relate how he, a man of letters, a member of an Academy of Inscriptions, was foremost in that war against learning, art, and history which disgraced the Jacobin government; how he recommended a general conflagration of libraries; how he proclaimed that all records of events anterior to the Revolution ought to be destroyed; how he laid waste the abbey of St. Denis, pulled down monuments consecrated by the veneration of ages, and scattered on the wind the dust of ancient Kings. He was, in truth, seldom so

well employed as when he turned for a moment from making war on the living to make war on the dead.

Equally idle would it be to dilate on his sensual excesses. That in Barère, as in the whole breed of Neros, Caligulas, and Domitians whom he resembled, voluptuousness was mingled with cruelty; that he withdrew, twice in every decade, from the work of blood to the smiling gardens of Clichy, and there forgot public cares in the madness of wine, and in the arms of courtesans, has often been repeated. M. Hippolyte Carnot does not altogether deny the truth of these stories, but justly observes that Barère's dissipation was not carried to such a point as to interfere with his industry. Nothing can be more true. Barère was by no means so much addicted to debauchery as to neglect the work of murder. It was his boast that, even during his hours of recreation, he cut out work for the Revolutionary Tribunal. To those who expressed a fear that his exertions would hurt his health, he gaily answered that he was less busy than they thought. 'The guillotine,' he said, 'does all; the guillotine governs.' For ourselves, we are much more disposed to look indulgently on the pleasures which he allowed to himself, than on the pain which he inflicted on his neighbors.

"Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset  
Tempora sævitæ, claras quibus abstulit urbi  
Illustresque animas, impune ac vindice nullo."

An immoderate appetite for sensual gratifications is undoubtedly a blemish on the fame of Henry the Fourth, of Lord Somers, of Mr. Fox. But the vices of honest men are the virtues of Barère.

And now Barère had become a really cruel man. It was from mere pusillanimity that he had perpetrated his first great crimes. But the whole history of our race proves that the taste for the misery of others is a taste which minds not naturally ferocious may too easily acquire, and which, when once acquired, is as strong as any of the propensities with which we are born. A very few months had sufficed to bring this man into a state of mind in which images of despair, wailing, and death, had an exhilarating effect on him, and inspired him as wine and love inspire men of free and joyous natures. The cart creaking under its daily freight of victims, ancient men, and lads, and fair young girls, the binding of the hands, the thrusting of the head out of the little national sash-window, the crash of the axe, the pool of blood beneath the scaffold, the heads rolling by scores in the panier—these things were to him what Lalage and a cask of Falernian were to Horace, what Rosette and a

bottle of iced champagne are to De Béranger. As soon as he began to speak of slaughter, his heart seemed to be enlarged, and his fancy to become unusually fertile of conceits and gasconades. Robespierre, St Just, and Billaud, whose barbarity was the effect of earnest and gloomy hatred, were, in his view, men who made a toil of a pleasure. Cruelty was no such melancholy business, to be gone about with an austere brow and a whining tone; it was a recreation, fitly accompanied by singing and laughing. In truth, Robespierre and Barère might be well compared to the two renowned hangmen of Louis the Eleventh. They were alike insensible of pity, alike bent on havoc. But, while they murdered, one of them frowned and canted, the other grinned and joked. For our own part, we prefer *Jean qui pleure* to *Jean qui rit*.

In the midst of the funereal gloom which overhung Paris, a gaiety stranger and more ghastly than the horrors of the prison and the scaffold distinguished the dwelling of Barère. Every morning a crowd of suitors assembled to implore his protection. He came forth in his rich dressing-gown, went round the antechamber, dispensed smiles and promises among the obsequious crowd, addressed himself with peculiar animation to every handsome woman who appeared in the circle, and complimented her in the florid style of Gascony on the bloom of her cheeks and the lustre of her eyes. When he had enjoyed the fear and anxiety of his suppliants he dismissed them, and flung all their memorials unread into the fire. This was the best way, he conceived, to prevent arrears of business from accumulating. Here he was only an imitator. Cardinal Dubois had been in the habit of clearing his table of papers in the same way. Nor was this the only point in which we could point out a resemblance between the worst statesman of the monarchy and the worst statesman of the republic.

Of Barère's peculiar vein of pleasantry a notion may be formed from an anecdote which one of his intimate associates, a juror of the revolutionary tribunal, has related. A courtesan who bore a conspicuous part in the orgies of Clichy, implored Barère to use his power against a head-dress which did not suit her style of face, and which a rival beauty was trying to bring into fashion. One of the magistrates of the capital was summoned, and received the necessary orders. Aristocracy, Barère said, was again rearing its front. These new wigs were counter-revolutionary. He had reason to know that they were made out of the long fair hair of handsome aristocrats who had died by the national chopper. Every lady who adorned herself with the relics of



criminals might justly be suspected of incivism. This ridiculous lie imposed on the authorities of Paris. Female citizens were solemnly warned against the obnoxious ringlets, and were left to choose between their head-dresses and their heads. Barère's delight at the success of this facetious fiction was quite extravagant; he could not tell the story without going into such convulsions of laughter as made his hearers hope that he was about to choke. There was something peculiarly tickling and exhilarating to his mind in this grotesque combination of the frivolous with the horrible, of false locks and curling-irons with spouting arteries and reeking hatchets.

But though Barère succeeded in earning the honorable nicknames of the Witling of Terror, and the Anacreon of the Guillotine, there was one place where it was long remembered to his disadvantage, that he had, for a time, talked the language of humanity and moderation. That place was the Jacobin Club. Even after he had borne the chief part in the massacre of the Girondists, in the murder of the Queen, in the destruction of Lyons, he durst not show himself within that sacred precinct. At one meeting of the society, a member complained that the committee to which the supreme direction of affairs was entrusted, after all the changes which had been made, still contained one man who was not trustworthy. Robespierre, whose influence over the Jacobins was boundless, undertook the defence of his colleague, owned there was some ground for what had been said, but spoke highly of Barère's industry and aptitude for business. This seasonable interposition silenced the accuser: but it was long before the neophyte could venture to appear at the club.

At length a masterpiece of wickedness, unique, we think, even among Barère's great achievements, obtained his full pardon even from that rigid conclave. The insupportable tyranny of the Committee of Public Safety had at length brought the minds of men, and even of women, into a fierce and hard temper, which defied or welcomed death. The life which might be any morning taken away, in consequence of the whisper of a private enemy, seemed of little value. It was something to die after smiting one of the oppressors; it was something to bequeath to the surviving tyrants a terror not inferior to that which they had themselves inspired. Human nature, hunted and worried to the utmost, now turned furiously to bay. Fouquier Tinville was afraid to walk the streets; a pistol was snapped at Collot D'Herbois; a young girl, animated apparently by the spirit of Charlotte Corday, attempted to obtain an in-

terview with Robespierre. Suspicions arose; she was searched; and two knives were found about her. She was questioned, and spoke of the Jacobin domination with resolute scorn and aversion. It is unnecessary to say that she was sent to the guillotine. Barère declared from the tribune that the cause of these attempts was evident. Pitt and his guineas had done the whole. The English Government had organized a vast system of murder, had armed the hand of Charlotte Corday, and had now, by similar means, attacked two of the most eminent friends of liberty in France. It is needless to say, that these imputations were not only false, but destitute of all show of truth. Nay, they were demonstrably absurd; for the assassins to whom Barère referred rushed on certain death, a sure proof that they were not hirelings. The whole wealth of England would not have bribed any sane person to do what Charlotte Corday did. But when we consider her as an enthusiast, her conduct is perfectly natural. Even those French writers who are childish enough to believe that the English Government contrived the infernal machine, and strangled the Emperor Paul, have fully acquitted Mr. Pitt of all share in the death of Marat and in the attempt on Robespierre. Yet on calumnies so futile as those which we have mentioned, did Barère ground a motion at which all Christendom stood aghast. He proposed a decree that no quarter should be given to any English or Hanoverian soldier.\* His Carmagnole was worthy of the proposition with which it concluded. 'That one Englishman should be spared, that for the slaves of George, for the human machines of York, the vocabulary of our armies should contain such a word as generosity, this is what the National Convention cannot endure. War to the death against every English soldier. If last year, at Dunkirk, quarter had been

\* M. Hippolyte Carnot does his best to excuse this decree. His abuse of England is merely laughable. England has managed to deal with enemies of a very different sort from either himself or his hero. One disgraceful blunder, however, we think it right to notice.

M. Hippolyte Carnot asserts that a motion similar to that of Barère was made in the English Parliament by the late Lord Fitzwilliam. This assertion is false. We defy M. Hippolyte Carnot to state the date and terms of the motion of which he speaks. We do not accuse him of intentional misrepresentation; but we confidently accuse him of extreme ignorance and temerity. Our readers will be amused to learn on what authority he has ventured to publish such a fable. He quotes, not the Journals of the Lords, not the Parliamentary Debates; but a ranting message of the Executive Directory to the Five Hundred, a message, too, the whole meaning of which he has utterly misunderstood.

refused to them when they asked it on their knees, if our troops had exterminated them all instead of suffering them to infest our fortresses by their presence, the English Government would not have renewed its attack on our frontiers this year. It is only the dead man who never comes back. What is this moral pestilence which has introduced into our armies false ideas of humanity? That the English were to be treated with indulgence was the philanthropic notion of the Brissotines; it was the patriotic practice of Dumourier. But humanity consists in exterminating our enemies. No mercy to the execrable Englishman. Such are the sentiments of the true Frenchman; for he knows that he belongs to a nation revolutionary as nature, powerful as freedom, ardent as the saltpetre which she has just torn from the entrails of the earth. Soldiers of liberty, when victory places Englishmen at your mercy, strike! None of them must return to the servile soil of Great Britain; none must pollute the free soil of France.'

The Convention, thoroughly tamed and silenced, acquiesced in Barère's motion without debate. And now at last the doors of the Jacobin Club were thrown open to the disciple who had surpassed his masters. He was admitted a member by acclamation, and was soon selected to preside.

For a time he was not without hope that his decree would be carried into full effect. Intelligence arrived from the seat of war of a sharp contest between some French and English troops, in which the Republicans had the advantage, and in which no prisoners had been made. Such things happen occasionally in all wars. Barère, however, attributed the ferocity of this combat to his darling decree, and entertained the Convention with another Carmagnole.

'The Republicans,' he said, 'saw a division in red uniform at a distance. The red-coats are attacked with the bayonet. Not one of them escapes the blows of the Republicans. All the red-coats have been killed. No mercy, no indulgence, has been shown towards the villains. Not an Englishman whom the Republicans could reach is now living. How many prisoners should you guess that we have made? One single prisoner is the result of this great day.'

And now this bad man's craving for blood had become insatiable. The more he quaffed, the more he thirsted. He had begun with the English; but soon he came down with a proposition for new massacres. 'All the troops,' he said, 'of the coalesced tyrants in garrison at Condé, Valenciennes, Le Quesnoy, and Landrecies, ought to be put to

the sword unless they surrender at discretion in twenty-four hours. The English, of course, will be admitted to no capitulation whatever. With the English we have no treaty but death. As to the rest, surrender at discretion in twenty-four hours, or death, these are our conditions. If the slaves resist, let them feel the edge of the sword.' And then he waxed facetious. 'On these terms the Republic is willing to give them a lesson in the art of war.' At that jest, some hearers worthy of such a speaker, set up a laugh. Then he became serious again. 'Let the enemy perish,' he cried; 'I have already said it from this tribune. It is only the dead man who never comes back. Kings will not conspire against us in the grave. Armies will not fight against us when they are annihilated. Let our war with them be a war of extermination. What pity is due to slaves whom the Emperor leads to war under the cane; whom the King of Prussia beats to the shambles with the flat of the sword; and whom the Duke of York makes drunk with rum and gin?' And at the rum and gin the Mountain and the galleries laughed again.

If Barère had been able to affect his purpose, it is difficult to estimate the extent of the calamity which he would have brought on the human race. No government, however averse to cruelty, could, in justice to its own subjects, have given quarter to enemies who gave none. Retaliation would have been, not merely justifiable, but a sacred duty. It would have been necessary for Howe and Nelson to make every French sailor whom they took walk the plank. England has no peculiar reason to dread the introduction of such a system. On the contrary, the operation of Barère's new law of war would have been more unfavorable to his countrymen than to ours; for we believe that, from the beginning to the end of the war, there never was a time at which the number of French prisoners in England was not greater than the number of English prisoners in France; and so, we apprehend, it will be in all wars while England retains her maritime superiority. Had the murderous decree of the Convention been in force from 1794 to 1815, we are satisfied that, for every Englishman slain by the French, at least three Frenchmen would have been put to the sword by the English. It is, therefore, not as Englishmen, but as members of the great society of mankind, that we speak with indignation and horror of the change which Barère attempted to introduce. The mere slaughter would have been the smallest part of the evil. The butchering of a single un-



armed man in cold blood, under an act of the legislature, would have produced more evil than the carnage of ten such fields as Albuera. Public law would have been subverted from the foundations; national enmities would have been inflamed to a degree of rage which happily it is not easy for us to conceive; cordial peace would have been impossible. The moral character of the European nations would have been rapidly and deeply corrupted; for in all countries those men whose calling is to put their lives in jeopardy for the defence of the public weal enjoy high consideration, and are considered as the best arbitrators on points of honor and manly bearing. With the standard of morality established in the military profession, the general standard of morality must to a great extent sink or rise. It is, therefore, a fortunate circumstance, that during a long course of years, respect for the weak, and clemency towards the vanquished, have been considered as qualities not less essential to the accomplished soldier than personal courage. How long would this continue to be the case, if the slaying of prisoners were a part of the daily duty of the warrior? What man of kind and generous nature would, under such a system, willingly bear arms? Who, that was compelled to bear arms, would long continue kind and generous? And is it not certain that, if barbarity towards the helpless became the characteristic of military men, the taint must rapidly spread to civil and to domestic life, and must show itself in all the dealings of the strong with the weak, of husbands with wives, of employers with workmen, of creditors with debtors?

But, thank God, Barère's decree was a mere dead letter. It was to be executed by men very different from those who, in the interior of France, were the instruments of the Committee of Public Safety, who prated at Jacobin Clubs, and ran to Fouquier Tinville with charges of incivism against women whom they could not seduce, and bankers from whom they could not extort money. The warriors who, under Hoche, had guarded the walls of Dunkirk, and who, under Kléber, had made good the defence of the wood of Monceaux, shrank with horror from an office more degrading than that of the hangman. 'The Convention,' said an officer to his men, 'has sent orders that all the English prisoners shall be shot.' 'We will not shoot them,' answered a stout-hearted sergeant. 'Send them to the Convention. If the deputies take pleasure in killing a prisoner, they may kill him themselves, and eat him too, like savages as they are.' This was the sentiment of the whole army. Bona-

parte, who thoroughly understood war, who at Jaffa and elsewhere gave ample proof that he was not unwilling to strain the laws of war to their utmost rigor, and whose hatred of England amounted to a folly, always spoke of Barère's decree with loathing, and boasted that the army had refused to obey the Convention.

Such disobedience on the part of any other class of citizens would have been instantly punished by wholesale massacre; but the Committee of Public Safety was aware that the discipline which had tamed the unwarlike population of the fields and cities might not answer in camps. To fling people by scores out of a boat, and, when they catch hold of it, to chop off their fingers with a hatchet, is undoubtedly a very agreeable pastime for a thorough-bred Jacobin, when the sufferers are, as at Nantes, old confessors, young girls, or women with child. But such sport might prove a little dangerous if tried upon grim ranks of grenadiers, marked with the scars of Hondschoote, and singed by the smoke of Fleurus.

Barère, however, found some consolation. If he could not succeed in murdering the English and the Hanoverians, he was amply indemnified by a new and vast slaughter of his own countrymen and countrywomen. If the defence which has been set up for the members of the Committee of Public Safety had been well founded, if it had been true that they governed with extreme severity only because the republic was in extreme peril, it is clear that the severity would have diminished as the peril diminished. But the fact is, that those cruelties for which the public danger is made a plea, became more and more enormous as the danger became less and less, and reached the full height when there was no longer any danger at all. In the autumn of 1793, there was undoubtedly reason to apprehend that France might be unable to maintain the struggle against the European coalition. The enemy was triumphant on the frontiers. More than half the departments disowned the authority of the Convention. But at that time eight or ten necks a-day were thought an ample allowance for the guillotine of the capital. In the summer of 1794, Bordeaux, Toulon, Caen, Lyons, Marseilles, had submitted to the ascendancy of Paris. The French arms were victorious under the Pyrenees and on the Sambre. Brussels had fallen. Prussia had announced her intention of withdrawing from the contest. The Republic, no longer content with defending her own independence, was beginning to meditate conquest beyond the Alps and the Rhine. She was

now more formidable to her neighbors than ever Louis the Fourteenth had been. And now the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris was not content with forty, fifty, sixty heads in a morning. It was just after a series of victories which destroyed the whole force of the single argument which has been urged in defence of the system of Terror, that the Committee of Public Safety resolved to infuse into that system an energy hitherto unknown. It was proposed to reconstruct the Revolutionary Tribunal, and to collect in the space of two pages the whole revolutionary jurisprudence. Lists of twelve judges and fifty jurors were made out from among the fiercest Jacobins. The substantive law was simply this, that whatever the tribunal should think pernicious to the republic was a capital crime. The law of evidence was simply this, that whatever satisfied the jurors was sufficient proof. The law of procedure was of a piece with every thing else. There was to be an advocate against the prisoner, and no advocate for him. It was expressly declared that, if the jurors were in any manner convinced of the guilt of the prisoner, they might convict him without hearing a single witness. The only punishment which the court could inflict was death.

Robespierre proposed this decree. When he had read it, a murmur rose from the Convention. The fear which had long restrained the deputies from opposing the Committee was overcome by a stronger fear. Every man felt the knife at his throat. 'The decree,' said one, 'is of grave importance. I move that it be printed, and that the debate be adjourned. If such a measure were adopted without time for consideration, I would blow my brains out at once.' The motion for adjournment was seconded. Then Barère sprang up. 'It is impossible,' he said, 'that there can be any difference of opinion among us as to a law like this, a law so favorable in all respects to patriots; a law which insures the speedy punishment of conspirators. If there is to be an adjournment, I must insist that it shall not be for more than three days.' The opposition was overawed; the decree was passed; and, during the six weeks which followed, the havoc was such as had never been known before.

And now the evil was beyond endurance. That timid majority which had for a time supported the Girondists, and which had, after their fall, contented itself with registering in silence the decrees of the Committee of Public Safety, at length drew courage from despair. Leaders of bold and firm character were not wanting, men such as Fouché and Tallien, who, having been long

conspicuous among the chiefs of the Mountain, now found that their own lives, or lives still dearer to them than their own, were in extreme peril. Nor could it be longer kept secret that there was a schism in the despotic committee. On one side were Robespierre, St Just, and Couthon; on the other, Collot and Billaud. Barère leaned towards these last, but only leaned towards them. As was ever his fashion when a great crisis was at hand, he fawned alternately on both parties, struck alternately at both, and held himself in readiness to chant the praises or to sign the death-warrant of either. In any event his Carmagnole was ready. The tree of liberty, the blood of traitors, the dagger of Brutus, the guineas of perfidious Albion, would do equally well for Billaud and for Robespierre.

The first attack which was made on Robespierre was indirect. An old woman named Catharine Théot, half maniac, half impostor, was protected by him, and exercised a strange influence over his mind; for he was naturally prone to superstition; and, having abjured the faith in which he had been brought up, was looking about for something to believe. Barère drew up a report against Catharine, which contained many facetious conceits, and ended, as might be expected, with a motion for sending her and some other wretched creatures of both sexes to the Revolutionary Tribunal, or, in other words, to death. This report, however, he did not dare to read to the Convention himself. Another member, less timid, was induced to father the cruel buffoonery; and the real author enjoyed in security the dismay and vexation of Robespierre.

Barère now thought that he had done enough on one side, and that it was time to make his peace with the other. On the seventh of Thermidor, he pronounced in the Convention a panegyric on Robespierre. 'That representative of the people,' he said, 'enjoys a reputation for patriotism, earned by five years of exertion, and by unalterable fidelity to the principles of independence and liberty.' On the eighth of Thermidor, it became clear that a decisive struggle was at hand. Robespierre struck the first blow. He mounted the tribune, and uttered a long invective on his opponents. It was moved that his discourse should be printed; and Barère spoke for the printing. The sense of the Convention soon appeared to be the other way; and Barère apologized for his former speech, and implored his colleagues to abstain from disputes, which could be agreeable only to Pitt and York. On the next day, the ever-memorable ninth of Ther-



midor, came the real tug of war. Tallien, bravely taking his life in his hand, led the onset. Billaud followed; and then all that infinite hatred which had long been kept down by terror burst forth, and swept every barrier before it. When at length the voice of Robespierre, drowned by the president's bell, and by shouts of 'Down with the tyrant!' had died away in hoarse gasping, Barère arose. He began with timid and doubtful phrases, watched the effect of every word he uttered, and, when the feeling of the Assembly had been unequivocally manifested, declared against Robespierre. But it was not till the people out of doors, and especially the gunners of Paris, had espoused the cause of the Convention, that Barère felt quite at ease. Then he sprang to the tribune, poured forth a Carmagnole about Pisistratus and Catiline, and concluded by moving that the heads of Robespierre and Robespierre's accomplices should be cut off without a trial. The motion was carried. On the following morning the vanquished members of the Committee of Public Safety and their principal adherents suffered death. It was exactly one year since Barère had commenced his career of slaughter, by moving the proscription of his old allies the Girondists. We greatly doubt whether any human being has ever succeeded in packing more wickedness into the space of three hundred and sixty-five days.

The ninth of Thermidor is one of the great epochs in the history of Europe. It is true that the three members of the Committee of Public Safety who triumphed, were by no means better men than the three who fell. Indeed, we are inclined to think that of these six statesmen the least bad was Robespierre and Saint Just, whose cruelty was the effect of sincere fanaticism operating on narrow understandings and acrimonious tempers. The worst of the six was, beyond all doubt, Barère, who had no faith in any part of the system which he upheld by persecution; who, while he sent his fellow-creatures to death for being the third cousins of royalists, had not in the least made up his mind that a republic was better than a monarchy; who, while he slew his old friends for federalism, was himself far more a federalist than any of them; who had become a murderer merely for his safety, and who continued to be a murderer merely for his pleasure.

The tendency of the vulgar is to embody every thing. Some individual is selected, and often selected very injudiciously, as the representative of every great movement of the public mind, of every great revolution in human affairs; and on this individual are

concentrated all the love and all the hatred, all the admiration and all the contempt, which he ought rightfully to share with a whole party, a whole sect, a whole nation, a whole generation. Perhaps no human being has suffered so much from this propensity of the multitude as Robespierre. He is regarded not merely as what he was, an envious, malevolent zealot; but as the incarnation of Terror, as Jacobinism personified. The truth is, that it was not by him that the system of terror was carried to the last extreme. The most horrible days in the history of the revolutionary tribunal of Paris, were those which immediately preceded the ninth of Thermidor. Robespierre had then ceased to attend the meetings of the sovereign Committee; and the direction of affairs was really in the hands of Billaud, of Collot, and Barère.

It had never occurred to those three tyrants, that in overthrowing Robespierre, they were overthrowing that system of Terror to which they were more attached than he had ever been. Their object was to go on slaying even more mercilessly than before. But they had misunderstood the nature of the great crisis which had at last arrived. The yoke of the Committee was broken for ever. The Convention had regained its liberty, had tried its strength, had vanquished and punished its enemies. A great reaction had commenced. Twenty-four hours after Robespierre had ceased to live, it was moved and carried, amidst loud bursts of applause, that the sittings of the Revolutionary Tribunal should be suspended. Billaud was not at that moment present. He entered the hall soon after, learned with indignation what had passed, and moved that the vote should be rescinded. But loud cries of 'No, no!' rose from those benches which had lately paid mute obedience to his commands. Barère came forward on the same day, and adjured the Convention not to relax the system of terror. 'Beware, above all things,' he cried, 'of that fatal moderation which talks of peace and of clemency. Let aristocracy know, that here she will find only enemies sternly bent on vengeance, and judges who have no pity.' But the day of the Carmagnoles was over; the restraint of fear had been relaxed; and the hatred with which the nation regarded the Jacobin dominion broke forth with ungovernable violence. Not more strongly did the tide of public opinion run against the old monarchy and aristocracy, at the time of the taking of the Bastille, than it now ran against the tyranny of the Mountain. From every dungeon the prisoners came forth, as they had gone in, by hun-

dreds. The decree which forbade the soldiers of the republic to give quarter to the English, was repealed by an unanimous vote, amidst loud acclamations; nor, passed as it was, disobeyed as it was, and rescinded as it was, can it be with justice considered as a blemish on the fame of the French nation. The Jacobin Club was refractory. It was suppressed without resistance. The surviving Girondist deputies, who had concealed themselves from the vengeance of their enemies in caverns and garrets, were readmitted to their seats in the Convention. No day passed without some signal reparation of injustice; no street in Paris was without some trace of the recent change. In the theatre, the bust of Marat was pulled down from its pedestal and broken in pieces, amidst the applause of the audience. His carcass was ejected from the Pantheon. The celebrated picture of his death, which had hung in the hall of the Convention, was removed. The savage inscriptions with which the walls of the city had been covered disappeared; and in place of death and terror, humanity, the watchword of the new rulers, was every where to be seen. In the mean time, the gay spirit of France, recently subdued by oppression, and now elated by the joy of a great deliverance, wanted in a thousand forms. Art, taste, luxury, revived. Female beauty regained its empire—an empire strengthened by the remembrance of all the tender and all the sublime virtues which women, delicately bred and reputed frivolous, had displayed during the evil days. Refined manners, chivalrous sentiments, followed in the train of love. The dawn of the Arctic summer day after the Arctic winter night, the great unsealing of the waters, the awakening of animal and vegetable life, the sudden softening of the air, the sudden blooming of the flowers, the sudden bursting of whole forests into verdure, is but a feeble type of that happiest and most genial of revolutions, the revolution of the ninth of Thermidor.

But, in the midst of the revival of all kind and generous sentiments, there was one portion of the community against which mercy itself seemed to cry out for vengeance. The chiefs of the late government and their tools were now never named but as the men of blood, the drinkers of blood, the cannibals. In some parts of France, where the creatures of the Mountain had acted with peculiar barbarity, the populace took the law into its own hands, and meted out justice to the Jacobins with the true Jacobin measure; but at Paris the punishments were inflicted with order and decency; and were few when compared with the number, and lenient when

compared with the enormity, of the crimes. Soon after the ninth of Thermidor, two of the vilest of mankind, Fouquier Tinville, whom Barère had placed at the Revolutionary Tribunal, and Lebon, whom Barère had defended in the Convention, were placed under arrest. A third miscreant soon shared their fate, Carrier, the tyrant of Nantes. The trials of these men brought to light horrors surpassing any thing that Suetonius and Lampridius have related of the worst Cæsars. But it was impossible to punish subordinate agents who, bad as they were, had only acted in accordance with the spirit of the government which they served, and, at the same time, to grant impunity to the heads of the wicked administration. A cry was raised, both within and without the Convention, for justice on Collot, Billaud, and Barère.

Collot and Billaud, with all their vices, appear to have been men of resolute natures. They made no submission; but opposed to the hatred of mankind, at first a fierce resistance, and afterwards a dogged and sullen endurance. Barère, on the other hand, as soon as he began to understand the real nature of the revolution of Thermidor, attempted to abandon the Mountain, and to obtain admission among his old friends of the moderate party. He declared every where that he had never been in favor of severe measures; that he was a Girondist; that he had always condemned and lamented the manner in which the Brissotine deputies had been treated. He now preached mercy from that tribune from which he had recently preached extermination. 'The time,' he said, 'has come at which our clemency may be indulged without danger. We may now safely consider temporary imprisonment as an adequate punishment for political misdemeanors.' It was only a fortnight since, from the same place, he had declaimed against the moderation which dared even to talk of clemency; it was only a fortnight since he had ceased to send men and women to the guillotine of Paris, at the rate of three hundred a-week. He now wished to make his peace with the moderate party at the expense of the Terrorists, as he had, a year before, made his peace with the Terrorists at the expense of the moderate party. But he was disappointed. He had left himself no retreat. His face, his voice, his rants, his jokes, had become hateful to the Convention. When he spoke he was interrupted by murmurs. Bitter reflections were daily cast on his cowardice and perfidy. On one occasion Carnot rose to give an account of a victory, and so far forgot the gravity of his character, as to indulge in the



sort of oratory which Barère had affected on similar occasions. He was interrupted by cries of 'No more Carmagnoles!' 'No more of Barère's puns!'

At length, five months after the revolution of Thermidor, the Convention resolved that a committee of twenty-one members should be appointed to examine into the conduct of Billaud, Collot, and Barère. In some weeks the report was made. From that report we learn that a paper had been discovered, signed by Barère, and containing a proposition for adding the last improvement to the system of terror. France was to be divided into circuits; itinerant revolutionary tribunals, composed of trusty Jacobins, were to move from department to department; and the guillotine was to travel in their train.

Barère, in his defence, insisted that no speech or motion which he had made in the Convention could, without a violation of the freedom of debate, be treated as a crime. He was asked how he could resort to such a mode of defence, after putting to death so many deputies on account of opinions expressed in the Convention. He had nothing to say, but that it was much to be regretted that the sound principle had ever been violated.

He arrogated to himself a large share of the merit of the revolution of Thermidor. The men who had risked their lives to effect that revolution, and who knew that, if they had failed, Barère would, in all probability, have moved the decree for beheading them without a trial, and have drawn up a proclamation announcing their guilt and their punishment to all France, were by no means disposed to acquiesce in his claims. He was reminded that, only forty-eight hours before the decisive conflict, he had, in the tribune, been profuse of adulation to Robespierre. His answer to this reproach is worthy of himself. 'It was necessary,' he said, 'to dissemble. It was necessary to flatter Robespierre's vanity, and, by panegyric, to impel him to the attack. This was the motive which induced me to load him with those praises of which you complain. Who ever blamed Brutus for dissembling with Tarquin?'

The accused triumvirs had only one chance of escaping punishment. There was severe distress at that moment among the working people of the capital. This distress the Jacobins attributed to the reaction of Thermidor, to the lenity with which the aristocrats were now treated, and to the measures which had been adopted against the chiefs of the late administration. Nothing is too absurd to be believed by a populace which has not breakfasted, and which does not know

how it is to dine. The rabble of the Faubourg St. Antoine rose, menaced the deputies, and demanded with loud cries the liberation of the persecuted patriots. But the Convention was no longer such as it had been, when similar means were employed too successfully against the Girondists. Its spirit was roused. Its strength had been proved. Military means were at its command. The tumult was suppressed, and it was decreed that same evening that Collot, Billaud, and Barère should instantly be removed to a distant place of confinement.

The next day the order of the Convention was executed. The account which Barère has given of his journey is the most interesting and the most trustworthy part of these Memoirs. There is no witness so infamous that a court of justice will not take his word against himself; and even Barère may be believed when he tells us how much he was hated and despised.

The carriage in which he was to travel passed, surrounded by armed men, along the street of St. Honoré. A crowd soon gathered round it, and increased every moment. On the long flight of steps before the church of St. Roch stood rows of eager spectators. It was with difficulty that the coach could make its way through those who hung upon it, hooting, cursing, and striving to burst the doors. Barère thought his life in danger, and was conducted at his own request to a public office, where he hoped that he might find shelter till the crowd should disperse. In the mean time, another discussion on his fate took place in the Convention. It was proposed to deal with him as he had dealt with better men, to put him out of the pale of the law, and to deliver him at once without any trial to the headsman. But the humanity which, since the ninth of Thermidor had generally directed the public counsels, restrained the deputies from taking this course.

It was now night; and the streets gradually became quiet. The clock struck twelve; and Barère, under a strong guard, again set forth on his journey. He was conducted over the river to a place where the Orleans road branches off from the southern boulevard. Two travelling carriages stood there. In one of them was Billaud, attended by two officers; in the other, two more officers were waiting to receive Barère. Collot was already on the road.

At Orleans, a city which had suffered cruelly from the Jacobin tyranny, the three deputies were surrounded by a mob bent on tearing them to pieces. All the national guards of the neighborhood were assembled;

and this force was not greater than the emergency required; for the multitude pursued the carriages far on the road to Blois.

At Amboise the prisoners learned that Tours was ready to receive them. The stately bridge was occupied by a throng of people, who swore that the men under whose rule the Loire had been choked with corpses, should have full personal experience of the nature of a *noyade*. In consequence of this news, the officers who had charge of the criminals made such arrangements that the carriages reached Tours at two in the morning, and drove straight to the post-house. Fresh horses were instantly ordered, and the travellers started again at full gallop. They had in truth not a moment to lose; for the alarm had been given; lights were seen in motion, and the yells of a great multitude, disappointed of its revenge, mingled with the sound of the departing wheels.

At Poitiers there was another narrow escape. As the prisoners quitted the post-house, they saw the whole population pouring in fury down the steep declivity on which the city is built. They passed near Niort, but could not venture to enter it. The inhabitants came forth with threatening aspect, and vehemently cried to the postilions to stop; but the postilions urged the horses to full speed, and soon left the town behind. Through such dangers the men of blood were brought in safety to Rochelle.

Oléron was the place of their destination, a dreary island beaten by the raging waves of the Bay of Biscay. The prisoners were confined in the castle; each had a single chamber, at the door of which a guard was placed; and each was allowed the ration of a single soldier. They were not allowed to communicate either with the garrison or with the population of the island; and soon after their arrival they were denied the indulgence of walking on the ramparts. The only place where they were suffered to take exercise was the esplanade where the troops were drilled.

They had not been long in this situation when news came that the Jacobins of Paris had made a last attempt to regain ascendancy in the state, that the hall of the Convention had been forced by a furious crowd, that one of the deputies had been murdered and his head fixed on a pike, that the life of the President had been for a time in imminent danger, and that some members of the legislature had not been ashamed to join the rioters. But troops had arrived in time to prevent a massacre. The insurgents had been put to flight; the inhabitants of the disaffected quarters of the capital had been disarmed;

the guilty deputies had suffered the just punishment of their treason; and the power of the Mountain was broken for ever. These events strengthened the aversion with which the system of Terror and the authors of that system were regarded. One member of the Convention had moved, that the three prisoners of Oléron should be put to death; another, that they should be brought back to Paris, and tried by a council of war. These propositions were rejected. But something was conceded to the party which called for severity. A vessel which had been fitted out with great expedition at Rochefort touched at Oléron, and it was announced to Collot and Billaud that they must instantly go on board. They were forthwith conveyed to Guiana, where Collot soon drank himself to death with brandy. Billaud lived many years, shunning his fellow-creatures and shunned by them; and diverted his lonely hours by teaching parrots to talk. Why a distinction was made between Barère and his companions in guilt, neither he nor any other writer, as far as we know, has explained. It does not appear that the distinction was meant to be at all in his favor; for orders soon arrived from Paris, that he should be brought to trial for his crimes before the criminal court of the department of the Upper Charente. He was accordingly brought back to the continent, and confined during some months at Saintes, in an old convent which had lately been turned into a jail.

While he lingered here, the reaction which had followed the great crisis of Thermidor met with a temporary check. The friends of the house of Bourbon, presuming on the indulgence with which they had been treated after the fall of Robespierre, not only ventured to avow their opinions with little disguise, but at length took arms against the Convention, and were not put down till much blood had been shed in the streets of Paris. The vigilance of the public authorities was therefore now directed chiefly against the Royalists, and the rigor with which the Jacobins had lately been treated was somewhat relaxed. The Convention, indeed, again resolved that Barère should be sent to Guiana. But this decree was not carried into effect. The prisoner, probably with the connivance of some powerful persons, made his escape from Saintes and fled to Bordeaux, where he remained in concealment during some years. There seems to have been a kind of understanding between him and the government, that, as long as he hid himself, he should not be found, but that, if he obtruded himself on the public eye, he must take the consequences of his rashness.



While the constitution of 1795, with its Executive Directory, its Council of Elders, and its Council of Five Hundred, was in operation, he continued to live under the ban of the law. It was in vain that he solicited, even at moments when the politics of the Mountain seemed to be again in the ascendant, a remission of the sentence pronounced by the Convention. Even his fellow-regicides, even the authors of the slaughter of Vendémiaire and of the arrests of Fructidor, were ashamed of him.

About eighteen months after his escape from prison, his name was again brought before the world. In his own province he still retained some of his early popularity. He had, indeed, never been in that province since the downfall of the monarchy. The mountaineers of Gascony were far removed from the seat of government, and were but imperfectly informed of what passed there. They knew that their countryman had played an important part, and that he had on some occasions promoted their local interests; and they stood by him in his adversity and in his disgrace, with a constancy which presents a singular contrast to his own abject fickleness. All France was amazed to learn, that the department of the Upper Pyrenees had chosen the proscribed tyrant a member of the Council of Five Hundred. The council which, like our House of Commons, was the judge of the election of its own members, refused to admit him. When his name was read from the roll, a cry of indignation rose from the benches. 'Which of you,' exclaimed one of the members, 'would sit by the side of such a monster?'—'Not I, not I!' answered a crowd of voices. One deputy declared, that he would vacate his seat if the hall were polluted by the presence of such a wretch. The election was declared null, on the ground that the person elected was a criminal skulking from justice; and many severe reflections were thrown on the lenity which suffered him to be still at large.

He tried to make his peace with the Directory by writing a bulky libel on England, entitled, *The Liberty of the Seas*. He seems to have confidently expected that this work would produce a great effect. He printed three thousand copies, and, in order to defray the expense of publication, sold one of his farms for the sum of ten thousand francs. The book came out; but nobody bought it, in consequence, if Barère is to be believed, of the villainy of Mr. Pitt, who bribed the Directory to order the Reviewers not to notice so formidable an attack on the maritime greatness of perfidious Albion.

Barère had been about three years at Bor-

deaux when he received intelligence that the mob of the town designed him the honor of a visit on the ninth of Thermidor, and would probably administer to him what he had in his defence of his friend Lebon, described as substantial justice under forms a little harsh. It was necessary for him to disguise himself in clothes such as were worn by the carpenters of the dock. In this garb, with a bundle of wood shavings under his arm, he made his escape into the vineyards which surround the city, lurked during some days in a peasant's hut, and, when the dreaded anniversary was over, stole back into the city. A few months later he was again in danger. He now thought that he should be nowhere so safe as in the neighborhood of Paris. He quitted Bordeaux, hastened undetected through those towns where four years before his life had been in extreme danger, passed through the capital in the morning twilight, when none were in the streets except shop-boys taking down the shutters, and arrived safe at the pleasant village of St. Ouen on the Seine. Here he remained in seclusion during some months. In the mean time Bonaparte returned from Egypt, placed himself at the head of a coalition of discontented parties, covered his designs with the authority of the Elders, drove the Five Hundred out of their hall at the point of the bayonet, and became absolute monarch of France under the name of First Consul.

Barère assures us that these events almost broke his heart; that he could not bear to see France again subject to a master; and that, if the representatives had been worthy of that honorable name, they would have arrested the ambitious general who insulted them. These feelings, however, did not prevent him from soliciting the protection of the new government, and from sending to the First Consul a handsome copy of the *Essay on the Liberty of the Seas*.

The policy of Bonaparte was to cover all the past with a general oblivion. He belonged half to the Revolution and half to the reaction. He was an upstart, and a sovereign; and had therefore something in common with the Jacobin, and something in common with the Royalist. All, whether Jacobins or Royalists, who were disposed to support his government, were readily received—all, whether Jacobins or Royalists, who showed hostility to his government, were put down and punished. Men who had borne a part in the worst crimes of the Reign of Terror, and men who had fought in the army of Condé, were to be found close together, both in his antechambers and in his dungeons. He decorated Fouché and Maury with the same

cross. He sent Aréna and Georges Cadoudal to the same scaffold. From a government acting on such principles, Barère easily obtained the indulgence which the Directory had constantly refused to grant. The sentence passed by the Convention was remitted, and he was allowed to reside at Paris. His pardon, it is true, was not granted in the most honorable form; and he remained, during some time, under the special supervision of the police. He hastened, however, to pay his court at the Luxembourg palace, where Bonaparte then resided, and was honored with a few dry and careless words by the master of France.

Here begins a new chapter of Barère's history. What passed between him and the Consular government cannot, of course, be so accurately known to us as the speeches and reports which he made in the Convention. It is, however, not difficult, from notorious facts, and from the admissions scattered over these lying Memoirs, to form a tolerably accurate notion of what took place. Bonaparte wanted to buy Barère: Barère wanted to sell himself to Bonaparte. The only question was one of price; and there was an immense interval between what was offered and what was demanded.

Bonaparte, whose vehemence of will, fixedness of purpose, and reliance on his own genius, were not only great, but extravagant, looked with scorn on the most effeminate and dependent of human minds. He was quite capable of perpetrating crimes under the influence either of ambition or of revenge; but he had no touch of that accursed monomania, that craving for blood and tears, which raged in some of the Jacobin chiefs. To proscribe the Terrorists would have been wholly inconsistent with his policy; but of all the classes of men whom his comprehensive system included, he liked them the least; and Barère was the worst of them. This wretch had been branded with infamy, first by the Convention, and then by the Council of Five Hundred. The inhabitants of four or five great cities had attempted to tear him limb from limb. Nor were his vices redeemed by eminent talents for administration or legislation. It would be unwise to place in any honorable or important post a man so wicked, so odious, and so little qualified to discharge high political duties. At the same time, there was a way in which it seemed likely that he might be of use to the government. The First Consul, as he afterwards acknowledged, greatly overrated Barère's powers as a writer. The effect which the Reports of the Committee of Public Safety had produced by the camp-fires of the

Republican armies had been great. Napoleon himself, when a young soldier, had been delighted by those compositions, which had much in common with the rhapsodies of his favorite poet, Macpherson. The taste, indeed, of the great warrior and statesman was never very pure. His bulletins, his general orders, and his proclamations, are sometimes, it is true, masterpieces in their kind; but we too often detect, even in his best writing, traces of Fingal, and of the Carmagnoles. It is not strange, therefore, that he should have been desirous to secure the aid of Barère's pen. Nor was this the only kind of assistance which the old member of the Committee of Public Safety might render to the Consular government. He was likely to find admission into the gloomy dens in which those Jacobins whose constancy was to be overcome by no reverse, or whose crimes admitted of no expiation, hid themselves from the curses of mankind. No enterprise was too bold or too atrocious for minds crazed by fanaticism, and familiar with misery and death. The government was anxious to have information of what passed in their secret councils; and no man was better qualified to furnish such information than Barère.

For these reasons the First Consul was disposed to employ Barère as a writer and as a spy. But Barère—was it possible that he would submit to such a degradation? Bad as he was, he had played a great part. He had belonged to that class of criminals who fill the world with the renown of their crimes; he had been one of a cabinet which had ruled France with absolute power, and made war on all Europe with signal success. Nay, he had been, though not the most powerful, yet, with the single exception of Robespierre, the most conspicuous member of that cabinet. His name had been a household word at Moscow and at Philadelphia, at Edinburgh and at Cadiz. The blood of the Queen of France, the blood of the greatest orators and philosophers of France, was on his hands. He had spoken; and it had been decreed, that the plough should pass over the great city of Lyons. He had spoken again; and it had been decreed, that the streets of Toulon should be razed to the ground. When depravity is placed so high as his, the hatred which it inspires is mingled with awe. His place was with great tyrants, with Critias and Sylla, with Eccelino and Borgia; not with hireling scribblers and police runners.

'Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;  
But shall the dignity of vice be lost?'

So sang Pope; and so felt Barère. When it was proposed to him to publish a Journal



in defence of the Consular government, rage and shame inspired him for the first and last time with something like courage. He had filled as large a space in the eyes of mankind as Mr. Pitt or General Washington; and he was coolly invited to descend at once to the level of Mr. Lewis Goldsmith. He saw, too, with agonies of envy, that a wide distinction was made between himself and the other statesmen of the Revolution who were summoned to the aid of the government. Those statesmen were required, indeed, to make large sacrifices of principle; but they were not called on to sacrifice what, in the opinion of the vulgar, constitutes personal dignity. They were made tribunes and legislators, ambassadors and counsellors of state, ministers, senators, and consuls. They might reasonably expect to rise with the rising fortunes of their master; and, in truth, many of them were destined to wear the badge of his Legion of Honor and of his order of the Iron Crown; to be arch-chancellors and arch-treasurers, counts, dukes, and princes. Barère, only six years before, had been far more powerful, far more widely renowned, than any of them; and now, while they were thought worthy to represent the majesty of France at foreign courts, while they received crowds of suitors in gilded antechambers, he was to pass his life in measuring paragraphs, and scolding correctors of the press. It was too much. Those lips which had never before been able to fashion themselves to a No, now murmured expostulation and refusal. 'I could not'—these are his own words—'abase myself to such a point as to serve the First Consul merely in the capacity of a journalist, while so many insignificant, low, and servile people, such as the Treilhards, the Rœderers, the Lebruns, the Marets, and others whom it is superfluous to name, held the first place in this government of upstarts.'

This outbreak of spirit was of short duration. Napoleon was inexorable. It is said, indeed, that he was, for a moment, half inclined to admit Barère into the Council of State; but the members of that body remonstrated in the strongest terms, and declared that such a nomination would be a disgrace to them all. This plan was therefore relinquished. Thenceforth Barère's only chance of obtaining the patronage of the government was to subdue his pride, to forget that there had been a time when, with three words, he might have had the heads of the three Consuls, and to betake himself, humbly and industriously, to the task of composing lampoons on England and panegyrics on Bonaparte.

It has been often asserted, we know not on what grounds, that Barère was employed by the government, not only as a writer, but as a censor of the writings of other men. This imputation he vehemently denies in his *Memoirs*; but our readers will probably agree with us in thinking, that his denial leaves the question exactly where it was.

Thus much is certain, that he was not restrained from exercising the office of censor by any scruple of conscience or honor; for he did accept an office, compared with which that of censor, odious as it is, may be called an august and beneficent magistracy. He began to have what are delicately called relations with the police. We are not sure that we have formed, or that we can convey, an exact notion of the nature of Barère's new calling. It is a calling unknown in our country. It has indeed often happened in England, that a plot has been revealed to the government by one of the conspirators. The informer has sometimes been directed to carry it fair towards his accomplices, and to let the evil design come to full maturity. As soon as his work is done, he is generally snatched from the public gaze, and sent to some obscure village, or to some remote colony. The use of spies, even to this extent, is in the highest degree unpopular in England; but a political spy by profession, is a creature from which our island is as free as it is from wolves. In France the race is well known, and was never more numerous, more greedy, more cunning, or more savage, than under the government of Bonaparte.

Our idea of a gentleman in relations with the Consular and Imperial police may perhaps be incorrect. Such as it is, we will try to convey it to our readers. We image to ourselves a well-dressed person, with a soft voice and affable manners. His opinions are those of the society in which he finds himself, but a little stronger. He often complains, in the language of honest indignation, that what passes in private conversation finds its way strangely to the government, and cautions his associates to take care what they say when they are not sure of their company. As for himself, he owns that he is indiscreet. He can never refrain from speaking his mind; and that is the reason that he is not prefect of a department.

In a gallery of the Palais Royal he overhears two friends talking earnestly about the King and the Count of Artois. He follows them into a coffee-house, sits at the table next to them, calls for his half-dish and his small glass of cognac, takes up a Journal, and seems occupied with the news. His neighbors go on talking without restraint,

and in the style of persons warmly attached to the exiled family. They depart, and he follows them half round the boulevards till he fairly tracks them to their apartments, and learns their names from the porters. From that day every letter addressed to either of them is sent from the post-office to the police, and opened. Their correspondents become known to the government, and are carefully watched. Six or eight honest families, in different parts of France, find themselves at once under the frown of power, without being able to guess what offence they have given. One person is dismissed from a public office; another learns with dismay that his promising son has been turned out of the Polytechnic school.

Next, the indefatigable servant of the state falls in with an old republican, who has not changed with the times, who regrets the red cap and the tree of liberty, who has not unlearned the Thee and Thou, and who still subscribes his letters with 'Health and Fraternity.' Into the ears of this sturdy politician our friend pours forth a long series of complaints. What evil times! What a change since the days when the Mountain governed France! What is the First Consul but a King under a new name? What is this Legion of Honor but a new aristocracy? The old superstition is reviving with the old tyranny. There is a treaty with the Pope, and a provision for the clergy. Emigrant nobles are returning in crowds, and are better received at the Tuileries than the men of the tenth of August. This cannot last. What is life without liberty? What terrors has death to the true patriot? The old Jacobin catches fire, bestows and receives the fraternal hug, and hints that there will soon be great news, and that the breed of Harmodius and Brutus is not quite extinct. The next day he is a close prisoner, and all his papers are in the hands of the government.

To this vocation, a vocation compared with which the life of a beggar, of a pick-pocket, of a pimp, is honorable, did Barère now descend. It was his constant practice, as often as he enrolled himself in a new party, to pay his footing with the heads of old friends. He was at first a Royalist; and he made atonement by watering the tree of liberty with the blood of Louis. He was then a Girondist; and he made atonement by murdering Vergniaud and Gensonné. He fawned on Robespierre up to the eighth of Thermidor; and he made atonement by moving, on the ninth, that Robespierre should be beheaded without a trial. He was now enlisted in the service of the new monarchy;

and he proceeded to atone for his republican heresies by sending republican throats to the guillotine.

Among his most intimate associates was a Gascon named Demerville, who had been employed in an office of high trust under the Committee of Public Safety. This man was fanatically attached to the Jacobin system of politics, and, in conjunction with other enthusiasts of the same class, formed a design against the First Consul. A hint of this design escaped him in conversation with Barère. Barère carried the intelligence to Lannes, who commanded the Consular Guards. Demerville was arrested, tried, and beheaded; and among the witnesses who appeared against him was his friend Barère.

The account which Barère has given of these transactions is studiously confused and grossly dishonest. We think, however, that we can discern, through much falsehood and much artful obscurity, some truths which he labors to conceal. It is clear to us that the government suspected him of what the Italians call a double treason. It was natural that such a suspicion should attach to him. He had, in times not very remote, zealously preached the Jacobin doctrine, that he who smites a tyrant deserves higher praise than he who saves a citizen. Was it possible that the member of the Committee of Public Safety, the king-killer, the queen-killer, could in earnest mean to deliver his old confederates, his bosom friends, to the executioner, solely because they had planned an act which, if there were any truth in his own Carmagnoles, was in the highest degree virtuous and glorious? Was it not more probable that he was really concerned in the plot, and that the information which he gave was merely intended to lull or to mislead the police? Accordingly spies were set on the spy. He was ordered to quit Paris, and not to come within twenty leagues till he received further orders. Nay, he ran no small risk of being sent, with some of his old friends, to Madagascar.

He made his peace, however, with the government so far, that he was not only permitted, during some years, to live unmolested, but was employed in the lowest sort of political drudgery. In the summer of 1803, while he was preparing to visit the south of France, he received a letter which deserves to be inserted. It was from Duroc, who is well known to have enjoyed a large share of Napoleon's confidence and favor.

'The First Consul, having been informed that Citizen Barère is about to set out for the country, desires that he will stay at Paris.

'Citizen Barère will every week draw up a



report on the state of public opinion on the proceedings of the government, and generally on every thing which, in his judgment, it will be interesting to the First Consul to learn.

'He may write with perfect freedom.

'He will deliver his reports under seal into General Duroc's own hand, and General Duroc will deliver them to the First Consul. But it is absolutely necessary that nobody should suspect that this species of communication takes place; and, should any such suspicion get abroad, the First Consul will cease to receive the reports of Citizen Barère.

'It will also be proper that Citizen Barère should frequently insert in the journals articles tending to animate the public mind, particularly against the English.'

During some years Barère continued to discharge the functions assigned to him by his master. Secret reports, filled with the talk of coffeehouses, were carried by him every week to the Tuileries. His friends assure us that he took especial pains to do all the harm in his power to the returned emigrants. It was not his fault if Napoleon was not apprised of every murmur and every sarcasm which old marquesses who had lost their estates, and old clergymen who had lost their benefices, uttered against the imperial system. M. Hyppolyte Carnot, we grieve to say, is so much blinded by party spirit, that he seems to reckon this dirty wickedness among his hero's titles to public esteem.

Barère was, at the same time, an indefatigable journalist and pamphleteer. He set up a paper directed against England, and called the *Mémorial Antibritannique*. He planned a work entitled, 'France made great and illustrious by Napoleon.' When the Imperial government was established, the old regicide made himself conspicuous even among the crowd of flatterers by the peculiar fulsomeness of his adulation. He translated into French a contemptible volume of Italian verses, entitled, 'The Poetic Crown, composed on the glorious accession of Napoleon the First, by the Shepherds of Arcadia.' He commenced a new series of Carmagnoles very different from those which had charmed the Mountain. The title of Emperor of the French, he said, was mean; Napoleon ought to be Emperor of Europe. King of Italy was too humble an appellation; Napoleon's style ought be King of Kings.

But Barère labored to small purpose in both his vocations. Neither as a writer nor as a spy was he of much use. He complains bitterly that his paper did not sell. While the *Journal des Débats*, then flourishing under the able management of Geoffroy, had a circulation of at least twenty thousand

copies, the *Mémorial Antibritannique* never, in its most prosperous times, had more than fifteen hundred subscribers; and these subscribers were, with scarcely an exception, persons residing far from Paris, probably Gascons, among whom the name of Barère had not yet lost its influence.

A writer who cannot find readers, generally attributes the public neglect to any cause rather than to the true one; and Barère was no exception to the general rule. His old hatred to Paris revived in all its fury. That city, he says, has no sympathy with France. No Parisian cares to subscribe to a journal which dwells on the real wants and interests of the country. To a Parisian nothing is so ridiculous as patriotism. The higher classes of the capital have always been devoted to England. A corporal from London is better received among them than a French general. A journal, therefore, which attacks England has no chance of their support.

A much better explanation of the failure of the *Mémorial*, was given by Bonaparte at St. Helena. 'Barère,' said he to Barry O'Meara, 'had the reputation of being a man of talent; but I did not find him so. I employed him to write; but he did not display ability. He used many flowers of rhetoric, but no solid argument; nothing but *coglionerie* wrapped up in high-sounding language.'

The truth is, that though Barère was a man of quick parts, and could do with ease what he could do at all, he had never been a good writer. In the day of his power, he had been in the habit of haranguing an excitable audience on exciting topics. The faults of his style passed uncensured; for it was a time of literary as well as of civil lawlessness, and a patriot was licensed to violate the ordinary rules of composition as well as the ordinary rules of jurisprudence and of social morality. But there had now been a literary as well as a civil reaction. As there was again a throne and a court, a magistracy, a chivalry, and a hierarchy, so was there a revival of classical taste. Honor was again paid to the prose of Pascal and Massillon, and to the verse of Racine and La Fontaine. The oratory which had delighted the galleries of the Convention, was not only as much out of date as the language of Villehardouin and Joinville, but was associated in the public mind with images of horror. All the peculiarities of the Anacreon of the guillotine, his words unknown to the Dictionary of the Academy, his conceits and his jokes, his Gascon idioms and his Gascon hyperboles, had become as odious as the cant of the Puritans was in England after the Restoration.

Bonaparte, who had never loved the men of the Reign of Terror, had now ceased to fear them. He was all-powerful and at the height of glory; they were weak and universally abhorred. He was a sovereign, and it is probable that he already meditated a matrimonial alliance with sovereigns. He was naturally unwilling, in his new position, to hold any intercourse with the worst class of Jacobins. Had Barère's literary assistance been important to the government, personal aversion might have yielded to considerations of policy; but there was no motive for keeping terms with a worthless man who had also proved a worthless writer. Bonaparte, therefore, gave loose to his feelings. Barère was not gently dropped, not sent into an honorable retirement, but spurned and scourged away like a troublesome dog. He had been in the habit of sending six copies of his journal on fine paper daily to the Tuileries. Instead of receiving the thanks and praises which he expected, he was dryly told that the great man had ordered five copies to be sent back. Still he toiled on; still he cherished a hope that at last Napoleon would relent, and that at last some share in the honors of the state would reward so much assiduity and so much obsequiousness. He was bitterly undeceived. Under the Imperial constitution the electoral colleges of the departments did not possess the right of choosing senators or deputies, but merely that of presenting candidates. From among these candidates the Emperor named members of the senate, and the senate named members of the legislative body. The inhabitants of the Upper Pyrenees were still strangely partial to Barère. In the year 1805, they were disposed to present him as a candidate for the senate. On this Napoleon expressed the highest displeasure; and the president of the electoral college was directed to tell the voters, in plain terms, that such a choice would be disgraceful to the department. All thought of naming Barère a candidate for the senate was consequently dropped. But the people of Argelès ventured to name him a candidate for the legislative body. That body was altogether destitute of weight and dignity; it was not permitted to debate; its only function was to vote in silence for whatever the government proposed. It is not easy to understand how any man, who had sat in free and powerful deliberative assemblies, could condescend to bear a part in such a mummery. Barère, however, was desirous of a place even in this mock legislature; and a place even in this mock legislature was refused to him. In the whole senate he had not a single vote.

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Such treatment was sufficient, it might have been thought, to move the most abject of mankind to resentment. Still, however, Barère cringed and fawned on. His letters came weekly to the Tuileries till the year 1807. At length, while he was actually writing the two hundred and twenty-third of the series, a note was put into his hands. It was from Duroc, and was much more perspicuous than polite. Barère was requested to send no more of his Reports to the palace, as the Emperor was too busy to read them.

Contempt, says the Indian proverb, pierces even the shell of the tortoise; and the contempt of the Court was felt to the quick even by the callous heart of Barère. He had humbled himself to the dust; and he had humbled himself in vain. Having been eminent among the rulers of a great and victorious state, he had stooped to serve a master in the vilest capacities; and he had been told that, even in those capacities, he was not worthy of the pittance which had been disdainfully flung to him. He was now degraded below the level even of the hirelings whom the government employed in the most infamous offices. He stood idle in the marketplace, not because he thought any office too infamous, but because none would hire him.

Yet he had reason to think himself fortunate; for, had all that is avowed in these Memoirs been then known, he would have received very different tokens of the Imperial displeasure. We learn from himself, that while publishing daily columns of flattery on Bonaparte, and while carrying weekly budgets of calumny to the Tuileries, he was in close connexion with the agents whom the Emperor Alexander, then by no means favorably disposed towards France, employed to watch all that passed at Paris; was permitted to read their secret despatches; was consulted by them as to the temper of the public mind and the character of Napoleon; and did his best to persuade them that the government was in a tottering condition, and that the new sovereign was not, as the world supposed, a great statesman and soldier. Next, Barère, still the flatterer and talebearer of the Imperial Court, connected himself in the same manner with the Spanish envoy. He owns that with that envoy he had relations which he took the greatest pains to conceal from his own government; that they met twice a-day, and that their conversation chiefly turned on the vices of Napoleon, on his designs against Spain, and on the best mode of rendering those designs abortive. In truth, Barère's baseness was unfathomable. In the lowest depths of shame he found out lower depths. It is bad to be a sycophant; it is bad to be a spy.



But even among sycophants and spies there are degrees of meanness. The vilest sycophant is he who privily slanders the master on whom he fawns; the vilest spy is he who serves foreigners against the government of his native land.

From 1807 to 1814 Barère lived in obscurity, railing as bitterly as his craven cowardice would permit against the Imperial administration, and coming sometimes unpleasantly across the police. When the Bourbons returned, he, as might be expected, became a royalist, and wrote a pamphlet setting forth the horrors of the system from which the Restoration had delivered France, and magnifying the wisdom and goodness which had dictated the charter. He who had voted for the death of Louis, he who had moved the decree for the trial of Marie Antoinette, he whose hatred of monarchy had led him to make war even upon the sepulchres of ancient monarchs, assures us with great complacency, that 'in this work monarchical principles and attachment to the House of Bourbon are nobly expressed.' By this apostasy he got nothing, not even any additional infamy; for his character was already too black to be blackened.

During the hundred days he again emerged for a very short time into public life; he was chosen by his native district a member of the Chamber of Representatives. But though that assembly was composed in a great measure of men who regarded the excesses of the Jacobins with indulgence, he found himself an object of general aversion. When the President first informed the Chamber that M. Barère requested a hearing, a deep and indignant murmur ran round the benches.—After the battle of Waterloo, Barère proposed that the Chamber should save France from the victorious enemy, by putting forth a proclamation about the pass of Thermopylæ, and the Lacedæmonian custom of wearing flowers in times of extreme danger. Whether this composition, if it had then appeared, would have stopped the English and Prussian armies, is a question respecting which we are left to conjecture. The Chamber refused to adopt this last of the Carmagnoles.

The Emperor had abdicated. The Bourbons returned. The Chamber of Representatives, after burlesquing during a few weeks the proceedings of the National Convention, retired with the well-earned character of having been the silliest political assembly that had met in France. Those dreaming pedants and praters never for a moment comprehended their position. They could never understand that Europe must be either conciliated or vanquished; that Europe

could be conciliated only by the restoration of Louis, and vanquished only by means of a dictatorial power entrusted to Napoleon.—They would not hear of Louis; yet they would not hear of the only measures which could keep him out. They incurred the enmity of all foreign powers by putting Napoleon at their head; yet they shackled him, thwarted him, quarreled with him about every trifle, abandoned him on the first reverse. They then opposed declamations and disquisitions to eight hundred thousand bayonets; played at making a constitution for their country, when it depended on the indulgence of the victor whether they should have a country; and were at last interrupted in the midst of their babble about the rights of man and the sovereignty of the people, by the soldiers of Wellington and Blücher.

A new Chamber of Deputies was elected, so bitterly hostile to the Revolution, that there was no small risk of a new Reign of Terror. It is just, however, to say that the King, his ministers, and his allies, exerted themselves to restrain the violence of the fanatical royalists, and that the punishments inflicted, though in our opinion unjustifiable, were few and lenient when compared with those which were demanded by M. de Labourdonnaye and M. Hyde de Neuville. We have always heard, and are inclined to believe, that the government was not disposed to treat even the regicides with severity. But on this point the feeling of the Chamber of Deputies was so strong, that it was thought necessary to make some concession. It was enacted, therefore, that whoever, having voted in January 1793 for the death of Louis the Sixteenth, had in any manner given in an adhesion to the government of Bonaparte during the hundred days, should be banished for life from France. Barère fell within this description. He had voted for the death of Louis; and he had sat in the Chamber of Representatives during the hundred days.

He accordingly retired to Belgium, and resided there, forgotten by all mankind, till the year 1830. After the revolution of July he was at liberty to return to France, and he fixed his residence in his native province. But he was soon involved in a succession of lawsuits with his nearest relations—"three fatal sisters and an ungrateful brother," to use his own words. Who was in the right is a question about which we have no means of judging, and certainly shall not take Barère's word. The Courts appear to have decided some points in his favor and some against him. The natural inference is, that there were faults on all sides. The result of this litigation was, that the old man was reduced

to extreme poverty, and was forced to sell his paternal house.

As far as we can judge from the few facts which remain to be mentioned, Barère continued Barère to the last. After his exile he turned Jacobin again, and, when he came back to France, joined the party of the extreme left in railing at Louis Philippe, and at all Louis Philippe's ministers. M. Casimir Périer, M. de Broglie, M. Guizot, and M. Thiers, in particular, are honored with his abuse; and the king himself is held up to execration as a hypocritical tyrant. Nevertheless, Barère had no scruple about accepting a charitable donation of a thousand francs a year from the privy purse of the sovereign whom he hated and reviled. This pension, together with some small sums occasionally doled out to him by the department of the Interior, on the ground that he was a distressed man of letters, and by the department of Justice, on the ground that he had formerly held a high judicial office, saved him from the necessity of begging his bread. Having survived all his colleagues of the renowned Committee of Public Safety, and almost all his colleagues of the Convention, he died in January 1841. He had attained his eighty-sixth year.

We have now laid before our readers what we believe to be a just account of this man's life. Can it be necessary for us to add any thing for the purpose of assisting their judgment of his character? If we were writing about any of his colleagues in the Committee of Public Safety, about Carnot, about Robespierre, or St. Just, nay, even about Couthon, Collot, or Billaud, we might feel it necessary to go into a full examination of the arguments which have been employed to vindicate or to excuse the system of Terror. We could, we think, show that France was saved from her foreign enemies, not by the system of Terror, but in spite of it; and that the perils which were made the plea for the violent policy of the Mountain, were to a great extent created by that very policy. We could, we think, also show that the evils produced by the Jacobin administration did not terminate when it fell; that it bequeathed a long series of calamities to France and to Europe; that public opinion, which had during two generations been constantly becoming more and more favorable to civil and religious freedom, underwent, during the days of Terror, a change of which the traces are still to be distinctly perceived. It was natural that there should be such a change, when men saw that those who called themselves the champions of popular rights had compressed into the space of twelve months more crimes than the Kings

of France, Merovingian, Carlovingian, and Capetian, had perpetrated in twelve centuries. Freedom was regarded as a great delusion. Men were willing to submit to the government of hereditary princes, of fortunate soldiers, of nobles, of priests; to any government but that of philosophers and philanthropists. Hence the imperial despotism, with its enslaved press and its silent tribune, its dungeons stronger than the old Bastile, and its tribunals more obsequious than the old parliaments. Hence the restoration of the Bourbons and of the Jesuits, the Chamber of 1815 with its categories of proscription, the revival of the feudal spirit, the encroachments of the clergy, the persecution of the Protestants, the appearance of a new breed of De Montforts and Dominics in the full light of the nineteenth century. Hence the admission of France into the Holy Alliance, and the war waged by the old soldiers of the tricolor against the liberties of Spain. Hence, too, the apprehensions with which, even at the present day, the most temperate plans for widening the narrow basis of the French representation are regarded by those who are especially interested in the security of property and the maintenance of order. Half a century has not sufficed to obliterate the stain which one year of depravity and madness has left on the noblest of causes.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the manner in which writers like M. Hippolyte Carnot defend or excuse the Jacobin administration, while they declaim against the reaction which followed. That the reaction has produced and is still producing much evil, is perfectly true. But what produced the reaction? The spring flies up with a force proportioned to that with which it has been pressed down. The pendulum which is drawn far in one direction swings as far in the other. The joyous madness of intoxication in the evening is followed by languor and nausea on the morrow. And so, in politics, it is the sure law that every excess shall generate its opposite; nor does he deserve the name of a statesman who strikes a great blow without fully calculating the effect of the rebound. But such calculation was infinitely beyond the reach of the authors of the Reign of Terror. Violence, and more violence, blood, and more blood, made up their whole policy. In a few months these poor creatures succeeded in bringing about a reaction, of which none of them saw, and of which none of us may see, the close; and, having brought it about, they marvelled at it; they bewailed it; they execrated it; they ascribed it to every thing but the real cause—their own immorality and their own



profound incapacity for the conduct of great affairs.

These, however, are considerations to which, on the present occasion, it is hardly necessary for us to advert; for, be the defence which has been set up for the Jacobin policy good or bad, it is a defence which cannot avail Barère. From his own life, from his own pen, from his own mouth, we can prove that the part which he took in the work of blood is to be attributed, not even to sincere fanaticism, nor even to misdirected and ill-regulated patriotism, but either to cowardice, or to delight in human misery. Will it be pretended that it was from public spirit that he murdered the Girondists? In these very Memoirs he tells us that he always regarded their death as the greatest calamity that could befall France. Will it be pretended that it was from public spirit that he raved for the head of the Austrian woman? In these very Memoirs he tells us that the time spent in attacking her was ill spent, and ought to have been employed in concerting measures of national defence. Will it be pretended that he was induced by sincere and earnest abhorrence of kingly government to butcher the living and to outrage the dead; he who invited Napoleon to take the title of King of Kings, he who assures us, that after the Restoration he expressed in noble language his attachment to monarchy, and to the house of Bourbon? Had he been less mean, something might have been said in extenuation of his cruelty. Had he been less cruel, something might have been said in extenuation of his meanness. But for him, regicide and court-spy, for him who patronized Lebon and betrayed Demerville, for him who wantoned alternately in gasconades of Jacobinism, and gasconades of servility, what excuse has the largest charity to offer?

We cannot conclude, without saying something about two parts of his character, which his biographer appears to consider as deserving of high admiration. Barère, it is admitted, was somewhat fickle; but in two things he was consistent, in his love of Christianity, and in his hatred to England. If this were so, we must say that England is much more beholden to him than Christianity.

It is possible that our inclinations may bias our judgment; but we think that we do not flatter ourselves when we say, that Barère's aversion to our country was a sentiment as deep and constant as his mind was capable of entertaining. The value of this compliment is indeed somewhat diminished by the circumstance, that he knew very little about us. His ignorance of our institutions,

manners, and history, is the less excusable, because, according to his own account, he consorted much, during the peace of Amiens, with Englishmen of note, such as that eminent nobleman Lord Greaten, and that not less eminent philosopher Mr. Mackensie Cœthis. In spite, however, of his connection with these well-known ornaments of our country, he was so ill informed about us as to fancy that our government was always laying plans to torment him. If he was hooted at Saintes, probably by people whose relations he had murdered, it was because the cabinet of St. James's had hired the mob. If nobody would read his bad books, it was because the cabinet of St. James's had secured the Reviewers. His accounts of Mr. Fox, of Mr. Pitt, of the Duke of Wellington, of Mr. Canning, swarm with blunders, surpassing even the ordinary blunders committed by Frenchmen who write about England. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, he tells us, were ministers in two different reigns. Mr. Pitt's sinking fund was instituted in order to enable England to pay subsidies to the powers allied against the French republic. The Duke of Wellington's house in Hyde Park was built by the nation, which twice voted the sum of 200,000*l.* for the purpose. This, however, is exclusive of the cost of the frescoes, which were also paid for out of the public purse. Mr. Canning was the first Englishman whose death Europe had reason to lament; for the death of Lord Ward, a relation, we presume, of Lord Greaten and Mr. Cœthis, had been an immense benefit to mankind.

Ignorant, however, as Barère was, he knew enough of us to hate us; and we persuade ourselves that, had he known us better, he would have hated us more. The nation which has combined, beyond all example and all hope, the blessings of liberty with those of order, might well be an object of aversion to one who had been false alike to the cause of order and to the cause of liberty. We have had amongst us intemperate zeal for popular rights; we have had amongst us also the intemperance of loyalty. But we have never been shocked by such a spectacle as the Barère of 1794, or as the Barère of 1804. Compared with him, our fiercest demagogues have been gentle; compared with him, our meanest courtiers have been manly. Mix together Thistlewood and Bubb Dodington, and you are still far from having Barère. The antipathy between him and us is such, that neither for the crimes of his earlier, nor for those of his later life, does our language, rich as it is, furnish us with adequate names. We have found it difficult to relate his history without having perpetual recourse to

the French vocabulary of horror, and to the French vocabulary of baseness. It is not easy to give a notion of his conduct in the Convention, without using those emphatic terms, *guillotinate, noyade, fusillade, mitraille*. It is not easy to give a notion of his conduct under the Consulate and the Empire, without borrowing such words as *mouchard* and *mouton*.

We therefore like his invectives against us much better than any thing else that he has written; and dwell on them, not merely with complacency, but with a feeling akin to gratitude. It was but little that he could do to promote the honor of our country; but that little he did strenuously and constantly. Renegade, traitor, slave, coward, liar, slanderer, murderer, hack writer, police-spy—the one small service which he could render to England, was to hate her; and such as he was may all who hate her be!

We cannot say that we contemplate with equal satisfaction that fervent and constant zeal for religion, which, according to M. Hippolyte Carnot, distinguished Barère; for, as we think that whatever brings dishonor on religion is a serious evil, we had, we own, indulged a hope that Barère was an atheist. We now learn, however, that he was at no time even a skeptic, that he adhered to his faith through the whole Revolution, and that he has left several manuscript works on divinity. One of these is a pious treatise, entitled, 'Of Christianity and of its Influence.' Another consists of meditations on the Psalms, which will doubtless greatly console and edify the Church.

This makes the character complete. Whatsoever things are false, whatsoever things are dishonest, whatsoever things are unjust, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are hateful, whatsoever things are of evil report, if there be any vice, and if there be any infamy, all these things, we knew, were blended in Barère. But one thing was still wanting, and that M. Hippolyte Carnot has supplied. When to such an assemblage of qualities a high profession of piety is added, the effect becomes overpowering. We sink under the contemplation of such exquisite and manifold perfection; and feel, with deep humility, how presumptuous it was in us to think of composing the legend of this beatified athlete of the faith, Saint Bertrand of the Carmagnoles.

Something more we had to say about him. But let him go. We did not seek him out, and will not keep him longer. If those who call themselves his friends had not forced him on our notice, we should never have vouchsafed to him more than a passing word of scorn

and abhorrence, such as we might fling at his brethren, Hébert and Fouquier Tinville, and Carrier and Lebon. We have no pleasure in seeing human nature thus degraded. We turn with disgust from the filthy and spiteful Yahoos of the fiction; and the filthiest and most spiteful Yahoo of the fiction was a noble creature when compared with the Barère of history. But what is no pleasure, M. Hippolyte Carnot has made a duty. It is no light thing that a man in high and honorable public trust, a man who, from his connections and position, may not unnaturally be supposed to speak the sentiments of a large class of his countrymen, should come forward to demand approbation for a life, black with every sort of wickedness, and unredeemed by a single virtue. This M. Hippolyte Carnot has done. By attempting to enshrine this Jacobin carrion, he has forced us to gibbet it; and we venture to say that, from the eminence of infamy on which we have placed it, he will not easily take it down.

## LOVE ON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of earth. MRS. NORTON.

Love on, love on, the soul *must* have a shrine,  
The rudest breast must find *some* hallow'd spot;  
The God who form'd us left no spark divine  
In him who dwells on earth, yet loveth not.  
Devotion's links compose a sacred chain  
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;  
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain,  
May mar its beauty, but not touch its strength.

Love on, love on,—ay, even though the heart  
We fondly build on proveth like the sand;  
Though one by one Faith's corner-stones depart,  
And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand;  
Though we may dread the lips we once believed,  
And know their falsehood shadows all our days,  
Who would not rather trust and be deceived,  
Than own the mean, cold spirit that betrays?

Love on, love on, though we may live to see  
The dear face whiter than its circling shroud,  
Though dark and dense the gloom of death may be,  
Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud.  
The truest spell that Heaven can give to lure,  
The sweetest prospect Mercy can bestow,  
Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure  
'Twill meet above the things it loved below.

Love on, love on, Creation breathes the words,  
Their mystic music ever dwells around;  
The strain is echo'd by unnumber'd chords,  
And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound.  
As flowers keep springing, though their dazzling bloom  
Is oft put forth for worms to feed upon;  
So hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,  
Shall still be precious and shall still love on.



## THE MONK CAMPANELLA AND HIS WORKS.

From Fraser's Magazine.

WHATEVER is superior to common wisdom has always been treated as folly; and, notwithstanding that in every age we meet with innovators who, grieving at human misery, have wished to improve the condition of man, and, in their anxiety to conquer indifference, have not feared to face persecution and to suffer martyrdom, history is yet full of their sufferings. Giordano Bruno and Savonarole are burnt alive by the Inquisition; Campanella languishes twenty-seven years in a dungeon; Roger Bacon is incarcerated on suspicion of witchcraft; Harrington dies by poison; Hall is deprived of all his property; Ramus perishes assassinated. Nevertheless, inspiration is so palpable in these free-thinkers, their mission is so formal, and their object so righteous, that they triumph over all impediments, over all tortures, and all perils. What ought to be said is said; each age gives its protestation to the world, which continues, and is transmitted from one generation to another. The great family of *Utopistes* vary, but never cease. In the meantime, humanity profits by their investigations. They do not agitate themselves round a fatal circle without hope; they continue their upward movement slow and majestic on this mysterious ladder, the invisible degrees of which unite man to God, earth to heaven. It would be curious to make an historical and philosophical examination into those modern social systems which are the most remarkable for the daring boldness of their conception, or for the extraordinary singularity of their execution. Thus would alternately pass before our eyes the Chancellor Bacon and his *Nova Atlantica*; Moore and his *Utopia*; Daniel De Foe and his *Essay of Projects*; Hall and his *Mundus Alter*; Fénelon and his *Salente*; the Abbé de St. Pierre and his *Dream of Perpetual Peace*; Morelly and his *Basiliade*, for a long time attributed to Diderot; Retif de la Bretonne and his *Découverte Australe*; the Calabrian monk Campanella and his *Civitas Solis*,—fanciful creation, full of grandeur. Sometimes the inspiration is so fortunate, that the philosopher sets himself free from the ties that bind him to his age, and attains, by a sort of foreknowledge, social forms which have been realized in after-generations. We will let others solve these problems, which the human mind has followed from age to age for the general welfare. We will give to our readers some insight into the destinies of one of these philosophers, the circumstances attending which are very remarkable.

In the year 1598, when Philip II. reigned, master of Naples, of America, of Oran, of the Duchy of Milan, of Rousillon, of Navarre, of Franche Comté, of the Cape de Verd Islands, a monk, a native of Calabria, who had a great genius, and the rarest of all, the gift of prophetic wisdom, wrote him a long letter in Latin, from the prison in which he was immured, wherein he enumerated all the causes of the Spanish decadency. He wrote this letter in the gloomy depths of a dungeon, after having suffered torture, after ten years' cap-

tivity, deprived of books, cut off from correspondence, without knowing what was passing in the world from which he was exiled. This monk predicted exactly, from 1598, all the calamities reserved by Providence for the great Spanish monarchy; and his predictions were dated from the very epoch when Europe, the two Americas, and Africa, bowed together before the son of Charles V. By a most extraordinary power of deduction and penetration, the prophet discovers the whole series of effects that are hidden in the bosom of their primitive causes, and reads the future methodically and distinctly as if it were developed before him in the present. Behold genius of the most powerful kind: yet I do not know that it was remarked by any one. Poor man, he only besought one favor, which was, that he might go and preach in Flanders, and teach philosophy to its inhabitants. He had a vague hope that Philip II. would some day grant him an audience. "Magna et secreta colloquio tuo reservo, ubi et quando majestati tue placuerit." He sent his treatise, or political letter, to the king, through the medium of I do not know what Spanish excellency, who did not possess credit or benevolence enough to obtain the audience, far less the favor solicited by the monk. No notice whatever was taken of his communication. He was not surprised at the circumstance; he was acquainted with the chances of life, the impotency of truth, and the folly of wishing to convince stubbornness or interestedness. "Habent sua fata libelli," says he, in terminating his pamphlet:—

"I abandon this work to its fate; it is badly written, and a little confused. But I was ill, unhappy in prison, *in tuguriolo angusto*, and I could do no better. It is sufficient that Spain sees what threatens her, and what may serve her. Keep, then, well the secrets which I confide to you; by and by they will value my prophecies more than were valued the leaves of the sybils."

But posterity was as ungrateful and as tyrannical towards Campanella as Philip II. had been. Italy, his country, in its full decline, smothered all genius greater than itself. Punished by the age and his fellow-citizens, Campanella's fate was that of a giant shut up in a box. Chastised when living by executioners and gaolers, chastised after his death by a celebrity so ill-defined that philosophers alone are acquainted with it, he added a great name and an enormous injustice, to the list of iniquities which we call history. He came to die in France, where the easy kindness of men's feelings and manners softened his latter years. Courtiers and men of letters, alike caustic and skeptical, admired the boldness of his ideas without comprehending their elevation. He was well received; Pereire folded him in his arms; Gabriel Naudé, the founder of the Mazarin library, chose him for a particular friend. This kindness astonished him, *a lacrymis non temperavi*. We must render this justice to France, that she has always shown sympathy for exiles, for mental superiority, and misfortunes. In the political counsels given by him to Spain in 1598, we discover a rare union of the wisdom of Montesquieu, Machiavel, and Bacon. Time has fulfilled his prophecies, and we can judge of him who made them.

The isolation and pride of the Spanish race appeared to Campanella the primitive cause of its ruin. It is, in reality, to this double principle, and to its mutual reaction, that we must attribute, even from its very origin, the rapid decline of the power founded by Ferdinand the Catholic, and raised to such a high pitch by Charles V.

"Do not allow," says the philosopher, "the race to be impoverished, from want of intermixing and foreign alliances; favor all marriages which will cause the Spanish blood to run in the veins of strangers, and that your nobles and your captains marry Flemings and Germans. Strive in every way against the proud custom of the Spaniards, who, at Naples and elsewhere, only seek women of their own nation for wives; encourage, protect the sympathetic fusion of Spain with other nations.—*Hispani odiosi plerisque nationibus*. The Spaniards are detested, although imitated, and it is this that must be prevented; their dress, their language, their fashions, are adopted every where, but their stately manners, their pompous titles, their affectation in putting themselves forward in all public places wherever they may be, is not to be borne. 'Fastuosos tibulos, cum ambitione primum locum in conventibus occupandi, et exquisito nimis incessu.' To compensate, they have courage, fortitude, and eloquence—great qualities. You will never change them, their obstinacy of spirit can never bend to foreign customs. In order to preserve the existence of Spain, you must endeavor to induce foreigners to bend to Spanish customs. 'Cæteri in illorum mores transeant, instar arborum, quæ aliis inseruntur.'"

Campanella sees at a glance the disasters which will spring from this pride of isolation. It will be of no avail that they are brave, and make war with the whole world; they will perish in the combat, their losses will never be repaired, their armies will not be renewed, their diminished battalions will become at last extinct. Agriculture and commerce, debased, will no longer nourish the state with their abundant produce. The neighboring nations will inherit the monopoly of their riches. "Already," says the monk, "the arts of life languish, abandoned by Spain, and no nation can prosper without manufactures, husbandry, and commerce." These Spaniards, who perform great actions, are too proud to write of them. "Commemorata dignissima præstiterint facta, qualia sunt tot marium circuitiones, tot insularum et continentium detectiones, et (quod maximum omnium est ipsius novi mundi repertio) nemini tamen idoneo hoc negotii dederunt, ut gesta sua, Græcorum atque Romanorum gesta multis modis superantia descripta, et ad posteros transmissa, æternitatis memorie consecraret." Those who have discovered a world have never given themselves the trouble of writing about it. In 1588, Campanella foresees that this will alone condemn Spain; 1588 shows him 1840. The glory of Spain during the sixteenth century does not dazzle him. By an astonishing acuteness of judgment, and a miraculous foresight, he comprehends that, without a complete reform, Spain is lost; and, if she will submit to it, he promises her the crown of the world. Campanella, many centuries before the event, examines this body,

young, flourishing, glowing with health, glory, and happiness, and he sees death written in characters which he alone can decipher. For he had no flatterers, no party, no disciples; he stood absolutely alone. Even Fra Paolo—the Venetian so little the friend of Spain—thinks that Philip II. will transform "Africa and Europe into slaves, and Paris into a hamlet."

This Venetian was a man of talent who performed his mass without much belief in it, served his master, attacked the pope, and perpetually courting the world, the great, the people, posterity, and history, obtained the comforts of life, renown, and the pageant of glory. Campanella, poor simple man! saw clearer, saw more, saw further, than all his contemporaries; and this grand vision, this enormous penetration into human things, this intuition of truths, present and to come, touching him deeply, he spread them abroad, in spite of himself; he communicated them without knowing why; and the high intellectual eminence attained to by Campanella—the Bacon of Italy—is no creation of the fancy. It is not that he wanted ambition; such men know full well what they are, and what they are worth, and with what sight God has gifted them. But ambition such as his needed a state of society wherein to exercise itself, altogether different from that by which he was surrounded. Italy could boast of conquerors, poets, *abbés*, and cantatrices, but not of a liberalized society. What would she, then, have done with Campanella? What signified to her his systems, his taxes, direct and indirect, his plan of surveys, his practical improvements? What, also, would Spain have done with this man and his theories? Spain was rotting in the track of luxury, of war, of superstition, and usurpation, that she had traced for herself. The nation never listens but to the voice that flatters—that is to say, deceives it. Happy the men of genius born in their own proper epoch! happy those who come neither too soon nor too late! happy they who to produce some effect on the blind mass, are not obliged to relax their conscience, to annihilate their instinct, and to flatter the whims, or vices of the age. Campanella did not suspect that he was born two hundred years too soon.

"See," says he to Philip II. "how your barons and lords, in impoverishing your subjects, impoverish yourself. They go elsewhere as viceroy and captains, to spend their money in folly, to make to themselves creatures of their will, and to ruin themselves in voluptuousness; then, when by their luxury and ostentation they are reduced to misery, they return to Spain to mend their fortunes, taking at every hand, pillaging right and left, enriching themselves afresh, and recommencing the same trade to the end of their lives. They seize the slightest pretext, to subject the people to their exactions, they invent new ones every day, they have a thousand ways of extorting from and exhausting the poor. *Deglubendi miseros subditos*."

By such means you may obtain glory and conquests, the one dazzling, the other fleeting; one may arrive, like Spain, to the summit of power, but one cannot maintain one's footing; one may grasp at the universal monarchy, only to be crushed. Lasting success is founded on the art



of preservation, which is the most difficult of all, because it requires judgment, prudence, and genius. The world admires the violent more than the skilled, the innovators more than the conservatives, the torrents which fall from high places more than the streams that flow in wide sheets. But that which is steady, which is durable, is more beautiful, more grand, more useful, than a quantity of fortuitous rain; "*flumina perennia nobiliora torrentibus ex fortuitis pluviis collectis.*" If you wish for durability, abandon insolent pride, and alleviate the distress of the people. On this last point Campanella precedes his own age, perhaps ours, and gives excellent advice.

He calls the attention of the king to the unequal distribution of the taxes, the poor supporting the whole weight of them, which is iniquitous; that the nobility free themselves from them at the expense of the middle classes, the middle classes at the expense of the tradesmen and laborers. In fact, the rich are precisely those who pay nothing. He, therefore, proposes the establishment of a just tax, not heavy, on the lower classes, and properly distributed. What he invents is nothing more or less than the system of our direct and indirect taxes. He puts a tax on oil, wine, and meat, but only a slight tax, as being articles of necessity; the most considerable is levied on articles of luxury, on cards, on tobacco, on places of public amusement. "*Vectigal exigatur pro necessariis rebus parvum, pro superfluis largius.*" He rejects the poll-tax, and establishes the principal *fund* of his contributions on the value of landed property. "*Non ulla bona quam certa et stabilia graventur.*" He leaves to the consumption, the luxury, and factitious wants of the rich, the care of defraying the rest of the contributions; all this is pointed out as a settled maxim in the art of government a hundred and fifty years before Mirabeau the elder, two hundred before Napoleon Buonaparte and Adam Smith. This is the man whom Philip II. would not listen to, who was left to rot twenty-seven years in the dungeons of Naples, who in his time had not the least political credit, and who certainly understood more of the welfare and prosperity of kings and nations than all the great politicians of France and Spain, the cruel and artful Catherine, the atrocious Duke of Alba, the impudent Leon X., and even the good Sully. No one that I know of has paid the least regard to these truths, so largely emitted by Thomas Campanella, and which fall like a free and vast cascade from his ingenious mind. This man, of such a practical genius, passed for a sort of vain talker. When the honest bookseller of Amsterdam, Louis Elzevir, embellished the work in question (1640) with a preface after his own manner, he ridiculed in good Latin this monk who would judge every thing, reform every thing, arrange every thing his own way, "*Reges et subditos suo subicere nutui,*" and prescribe laws to mankind. "*Homo ut magni ingenii, ita non nisi magna, et a vocatione sua aliena, spirantis:*"—Ardent genius, which was only bent on grand designs, and these the most foreign to his vocation.

Campanella gives many other counsels to his monarch. The establishment of hospitals for

disabled soldiers, a school especially for young seamen, the foundation of an institution reserved for the daughters of soldiers at the public expense, are indicated in his extraordinary book; and his violent and ardent imagination has unhappily mixed with this good advice a thousand astrological reveries, as well as a countless number of schemes which are quite startling. For example, he advises the king to lend to the people without usury, *dato pignore*, which is nothing else than the establishment of a great pawning-office, and that he would *fund* the money of his subjects, rendering them account of the capital and interest (*servata fide*), which resembles greatly the savings-bank system of modern times. He recommends the keeping up of a fine navy; "For," says he, eloquently, "the key of the sea is the key of the world." In forming his *Theory on Colonization*, he warns Philip II. against following the example of the French, who, by their want of patience, steadiness, and perseverance, have destroyed the results of their courage. These words, which we translate literally, deserve to be well meditated on at the present time:—

"The French, incapable of moderation abroad, too impatient and indiscreet, arrogating too much to themselves on the one hand, on the other giving too much liberty to their subjects, treating them to-day with easy good-nature, to-morrow with harsh rigor, have never been able to constitute solidly their colonies. They have acquired many possessions, and have lost them all ('*cum multa acquisiverint nihil servaverunt*')."

He quotes on the subject of conquests,—Naples, Milan, and Genoa. He wishes men's minds to be diverted from theological subtleties, and that they should be directed towards the study of geography, of the actual living world, and of history. It is curious to trace the resemblance that occurs between his system of social organization and that of Napoleon. Both are founded on a legal code, on the abolition of the rights of birth, and family, and station. Both threw open the avenues of distinction to merit wherever it may be found, and stimulate, by the prospect of honor, to exertion in the public service. He strikes, indeed, at the very roots of Spanish society, as in his day it existed. He recommends the reduction of monks to a certain limited number, a permanent war against the Mahomedans, and the foundation of bazars or factories, and naval schools on every important point of the globe,—at the Canary Islands, Sicily, St. Domingo, and the Cape of Good Hope; the encouragement of manufactures, and of *public workshops*; preferable, says he, to mines of gold and silver (*metallifodinis potiora*). Complete this vast system, which the English aristocracy has partly realized. How dared a prisoner tell these truths to Spain—to his king? By the exercise of a rare ingenuity, by promising to his master that of which the latter was ambitious, a universal monarchy, and connecting it with the adoption of plans which aimed at a far nobler object. And this it was which deceived the literary men of an after age, and induced them not to notice either Campanella, or his treatise on Spain. They could perceive

the immediate end at which he appeared to aim, though the philosophy that was hidden under his system proved too deep for them. They praised his boldness, but missed the very point where praise was due. How prophetic are the following sentences, with which, for the present, we close our notice of a man, than whom few ages have produced any more remarkable!

"The future age will renew every thing in society; there will first be destruction, then reconstruction, a new monarchy, and a complete reformation of the laws. 'Sæculo venturo . . . reformatio legum, artium . . . prius evelli et extirpari, deinde ædificari.'—Every thing announces it to us, especially the wonderful discovery of the magnet, of printing, of gunpowder (*inventionis mirificæ*, &c.), telescopes, &c. &c. We have made more histories and written more books in a hundred years than our ancestors have written in four or five thousand. Nothing is a barrier to the freedom of mankind."

And to prove this indestructible force of human liberty, proceeding in great mystery in the walks of providence, he adds a sentence relating to his own life which appears to us sublime:—

"How can one stop the free progress of mankind, when eight-and-forty hours of torture could not bring under subjection the will of a poor philosopher, and extort from him the least word of what he wished to keep secret?"

This philosopher was himself.

### LINES,

Suggested by a Picture of a Maniac with cards and pebbles strewn around her, and her Sister at her harp by her side.

BY MRS. DALKEITH HOLMES.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

#### MANIAC.

Who strikes the chord—who wakes the strain?  
Is the long darkness past—  
Its spectral shapes, its burning pain:  
Am I in heaven at last?  
No! the fiend comes—the strains cease now;  
Not so in seraph land,  
Nor there his breath would scald my brow,  
His grasp would ice my hand:  
His face is in the mirror there  
Whene'er I turn to see,  
With furrowed brow and matted hair,  
And wild eyes mocking me:  
Once when I thought he was not nigh,  
I built a palace tall,  
The scattered cards which round me lie  
Were stonework of the hall.  
My magic gems which virtue bore,  
The saddest breast to cheer,  
He changed to pebbles of the shore,  
Each shining with a tear.

He turns to liquid fire the stream  
With which my thirst I slake;  
His curse has made me know I dream,  
And feel I cannot wake.

#### SISTER.

The light delusive of your mind  
Lent lustre to the stone—  
The features in yon glass you find,  
Poor sister, are your own.

#### MANIAC.

With lyre and with white array  
Are you an angel come?  
Your tears may wash the stains away  
Which hide from me your home.  
Hark you!—a beauteous flower I grew,  
Budded upon a thorn;  
And summer winds more sweetly blew,  
In joy that I was born.  
But noisome weeds the thorn rose round—  
They darkened my parterre;  
The canker-worm my bosom found,  
Which then was loveliest there.  
From my own branch a sweet bud shot,  
More beautiful than me;  
Fierce rays and fast rains injured not—  
I was its canopy.  
A baleful breeze came whispering by—  
"Come, place thee on my wing,  
I'll bear thee where the worm will die  
Which mars thy blossoming."  
I left the bud to sun and storm,  
Borne thence, that breeze's prey,  
Which tore my breast and left the worm  
To gnaw my heart away.

#### SISTER, STRIKES THE HARP.

Your unkind husband failed to prize,  
Your lover false beguiled—  
Sister, this music soothed the cries  
Of your deserted child.

#### MANIAC.

Ha! touch those chords—that voice—that name  
I heard them once in mirth,  
When both of us a place dared claim  
Beside our father's hearth.  
See you my injured husband frown,  
My bleeding lover fall?  
My child from heaven look smiling down,  
Reproaching more than all?  
More music, more—it cools my brow,  
It clears my brain's dark sleep,  
I know my shame and nature now,  
A woman's—for I weep.  
Those tears—oh! they are God's own boon—  
With them life ebbs away;  
I hope to be an angel soon,  
For, Sister, I can pray.

MDLLE FANNY ELSSLER has addressed a letter to the *Débats*, declaring that certain articles, published periodically at London, under the title of *Fanny Elssler at Havannah*, were not written by her, and that they are calculated to seriously injure her, from the ridiculous turn of the language, and the inexactitude of the facts.—*Ath.*



## BANKRUPTCY EXTRAORDINARY.

From the Charivari.

THE bankrupt, Felix Cool, was opposed by a learned barrister on behalf of several creditors. The debts were very unimportant to every one but the creditors, amounting only to a few thousand pounds; and the assets were of that nature that the time of the assignees would not be wasted in collecting them.

*Sir C. F. Williams* said, this was so far favorable to the bankrupt, for he had evidently set an example of punctuality in receiving all he earned, though, in paying all he owed, the same business-like exactitude, had, unfortunately, not been exhibited. There was one thing, however, that he, (*Sir C. F. Williams*), would take the liberty of asking the bankrupt, namely, how he came to get so much into debt in so short a period?

The bankrupt replied that he had gone on as fair a system as he could. For instance, he wanted goods, and asked for them, and got them. The tradesman then wanted the money, and asked for it, and did not get it; and that was all the difference. (*Laughter, in which the Commissioner joined.*)

*Sir C. F. Williams* admitted that there was a good deal of truth in that, but he saw that the bankrupt had been to Margate with a very large sum of money. What had become of that?

*The Bankrupt.* That's exactly what I want to know (*a laugh*). All I know, is, that I went, and the money went. I came back again, and I should be very glad to see the money come back again also. (*Laughter.*)

*Sir C. F. Williams.* That seems to me a very fair and straightforward wish on the part of the bankrupt. He would like to see the money back again—probably to divide it amongst his creditors. I really don't see what more he could do, if he had the money now in his pocket. My only wish is to see justice done.

*A Creditor.* Yes, that's all very fine; but we are done as well as justice. (*Cries of Hear.*)

*Sir C. F. Williams.* Silence! I sit here as a judge, and if these interruptions are to take place, I will have the Court cleared. (*To the Bankrupt:*) Here are some items I cannot understand. What became of all the money you earned in the last year?

*The Bankrupt.* That's what puzzles me. Some of it went this way, and some that way, and some the other.

*A Creditor.* None of it seems to have come this way. (*A laugh.*)

*Sir C. F. Williams.* That laughter is very indecent, and I will certainly protect the feelings of the Bankrupt as well as my own dignity. (*To the Bankrupt:*) I see an item for keeping a carriage. Pray can you favor us with an explanation of that?

*The Bankrupt.* In the first place a carriage is cheaper. It takes you where you like, when you like, and how you like. It puts you down, takes you up, drives you on, carries you off, whisks you round, and brings you home in no time.

*Sir C. F. Williams.* That's very true. But how is it cheaper than a cab or an omnibus?

*The Bankrupt.* Why, clearly, it must be cheaper. If you get into a cab or an omnibus, you must dip into your ready money. You exhaust your capital, you cripple your means, and empty your pockets; so that the pockets of your creditors naturally suffer in the end. But if you have a private carriage, your account, as well as your carriage, will keep running on. (*A laugh.*)

*Sir C. F. Williams (smiling.)* That is true to a certain extent. But what do you propose to do now?

*The Bankrupt.* My income has hitherto been so much—say so much in round numbers. Suppose it be as much again as half. I have no objection to pay over to my creditors that portion of it which I can do without—say the half, and I will keep the as much again, that is to say, it shall be proportioned into two. I will take the as much again as half, and the remainder my creditors are welcome to.

*Sir C. F. Williams.* This seems very fair. (*To the Bankrupt:*) I don't think you can do more.

*The Bankrupt.* We have been doing all we could for some time, I can assure you. We only want to be set upon our legs again. It is really bad enough to owe the money, and not to have it; but to be lectured about it into the bargain, is rather too hard.

*Sir C. F. Williams.* But why did you go away from your creditors?

*The Bankrupt.* What was the use of staying with them? We are blamed for going to our creditors at all; and now we are blamed for not going to them, when we really could do them no good—for we of course could not pay them. So we went to Margate, intending to settle with every body.

*Sir C. F. Williams.* A very good intention. But pray how was it to be carried out?

*The Bankrupt.* We had not time to think of that. I told one of my principal creditors, some months ago, that I would if I could, but I couldn't. If I could, it is possible now that I should; and hereafter I will if I can—but that depends on circumstances. I mean, of course, my own circumstances.

*Sir C. F. Williams* hoped it would be so. He (*Sir C. F. Williams*) would be glad to see the bankrupt begin the world again.

*A Creditor.* Hadn't he better begin at the other end—for if he begins in the old way, there will be little good result from it. (*A laugh.*)

*Sir G. F. Williams* thought this a very unfair observation; and, after a few encouraging remarks to the Bankrupt, the inquiry terminated.

## THE LAUGH OF MY CHILDHOOD.

From the Literary Gazette.

The laugh of my childhood! I remember it well,  
And long in my mind will the melody dwell;  
How gaily, how loudly, it rose on the air,  
The voice of a spirit unblighted by care,  
Whose feelings and passions no discord had known;  
Like the chords of an instrument sweetly in tone,  
It gave out rich music:—that music is o'er,  
The laugh of my childhood will never ring more!

What trifles would oft to that laughter give birth!  
For my bosom as quickly reflected each mirth  
As the unsullied breast of a mirror-like stream  
So faithfully answers the morning's first beam,  
Or moves to the breath of the gentlest wind.  
But now, all unheeded, no answer they find;  
For dry is the fountain that fed the bright river—  
The laugh of my childhood is silent forever.

I may yet wear a smile, but it seems like the ghost  
That haunteth the home where the substance is  
lost;

I may yet try to laugh, but so strange and so drear  
Is the sound of that laugh as it falls on mine ear,  
That startled I shrink from its alter'd tone,  
To dream of the gladness that once was mine own;  
Oh could I recall it! my wishes are vain,  
The laugh of my childhood will ne'er sound again.

MARIANA.

## MISCELLANY.

**TRIBUTE TO WORTH.**—The following just eulogy on the Society of Friends, has met our eye in a small work by Mr. Goyder, entitled, *Acquisitiveness: its Uses and Abuses*. "If I wished to point to a model where wealth seems to have been accumulated for the sole purpose of doing good, I would hold up to admiration the people called Quakers. They are wealthy almost to a man; and where, throughout Christendom, in its varied ramifications, is there a body of people who have done so much good, and with so much disinterestedness? not choosing their own connection as the sole recipients of their bounty, but extending it to every shade of religious creed. In the proper and legitimate uses of wealth, I present this people as a model worthy of general imitation. The late venerated Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, who had amassed a princely fortune in the iron trade, looked upon himself merely as the steward of the Almighty. His entire income, after deducting the moderate expenses of his family, was devoted to benevolence; and he thought his round of duty still incomplete, unless he devoted his time likewise. He deprived himself of slumber to watch beside the bed of sickness and pain, and to administer consolation to the heart bruised with affliction. On one occasion he wrote to a friend in London, requesting to know what object of charity remained, stating that he had not spent the whole of his income. His friend informed him of a number of persons confined in prison for small debts. He paid the whole, and swept the miserable mansion of its distressed tenants. Most of his donations were enclosed in blank covers, bearing the modest signature of 'A Friend.' A lady once applied to him in behalf of an orphan, saying, 'When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor.' 'Nay,' replied the good man, 'thou art wrong. We do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and to thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain. My talent is the meanest of all talents—a little sordid dust; but as the man in the parable was accountable for his one talent, so am I accountable to the great Lord of all.'—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

**THE HYACINTH.**—This flower was originally found near Aleppo and Bagdad, where it still grows in great abundance in a wild state. The garden species (*Hyacinthus Orientalis*) which was brought to England before 1596, as Gerard speaks of it as a well-known flower, without saying when it was introduced. Up to the beginning of the present century, the only varieties known were blue, white, and pink; but many new and brilliant colors have since been superadded by cultivation. So much, indeed, is the hyacinth now esteemed, that it is regarded, in its season, as an indispensable ornament to every drawing-room.—*Chamb. Ed. Jour.*

**A PRESENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.**—An elegant little armchair has been manufactured of English oak, grown in Norfolk, so beautifully veined as in some degree to resemble zebra-wood, and highly polished by friction. On the upper part of the back, above the needlework, are a lion's head, with coronets on each side, also a rose and a thistle, and entwined oak branches. The front legs of the chair rest on lion's paws, each grasping a ball. The chair was manufactured for Mrs. Paul, widow of the late Dr. Paul, whose needlework adorned and finished this unique and elegant article. The cushion of needlework displays on a buff ground

the Royal arms richly emblazoned, enclosed in the garter and motto. The edge of the cushion is embellished with a beautiful wreath of flowers, the upper edge finished with blue and silver cord, and the lower edge with blue and silver gimp. On the back is worked the Prince of Wales's plume and motto, surmounted with an ornamental shell and scroll, and beneath are roses and lilies. This elaborate piece of workmanship is the produce of the factory of Mr. Carse, an upholsterer in Lynn. The chair was forwarded last week to the Lord Chamberlain, by whom it was presented to her Majesty, and was most graciously accepted.—*Suffolk Herald*.

**GALLIC PROPHECIES OF THE PROXIMATE DESTRUCTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.**—The *Almanach Prophetique* for the present year, 1844, has the following agreeable and philanthropic announcement of the approaching annihilation of Great Britain, drawn from the prophecies of Bug de Milhas, (he being placed in the first rank,) of St. John the Evangelist, of Isaiah, and of Ezekiel. The first, (Bug de Milhas,) in his last prophecy regarding the future, (see *Al. Proph.* year 1841,) says—"Great fires will be alighted throughout Europe, wars among kings and people will commence, and in this catalogue Great Britain will no longer exist," &c. The first and second verses of the seventeenth chapter of Revelations are then quoted, as applicable to Great Britain. This is followed by the quotation of the 10th, 11th, 15th, and 19th verses of the seventh chapter of Ezekiel. That the sword is without (v. 15,) is shown by reference to China, Afghanistan, and the East generally; and that famine and pestilence are within, by the reports of the daily papers. The Prophet Isaiah is next quoted, in the 1st, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th verses of the forty-seventh chapter: "I was wroth with my people," is made to apply to Ireland: "O daughter of the Chaldeans," as illustrative of what place was alluded to in the denunciations of the prophet against the virgin daughter of Babylon, is carefully omitted; and the words—"these two things shall come to thee in a moment, in one day, the loss of children and widowhood," are evidently made to apply to the first person in the realm. Happy is it that a Providence far removed from mortal rancor, watches over them.—*Court Journal*.

**SINGULAR WILL.**—A gentleman of the name of Hobart, who died suddenly in May last, has left a testamentary paper, in the form of a letter, written shortly before his death, to a Mr. Blake of Norwich, in which he directs that the liberal sum of 4,425*l.* shall be applied to the execution of an *equestrian statue of himself*! This laudable provision against the country's being put to any expense in the care of his immortality, has been met by the narrow and unartistic spirit of self-interest; and the paper propounded as a will, has been opposed in the Ecclesiastical Court. Drs. Adams and Robertson, civilians by title, but iconoclasts for the occasion, contended against the probate on the illiberal ground "that so absurd a legacy afforded evidence of the incapacity of the deceased." This is, unquestionably, *not* the illustration of himself which the testator designed; and Sir Herbert Jenner Fust was of that opinion, though even *his* language is less *civil* than so large an outlay may have been expected to command. The learned judge was of opinion that, "though the bequest might be an evidence of the egregious vanity of the deceased, it was *not* sufficient to justify the Court in holding that he was insane;" and he admitted the paper to probate. So



we shall have the statue; and some lucky artist will benefit by the national sentiment for art to the very convincing amount of 4,000 and some odd pounds.—*Ath.*

**A TRAVELLED LETTER.**—A man belonging to Leslie, a passenger to America, in the ship Robert Morrow, wrote to his friends while in the Murray Firth; but finding no opportunity to get the letter ashore, or to throw it into a homeward-bound ship, he put it into a sealed bottle, and threw it into the sea 1000 miles distant from the spot where it was written. This was done May 16, 1842, and, on January 3, 1844, the bottle was picked up between Stromo and Waago, in the Faro Islands. From this the bottle was transmitted to the Danish Legation, London, and from that to its destination at Leslie, which it reached on the 14th ult.—*Fife Herald.*

**DOG FETE.**—The love entertained by the élégantes of Paris for King Charles's spaniels may be imagined at its height, by the following incident, which we abstract from the pages of the *Constitutionnel*; it has not been unusual, for some time past, to pay for these tiny favorites a price equal to that given for a fine horse.

A great Russian lady, la Comtesse \*\*\*\*, has just given a singular fête; the invitations were sent, not to the owners of these little animals, but to the animals themselves, being thus expressed—“Les chiens de Mme la Comtesse \*\*\* ont l'honneur de prier les chiens de Mme la Duchesse de \*\*\* de venir passer la matinée chez eux. Il y aura à goûter.” This whim obtained a brilliant succès. Presentations were made according to the prescribed rules of etiquette—some slight improprieties took place—some few grumblings were heard at luncheon, (but what society is free from grumblers?)—in a word, gaiety pervaded the assembly. Every one laughed, and what more could be desired.—*Court Journal.*

**THE TRAFALGAR-SQUARE ENORMITIES.**—“My eyes,” cried an old sailor, on seeing the Nelson monument, “they’ve mast-headed the Admiral!”

They have indeed. There he is at the mast-head like a midshipman who has incurred the captain's wrath.

The mast is sufficiently represented by the column, and the capital of it is in the closest resemblance to cross-trees. There are no shrouds, and for this good reason, that the absence of them accounts for the Admiral's having such a long spell of punishment, seeing that he cannot come down again.

To stick up an admiral at the mast-head is much the same sort of thing as putting a grown gentleman into the corner with a fool's cap on his head. It may, however, be considered as a stern example of the rigor of naval discipline. The hero in the naval pillory looks very solitary, cold, and comfortable, notwithstanding all the benefit of his cocked hat.

And in this last particular he comes into advantageous contrast with the king below him, George the Fourth, who is on horseback without a hat, and with nothing but a cloth over his shoulders.

And mark here how impossible it is to please people. They complain that Nelson has a three-cornered cocked hat on; well, here is a king riding without a hat, and they cry, what a shame to set a king on horseback without a hat, or any covering except his wig.

The horse is in an attitude of rest, for two good reasons; first, that if he moved, the king is sitting

so that he must inevitably fall off; and secondly, that beggars on horseback proverbially ride to the devil, and therefore kings on horseback, who should do the very reverse in the direction of Heaven, do not move at all.

The king rides, as all figures with cloths instead of coats on their shoulders do, without stirrups, and looks marvellously ill at his ease and imbecile with his legs dangling down. In his right hand he holds a large roll of bills (marking the time when he was Prince of Wales), but it is clear that though he has given the bridle to his horse, he is not flying from his creditors.

The horse has been as much criticised and found fault with as if he had been a real horse. It is asked what sort of horse he is like, and we should answer, a clothes-horse, but for the unfortunate fact that his rider is so slightly and insufficiently apparelled.

A thousand years hence, when the thing is dug up from some heap of congenial rubbish, it will be supposed to be the figure of a fat ostler with a sack over his shoulders (a covering often so worn on a rainy day), riding a horse to water. The roll in his hand will be taken for a stick broken in the attempt to beat the animal into a pace, and the bridle on the neck as denoting the rider's despair of any need of the curb with such a steed.

When the Trafalgar-Square monuments are complete, the mast-headed Admiral, the George the Fourth, the Charles the First, the George the Third, all together, it will be seen that the happy idea of such grouping is derived from Madame Tussaud's Wax-work Exhibition, where Mr. Wilberforce is grouped with Fieschi, Lord Eldon coupled with Oliver Cromwell, Mrs. Fry with Mother Brownrigg.—*Examiner.*

**THE MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.**—The attendance of members was unusually large at the last meeting of this Society. Mr. C. Pearce was called to the chair.

The first object brought under the focus of the microscope was the dividend of a Waterloo-bridge share. After many experiments, in which the strongest light, including the hydro-oxygen, had been thrown upon it, the dividend was declared to approach nearest in shape to that of a round figure, with nothing at all in it, which, upon an increased force of the glass, was found to be a perfect 0. The shareholder whose eyes had been opened during the investigation, seemed to be forcibly struck with the accuracy of the result. The dividend was ordered to be deposited in the Museum of the Microscopical Society.

The next object submitted to the microscope, was one day's ration of food as allowed by the Commissioners in a Poor-law Union. The microscope was magnified to its utmost power to allow this operation a fair chance of success; but, after every experiment had failed, the President said, “that in all his experience of atoms, he had never seen any thing so surprisingly wanting in size or substance, though a microscope which magnified objects no less than 60,000,000 times had been used to help the discovery.” This announcement did not seem to surprise any body.

After several sanguine members had endeavored to magnify the surplus of the revenue, the interest of a Pennsylvanian bond, and “the sense” of the House of Commons, the microscope was locked up for the night, and the President and members adjourned to the tea-room, to refresh themselves after the labors of the evening.—*Charivari.*

## SCIENCE AND ARTS.

**GLOW-WORM.**—The light of the glow-worm, one of the staple commodities of descriptive poets and sentimental naturalists, has lately been investigated by M. Matteucci, who has addressed a notice to the Academy of Sciences containing the results of his experiments. When submitted to chemical tests, the phenomena constituting the phosphorescence of this insect are found to be strictly analogous to those manifested by several luminous plants, many marine animalcules, and all decaying animal matter, as every individual must have witnessed in fish at a certain stage of decomposition. If placed in carbonic acid or hydrogen gas, the phosphorescent matter of the glow-worm ceases to shine after a space of thirty or forty minutes. In oxygen gas (the most powerful supporter of combustion), the light is more brilliant than in atmospheric air, and it remains brilliant for nearly triple the length of time. When it shines in the air, or in oxygen gas, it consumes a portion of oxygen, which is replaced by a corresponding volume of carbonic acid; but when there is an impossibility of light being emitted, there is no oxygen absorbed, and no carbonic acid emitted. Heat augments to a certain extent the brilliancy of the phosphorescent matter, whereas cold produces the opposite effect; and when the heat is too great, the substance is altered. The same thing takes place when it is left in the air, or in some gases for a certain time, that is, when the substance is separated from the animal. The matter so altered is no longer capable of emitting light or of becoming luminous. From these facts, M. Matteucci concludes that the phosphorescence of the glow-worm is a phenomenon of combustion—the result of the combination of the oxygen of the air with carbon, which is one of the principal elements of the phosphorescent matter.—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

**EOLIAN SEA SIGNALS.**—Another method of applying the waves of the sea has been recently contrived, which promises more practical results than the propelling scheme. The object is to make the breakers on a dangerous coast serve as their own warning signals to sailors. The inventor proposes to have hollow buoys moored near the dangerous coast or sand bank, to which buoys pipes somewhat like organ pipes, are to be affixed. Metal tongues, on the principle of accordions, are to be fitted to the pipes, so that when the buoys are tossed up and down by the breakers, the air may be forced through, and cause them to utter warning sounds, which would become louder and louder as the sea raged more fiercely and the danger increased.—*Morning Post.*

**CHEMICAL ASPIRATIONS.**—"It would certainly be esteemed," says Professor Liebig, "one of the greatest discoveries of the age, if any one could succeed in condensing coal gas into a white, dry, solid, and odorless substance, portable, and capable of being placed upon a candlestick, and burned in a lamp. Wax, tallow, and oil, are combustible gases in a solid or fluid form, which offer many advantages for lighting, not performed by gas; they furnish, in well-constructed lamps, as much light, without requiring the expensive apparatus necessary for the combustion of gas, and they are generally more economical."—"The idea of converting common coal gas into a solid inodorous substance, is certainly one of the highest flights of chemical

ambition; but considering what the science has achieved within the last thirty years, we have no right to regard the attempt as a mere visionary speculation. Under the power of the chemist, almost every known substance can be rendered solid, fluid, or gaseous at pleasure; and when we consider that most of our combustible gases are obtained from liquids and solids by mere increase of temperature, and, moreover, that under sufficient pressure carbonic acid gas can be reduced to a liquid, and thence to a solid state, it is absolutely certain that coal gas is capable of being reduced to liquid and solid forms. The conversions of carbonic acid gas, it is well known, are attended with extreme danger, so may those of common coal gas; but once let the problem be solved, and the value of the discovery appreciated, and the ingenuity which solved the former difficulty, will speedily avert the latter.—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

**'MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS ON ANIMAL HEAT,'** by J. Davy, M.D.—The author, in the first section, after adverting to the commonly received opinion that all fishes are cold-blooded, and noticing an exception, as he believes, in the instance of certain fishes of the genus *Thynnus* and of the *Scomber* family, describes the observations which he made whilst at Constantinople, on the temperature of the *Pelamys Sarda*, when, in three different examples, he found its heat to exceed that of the surface-water by 7°, and of the deep water probably by 12°. He adduces some observations and remarks on peculiarities in the blood of the same fish, of the sword-fish and of the common tunny, which he supposes may be connected with their temperature; and throws out the conjecture, that the constitution of their blood-globule, formed of a containing and contained part, namely the globule and its nucleus, may be to each other in the electrical relation of positive and negative, and may thereby act with greater energy in separating oxygen in respiration. In the second section, on the temperature of man in advanced old age, he relates a number of observations made for the purpose of determining the actual heat of persons exceeding eighty years of age; the result of which, contrary to the commonly received opinion, is, that the temperature of old persons, as ascertained by a thermometer placed under the tongue, is rather above than below that of persons of middle age; and this he thinks may be explained by the circumstance, that most of the food used by old persons is expended in administering to the function of respiration. In the third section, on the influence of air of different temperatures on animal heat, after alluding to what he had witnessed of the rise and fall of the temperature of man on entering the tropics, and within the tropics, on descending from a cool mountainous region to a low hot country, he adduces certain observations to show that in this country similar changes of temperature take place in a few hours in breathing the air of buildings artificially heated; and, in confirmation, he describes the results of many observations made on an individual in the very variable climate of Constantinople, where, between March and July, in 1841, the thermometer ranged from 31° to 94°. In the fourth section, he describes the observations which he made to determine the effect of moderate exercise, such as that of walking, on the temperature of the body, tending to prove, that while it promotes the diffusion of temperature and produces its exaltation in the extremities, it augments very little, if at all, the heat of the central and deep-seated parts.—*Athenæum.*



## OBITUARY.

THORWALDSEN.—Letters from Copenhagen announce the death of Thorwaldsen on the 25th ult. "He went," says the writer, "as was his custom, to the theatre. Before the commencement of the performance he suddenly fell back in his seat; he was immediately carried out of the theatre, and soon after breathed his last. He was born on the 19th of November, 1770, and was consequently in his 74th year. To the last day of his life he preserved his activity and cheerfulness of spirits, and was still engaged on some important works, among which may be mentioned the colossal statue of Hercules for the Palace of Christiansburg. On Saturday, the 30th of March, the mortal remains of the great master were interred in the Holm Church. All he died possessed of he has bequeathed to the Thorwaldsen Museum; but, with the exception of his works of art, his property is not so great as was imagined. He had been working on a bust of Luther on the day of his death."

The great Scandinavian sculptor, then, is dead, and the Genius of Sculpture has died with him. That the latter will soon revive, we have more hope than expectation, but Thorwaldsen has left a large mantle to be filled by his successor. We of course say this tropically, yet there was some mysterious connection or unison, as often occurs between the personal form of the man and his works; both were massive, square-built, and stalwarth, while his compeer, Canova, made his own lank and long-limbed frame, the model for the central form of his marble personages; and to push the fanciful verisimilitude one step farther, who does not recognize in the plain honest features and stout low stature of their coeval, if far from co-equal, sculptor, Chantrey, the solid, sterling, un-poetic character of his productions? Thorwaldsen had a very fine head, perhaps yet finer, and fuller of apparent genius, than his noblest creations; silver-grey locks, as if blown back upon his shoulders, gave him an air of bard-like enthusiasm and rapture; his wild blue eye seemed to blaze perpetually with inward fire, though its brightness was tempered with almost feminine sweetness of expression; his "fair, large front," however, presented the rectangular, mechanic conformation, instead of the irregular oval-shaped organism ascribed to imaginative crania. We have elsewhere mentioned Mr. Rothwell's likeness of the Danish artist, which we thought still a better portrait, and picture too, while a mere sketch: it has now acquired double interest and value. This is neither the place nor the time to enter upon any lengthened discussion of statuary so important, that it signalizes a new epoch and a particular school in the Art; but we may state a few leading points. Critics, we believe, consider 'The Triumph of Alexander' the triumph of Thorwaldsen; it forms a bas-relief frieze after the Parthenon model, which evidently inspired it, though this be denied by the idolatrous sticklers for his creative powers: although he had never seen the Elgin Marbles, they were known throughout Europe from sketches and drawings long before Bonaparte commissioned the Triumph to adorn his triumphal arch at Milan (begun 1807). A mere outline furnishes inspiration enough where amplifying faculties exist, otherwise the marbles themselves would furnish none. Thorwaldsen's frieze now, we can scarcely say, adorns the Palace of Christiansburg, Copenhagen, as it has not yet obtained a proper emplacement. His next most remarkable work, 'Christ and the Twelve Apostles,' is in the Church of Our Lady at the same

metropolis; we saw it at the sculptor's own studio in Rome, when the statues were all finished. It struck us as of a style more dignified than elevated, more severe than sublime, the conception better than the execution (which seemed journeyman's), yet the execution better than the stuff—we can give no higher name to the coarse blue marble that made the figures look frost-bitten, or covered over with chilblains. Carelessness upon this score—upon that of execution also—distinguishes to its great loss Thorwaldsen's sculpture in general, while the chief merit, if not the whole charm, of Canova's are its beauty of material and manipulation. In St. Peter's the two competitors have raised antagonist monuments at opposite sides of the basilica, and epitomize their adverse characters. By the main strength of a sound architectonic principle, Thorwaldsen's mausoleum to Pius VII. impresses the spectator's mind with a deep and sacred awe, though it exhibits little attractiveness throughout the details, a somewhat ponderous effect, and an invention almost as frigid as the chill-gray marble. It might even be said that the ordonnance is too severe for the florid character of the edifice. On the other hand, Canova's mausoleum to Pope Rezzonico was not raised in defiance of architectonic principles, but in complete ignorance of them; its general effect therefore is *nil*, or distraction; its real effect is one of details—among which the Lions are pre-eminent; whence by preposterous mishap, it becomes rather a monument to these Lions than to his Holiness Clement XIII. A like distinction evinces itself between all the works of the northern and southern sculptors; purified, stern, ice-cold taste freezes the imagination of the Dane into rigid correctness; meretricious, sensual, Sybarite taste melts that of the Italian into effeminate licentiousness. Perhaps Canova had the greater genius, Thorwaldsen the higher judgment; while the best works of the former generally contain something to disgust, the worst of the latter always display something to reverence: this brief parallel may illustrate their respective merits, as well as to strike a just balance between them.

Thorwaldsen's medallion reliefs, *Night*, &c. are famous and familiar; his other works, more or less renowned, bestud all Europe; some have reached England. Their number would have been less, but their excellence enhanced, had the artist's own hand oftener impressed *con amore* their surface like the finger of Love dimpling the cheek of Beauty; he limited himself overmuch to the clay-model, and thus his statues have a manufactured air. True, the chief merit of statuary lies in the model; sculptors do not reflect enough, however, that if the clay inspire the marble, the marble inspires the clay; we mean, that dealing with the stone itself has a re-active effect, suggests its capabilities and capacities, which nothing else *can* suggest, and thereby teaches how to deal with the clay, for future sculptural enterprises. Hence Michael Angelo obtained his miraculous glyptic power—he was a mighty workman in the material itself of his works! Clay is not stone, although its next neighbor; nor will ever so much manipulation of the one educate the artist's hand to acquire complete mastery over the other. Take an extreme case, as a "production of the experiment:" a painter who always copied from sculpture, or a sculptor from pictures, could never understand the full and true scope of *his own* art; now clay-models bear but a closer affinity to the substance of those marble images copied from them—their scope is different, albeit, kindred, and is still more near that of the *potter's art* than the sculptor's. We offer

these remarks lest Thorwaldsen's example should be cited to sanction an erroneous and deleterious practice, long prevalent, because profitable, before his time. England has already Manufacturing-Statuaries enough!—*Athenæum*.

JEAN BAPTISTE STIGLMAYER.—The *Journal des Débats* announces the death, on the 18th ult., at the early age of 52, of Stiglmayer, director of the Royal Foundry at Munich. "This great artist (says the writer) had carried the art of casting metals to the highest point it had ever reached in Germany. The monuments of colossal grandeur for which the Germans are indebted to him amount in number to 193, amongst which figure in the first rank the equestrian statues of Maximilian I. of Bavaria, and the Electors, his predecessors; the obelisk erected at Munich, in commemoration of 30,000 Bavarians killed in Russia; the statues of Schiller, Richter, Mozart, Beethoven, Bolivar (Bolivia), and last, the statue of Goethe, who was the intimate friend of Stiglmayer, at the execution of which the latter, although ill, worked with so much ardor, that two hours after the cast was terminated, and even before the mould was broken, he expired in the arms of his assistants. Some months previously M. Stiglmayer, although he then enjoyed excellent health, had a solemn presentiment of his approaching death. From that moment he occupied himself night and day in preparing instructions for the execution in bronze of the statue of Bavaria, of which the celebrated sculptor, Schwanthaler, is now completing the model, a monument which is to be 68 feet high, and which after the famous Colossus of Rhodes, will be the largest piece of sculpture which ever existed. Fortunately, the instructions given by M. Stiglmayer, have been committed to writing. They are most complete, and will be of the utmost utility to the artist to whom shall be intrusted the gigantic operation of casting in bronze this immense monument."

Since the above was in type we have received the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which contains the following letter:—

Munich, March 4.

With a heavy heart I now take the pen, in order to acquaint you of the loss which has befallen us. Johannes Stiglmayer is dead. For the last two years, suffering from an incurable stomach complaint, he saw his strength decrease, but still endeavored—if not in himself, at least in his family—to keep alive, with a cheerful spirit, the hope of recovery. Since the middle of January, from which time he had been almost constantly confined to his couch, he occupied himself principally with the casting of the colossal statue of Goethe, which was ordered to ornament the native city of the poet; for although Stiglmayer had brought up his sister's son, Ferdinand Miller, to be a valuable assistant and representative, still he knew too well, from his many years' experience, the importance and the danger of so great an undertaking, to be quite free from all anxiety respecting the result. The work, in the meantime, was no longer to be delayed, and, after all preparations had been made, the casting commenced on Saturday, the 2nd of March. With alternate feelings of confidence and fear, the disabled artist lay upon his sick bed, waiting for intelligence, which was brought to him every five minutes, respecting the progress of the work; till at length, on the completion of the casting, his nephew entered the room and took the burden from his heart, by announcing the perfect success of the undertaking, and was embraced by him with a twofold fervency of joy and affection. The

friends of Stiglmayer, whom interest in the casting of the statue had led to the foundry, entered singly into his chamber to congratulate him; and he, supporting his head on the breast of his beloved nephew, spoke to each a friendly grateful word, and received from each, with gentle consolation, the best wishes for a speedy recovery. But these were the last words which he spoke on earth—this was the last joy which he experienced amongst us: he laid himself down, as if wearied: the breath, which had before been drawn with difficulty, was light and easy, but about half-past nine in the evening was stilled for ever. Thus he parted from us, attended by all that the pious confidence of his heart, the joy of his profession, the love of his family, the faithful attachment of his friends could give, and the memory of the just follows him. Stiglmayer, on the 18th of last October, was fifty-two years of age; he was the son of a shoeing-smith of Fürstenfeldbruck, in the neighborhood of Munich. He was originally a die-engraver, but in the year 1820, during a residence in Italy, especially in Naples, where he was present at the casting of Canova's equestrian statue of Charles III., he had his attention turned to bronze-founding, to which he has been devoted ever since. The success of great and difficult undertakings, the casting of bronze obelisks, the monument of King Maximilian, of the equestrian statue of the Elector Maximilian, of Jean Paul at Bayreuth, of Mozart at Salzburg, have created for him, and the royal institution under his guidance, a widely spread and universally acknowledged celebrity, so that besides the commissions of the King of Bavaria, he received orders from all parts of Germany, Carlsruhe, Darmstadt, Frankfurt, Vienna, Prague—nay, from Naples, and even from South America itself. Arisen from the sound root of the Bavarian people, he still preserved unspoiled his natural feeling, his unreserved candor, and inviolable rectitude and fidelity when he had ascended into the circle of higher refinement. Earnest and severe in the fulfilment of his duties, mild and kind in word and conduct towards every one, alike capable of enjoyment as well as of giving joy, acting together in thought and feeling, artist and man at once from the same mould, he called forth involuntarily in all who approached him, an irresistible emulation of love and esteem. No one could know him without becoming attached to him; and as his life has given to his name an imperishable glory in the history of German art, so has his too early death given an imperishable pain to his friends. His remains were interred at Neuhausen, and the great concourse of people of all ranks who attended, testified the high estimation in which he was held, both as an artist and as a man.—*Athen*.

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### Great Britain.

*A Grammar of the Icelandic, or Old Norse Tongue.* Translated from the Swedish of Erasmus Rask. By George Webbe Dasent, M. A. London. Pickering. 1843.

WE do not plead guilty on behalf of our age to the charge M. Dasent brings against it, of regarding with indifference what was done before it, of being so eagerly bent on going forward, that it cannot spare a glance behind. On the contrary, we think one of the most peculiar characteristics of our times is an earnest desire to search out the forms and the spirit of the past, and to apply its lessons to



the present. We are rushing eagerly onwards, but with fearfulness and doubt, and we do cast many an anxious look behind, to see if haply we may gather from the dim light of ancient days some means of piercing the deeper obscurity of the future. We trust that the reception given to the work before us, by English scholars, will be such as to convince Mr. Dasent that he has not bestowed his valuable labor on a thankless generation. We need not dilate on the importance of his work to all zealous investigators of English history, tradition, laws, language, and institutions. A knowledge of the old northern tongues is indispensable to the English archæologist. No better guide to the treasures of the Old Norse literature need any man desire than Rask, the author of the well-known 'Anglo Saxon Grammar;' and Rask may congratulate himself on having fallen into the hands of such a translator.—*Foreign Quarterly Rev.*

*The Literature of Germany from its Earliest Period to the Present Time.* By Franz L. J. Thimm. Edited by William Henry Farn. London. Nutt. 1844. 18mo. pp. 300.

This little book will supply a want much felt by incipient students of German literature, and will be useful even to more advanced scholars as a compact manual; an index, as it were, to the more voluminous guides to the literary history of Germany. Astronomers are in the habit of annexing a small telescope to each of their larger instruments; with the former they sweep rapidly over a wide range of the heavens, and so having discovered the star they want, they bring the focus of the more unwieldy instrument to bear upon it. Besides its compactness, this modest little book has another merit. Unlike many works of its class of greater pretensions, it is not tinctured by the prejudices of an individual or of a school. English readers may smile at some of the opinions put forth in it; but if these are, as we believe them to be in general, faithful transcripts of the notions predominating in Germany, they then have an obvious value irrespective of their absolute truth; and equally obvious must be the convenience of being able to lay our hands upon them so readily.—*Ibid.*

*Poems*, by Mrs F. Hornblower.

The voice of the Muse will never cease to gladden the heart of man, even though, among the harsh discords of politics and polemics, it may sound low and faint, like that of the stock-dove brooding. Talk of Time dying, then talk of Poetry dying. Poetry is life—immortal, eternal—and a giver of such life to things which were else dead, or not in being. It is good to be a poet—to be a reader of poetry—in order to feel what vitality is in ourselves, or receive the impression of it from others.

As a specimen of Mrs. Hornblower's poetry we take the opening verses of a pleasing amplification of Wordsworth's sonnet, beginning "Books, dreams are each a world."

Books! sweet associates of the silent hour,  
What blessed aspirations do I owe  
To your companionship—your peaceful power  
High and pure pleasure ever can bestow.—  
Of noble ones I trace the path through life,  
Joy in their joys, and sorrow as they mourn;  
Gaze on their Christian animating strife,  
And shed fond tears o'er their untimely urn;  
Or with heroic beings tread the soil  
Of a freed country, by themselves made free,  
And taste the recompense of virtuous toil,  
The exaltation of humanity.—*Athen.*

## SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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